Boyhood and Other Days in Georgia

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EDITOR'S NOTE

BIOGRAPHY is the soul of history; without it the annals of no nation would possess relevancy or carry a teaching force. The present volume belongs to the class of biography, but it is biography of a unique character; it is doubtful if it has a parallel in our literature. During the latter years of a ministerial career of more than half a century, Dr. George W Yarbrough, one of the veteran itinerants of the North Georgia Annual Conference, has been associating his maturest thoughts on all great subjects and the results of his happiest meditations with a record of the passing incidents and reminiscences of his life. These records have taken shape in a series of newspaper articles which, from the printing of the first, many years ago, attracted general attention in the Church and have been repeatedly called for in the permanent form of a book. To these reminiscential writings have been added several discourses and addresses which, for the most part, are carried along with the same historical and reminiscential current. Also there have been added some personal sketches and stories which give to the volume a delightful flavor of quaintness and indigenous humor. The author is himself that catholic man in whom all happy moods and pleasant aptitudes unite. His writings only express his natural self.

From his own personal experience in going through these chapters preparatory to sending them to the press the editor feels confident that they are to have a wide reading, that they are to carry a message and ministry of inspiration and cheer, and that they are also to appeal with a true literary force and effectiveness. They are full of consciousness, genuineness, and faith, and overflow with the love of the grand old man who gave them shape, not with the purpose of making a book of them, but of making them voice, each at the time of its writing, the measure of the honest, happy, Christlike soul that all men know him to be. In some useful way there is in these

papers an inside history of the Methodism of Georgia for the past fifty years. Voices will herein be heard that otherwise had become silent; others that never can be hushed will be heard again, each in its own accents. Every younger man in the ministry of the Church who reads these chapters will realize that giants were afoot in the days just behind him, and that at least one of these mighty ones remains to tell how the deeds of those days were made possible.

As a fitting part of this introduction to Dr. Yarbrough's volume, the editor appends here a letter to him from Dr. Young J. Allen, whose name is itself a token of might. These two were comrades in college and were knit together in life as one soul. The letter, which is dated at No. 90 Chapoo Road, Shanghai, China, January 24, 1905, reads as follows:

My Dear Old Friend: The mail bringing the *Wesleyan* of December 1, containing appointments of the North Georgia Conference, after an unusual delay, has just reached me; and as the interval is already long since our last letters were passed, I avail myself of this opportunity to write you again immediately after ascertaining your post office. I see that you have completed the entire circuit of the Conference, one grand revolution of forty-seven years bringing you back to the point of departure in 1857. Well, my dear old comrade, I must congratulate you. What sights and scenes and notable experiences have been yours! And now you return laden with the spoils of years to enrich those who, like yourself, in the days gone by are gathered at the dear old village and *Alma Mater,* preparing to take up the grand march for the conquest of the world. I wish I could be with you once again and revisit and recall the places and experiences of those "brave days of old," when we had a "heart for any fate." Our lines have widely diverged since then; but, thank God! long before we heard of wireless telegraphy we had that equally—yea, more—wonderful revelation of spiritual communion, the fellowship of the skies, which has never failed. The *Wesleyan's* report of the Conferences, North and South, were very meager; and had it not been for a sight of the Atlanta *Constitution,* I should be in almost entire ignorance of what was done outside the usual minute business of the session. I have just had my usual Conference letter from dear George Gilman. He referred to you most affectionately, and of himself he spoke rather pathetically. A letter from Bishop Galloway also mentioned you and George Smith and Cofer and Candler—to all of whom he referred most tenderly as speaking of my dear absent friends of whom he knew I should be glad to hear.

Well, now, my dear "Yarberry," you will be surprised to hear of a new name which you have recently acquired in your old age. Your recent

article in the *Wesleyan* about Chalmers and his experience fell into my hands at an opportune moment, and so I translated it into Chinese and made it the basis of an editorial for the next number of the *Chinese Christian Advocate* (February). But I could not translate your name, and so had to transliterate it; and in Chinese it has become "Yarbooloo," almost Apollo. But to the Chinese it is all the same; really much better so, for the Asiatic is no more a match for the pronunciation of pure English words than an American is for the pronunciation of Chinese. In fact, in order to get along at all we missionaries have to surrender on arrival here and submit to be renamed altogether and then learn the language; otherwise our mission would be one protracted or impossible undulating, a genuine *non possumus.*

Well, George, as I see it, now is your opportunity to give us that long-promised book. It has had a long incubation or gestation and should be something large, either an albatross or an elephant. Your articles in the *Wesleyan* have prepared your way, for all your friends now know what to expect of "Yarberry," or, better still, "Yarbooloo." My name, by the way, is not Young J. Allen in China, except among Europeans and Americans, but "Ling Lo-Chee," or, in Chinese, as on the card which I inclose.

I fear you will not find many of the dear old friends left among the good citizens of Oxford. The Stewarts, I suppose, are still there, and I wish to be remembered particularly to them. Your sister Mollie (Mrs. Haygood) I have lost sight of. She is due me a letter; but none has come for more than a year, and I should like to know her address.

Please write me soon and locate yourself at Oxford, for I should like to know just where you are living; and please tell me something of the dear old friends there and elsewhere. Such "personals" would be greatly enjoyed. Tell me about Lovett, Cofer and Candler, Glenn and George Smith, and any of the "boys" whose lives and lines have crossed ours. I must close now. With kindest regards to Sister Yarbrough and all your family, believe me, my dear "old-log"* comrade, ever

Yours affectionately, YOUNG J. ALLEN.

It is also to the suggestion of Dr. Allen that this volume owes its title, "Boyhood and Other Days in Georgia." No little interest for many will be added to the book by this association of his name with its title. H. M. DU BOSE.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, March 15, 1917.

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*The "old log" was the rallying place for our grove meetings during our revivals at Oxford. When Dr. Allen made his first visit to the homeland after going to China, he went, soon after reaching Oxford, to the old log, which had begun to crumble. He picked up a fragment of it and carried it to China. That was "hallowed ground," as it is still to the attenuated line of his survivors who prayed with him there. G. W. Y.

PREFACE

My life has been undulating. There has been in it less of monotony than of anything else.

If I were to leave to the public an autobiography, its readers, if they should become interested in it and should be asked to give a reason for it, might reply, like the man found intently engaged in the perusal of a dictionary: "We like to read it because it changes the subject so often."

I have climbed the mountains and have luxuriated in the valleys; the great cities have opened their wonders to me, and I have gone from them into the quiet and simplicity of the country; I have mingled with the great and have been happy with the lowly. In the mansions of the white man I have shared an abounding hospitality and have relished a frugal repast in the cabin of the negro; I have been honored with the companionship of the learned and have received from those of less attainments many contributions to the education of a side of my life without which any life is sadly deficient.

Having touched all conditions of society, running back to my third year of age, and connecting those years with the years that have succeeded to the present like a shifting panorama, I have found my pen with enough to employ it without attempting the realm of fictitious genius or magnifying the matters of real life into tedious and burdensome proportions.

My aim has been to give the plowboy something that he will read while his pony is feeding at noon, and not wholly to disappoint those of better advantages.

The book originated in the mind, wish, and request of others.

Dr. Young J. Allen, my college mate and club mate and for more than half a century my intimate friend, riding with me on a buggy road while on a visit to the homeland, turned his large, soft gray eyes on me and said: "George, you must write a book." We talked it over and fixed on a title.

Deeper than the suggestions of many others, highly as they were appreciated, did the request of this, to me, the grandest of men sink into my heart. The world has never been the same to me since his death.

Yet it does seem to me that an apology is due my readers for sending forth another book, when this old globe of ours may be fitly compared to a vast library wheeling around the sun.

This response to the wish of many friends whom I love may be read. If so, it will need no apology; if not, an apology will not help it, and this is my apology for not offering an apology.

G. W Y.

March 10, 1916.

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PART ONE

REMINISCENCES OF CHILDHOOD AND BOYHOOD

CHAPTER I

In the Bend of the Towaliga

MY heart for many years had been set on a visit to the bend of Towaliga River near High Falls, in Monroe County, Georgia, where I lived when a child three years old.

Let me say to the brethren of the Methodist itinerant ranks that they will find it a great help to rest a little after getting their appointments, and a little well-chosen solitude will prove a great advantage. It soothes the asperities, quiets the nerves, closes the ear against much that it ought not to hear, veils the eye from much that it ought not to see, opens the heart to many soft, sweet, refreshing experiences, and will enable it to weigh its pinions against another year's battle with the storm. Solitude is the pavilion into which our Captain invites his soldiers to confer about the battle.

I took a rest of two days, including a Sunday, after the session of the North Georgia Conference of 1900.

My dear friend, Tom Cochran, of Barnesville, was kind enough to place at my disposal his wife's elegant turnout, Flora and the buggy, and I was soon on the old Alabama Road, one of the historic highways of Georgia, heading for one of the dearest spots on earth to me. All the old stage-coach lines in Georgia are historic. Along this route the great "Harry of the West" was drawn by six splendid claybank horses when he was the idol of his country, and Martin Van Buren made a tour along the same route. One fact about the latter that I heard years ago came to mind. In a group of distinguished gentleman, of which he was the center, a bet was made that he could not be induced to answer directly any question. This question was put to him: "Mr. Van Buren, does the sun rise in the east or in the west?" As quick as thought came the reply: "East and west, gentlemen, are relative terms."

I was also reminded of the only politics I ever had or ever intend to have—a Henry Clay Whig. I had many a fight over this ground in my boyhood; and if all of us would let the whole truth out, we would confess to a kind of all-gone feeling ever since this star of the West faded from the heavens. During the war of the sixties I rode through the slashes of old Hanover, Virginia, near where he was born and went to mill, and I felt like rising in my stirrups and giving a whoop. The sixties would not have rolled their floods of war over our country if Henry Clay had been followed. The hills, the trees, and the streams along the old Alabama Road that afternoon seemed to be trying to tell me that Henry Clay once rode where I was riding. Will the twentieth century, or any century, send another Henry Clay to Washington City? Better take time in answering that question.

Just as the sun was setting that Saturday afternoon and all nature was lulling to rest I reined in Flora on the crest of a hill commanding an entrancing view of the Towaliga Valley and caught the roar of High Falls, which had not blessed my ears since I was three years of age. With the rush of the waters came a rush of recollections that submerged my whole being. Change had left its autograph on everything else in sight; but the keyboard of the old Towaliga organ was still there, and not a note of its grand music was lost. It is with sadness that I have to record the fact that money has taken the place of music there, as in many other places of our fair land, where God's concert halls have been silenced for the revelings of Mammon.

How often in my little trundle-bed in the itinerant preacher's home had it soothed me to sleep, my imagination meanwhile peopling the dark valley with strange beings that walk forth in the darkness!

The good Lord gave me one of the brightest days I ever saw for my rambles. Not a cloud cast its shadow. The sun on his royal pathway in the firmament was all smiles and seemed to say to me: "I caressed you here when a child, and

I will attend you to-day. I have much to do in keeping the earth bright and warm and mending the fires on other worlds, but I will guide you to the places where the old trees stood and where the squirrels chattered at you from their boughs; to where the little rabbits sat high on their supple haunches with hearts beating with a curiosity to know who you were; to the patches of weeds and briers into which the partridges glided from your intrusions; to the sand bottoms and the damp places where your little feet left their tracks." And it was so.

There was no sanctuary worship in the neighborhood that day; but I went to the sacred spot where the old Methodist church, Providence, stood on the hill to the east and beyond which memory cannot find a place, where I was carried to public worship. This was the first I can remember; but about the old hill all was as vivid as if I had been the day before led by mother's hand into the strange precincts and placed by her side on the old bench in the midst of the curious-looking old men and women, with my mind, more than on anything else, on the long, high bridge over the river that we would have to cross on our way home after meeting. Hardly anything occupied my mind in those childhood days as did that bridge across High Falls.

One day father and I had crossed it behind old Jack, our family horse, on our way from preaching, when, hearing an awful rumbling and rattling, we looked back to see Uncle Will Freeman's horse, Fox, coming at full speed, with Aunt Freeman and mother in the carriage screaming for life and their bonnet ribbons streaming in the air.

Again, a carriage drawn by a pair of horses and containing husband, wife, and babe was crossing the bridge when the horses took fright, became unmanageable, and backed until they broke down the railing. The mother was thrown from the carriage, now hanging over the broken railing, and clung to it with one hand and to her babe with the other, over the boiling waters below. A brave man plunged in and begged her to

turn loose, and he would save her and her child. He caught them in his arms and carried them ashore unhurt.

The road running down to this side of the river and to the other side looked strange to me, and the bridge across the river seemed to be at the wrong place. This part of my visit would have been far from satisfactory had I not found the old road and the old spot where that long, high bridge of my childhood spanned the river.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy," sang Wordsworth. I am sure there was a time in my life when I knew of no other heaven and where no other heaven could have taken the place of that little home of two small rooms and a single chimney in the bend of the Towaliga. Father and mother were my only divinities, and sister Mollie and baby Martha were the only angels I knew or cared to know. All my world was there. The stream of smoke rising from the lone chimney was the tether that kept me from slipping too far into the wierd haunts filled with wonders upon wonders. To me the sun in all his glory had nothing to do but to light that little home by driving away the darkness of the night. The moon, with her retinue of stars, had no mission but to paint beautiful pictures for us on the floor and on the walls of that little home and out in the yard and fields that lay about us.

I knew nothing of sin, had never felt a sorrow, had never seen anything dead. There was a time when no serpent's hiss was heard in the tender verdure and among the sweet flowers of my little heart's garden; and, blessed be God, I can remember it as if it were yesterday.

Most of the time father was from home on a circuit that took in much of that part of Georgia, returning for short visits to see that we lacked nothing. Our queenly mother reigned in his stead when he was away. In cold weather our frugal meals were served near the wide, deep fireplace; and sister Mollie and I would chatter and sport with the large, many-colored cats that would come up from the river swamps and surrounding woods and creep under the house to be fed

with the fragments through the cracks of the floor. How we wondered where those cats came from and how they kept so fat and how they kept warm through the cold, stormy nights!

The fact that my dear father and mother did not draw nigh and join themselves with me on that Sunday ramble satisfies me that such favors are withheld from the glorified. "We, according to his promise, look for new heavens and a new earth." If in the recasting enough of the Towaliga home place can be retained to insure recognition, I shall feel that I have gotten back to heaven again.

So many are saying that memory is their weakest faculty, that they forget almost everything; and the mental philosophers are not agreed on the position memory holds among the intellectual powers. Let not memory be underrated; memory is queen over the intellectual household.

"Lull'd in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are link'd by many a hidden chain;
Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise!
Each stamps its image as the other flies."

Let's see, my friend, if in your case memory is really as unfaithful as you say it is.

"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed,
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe, thy food and raiment,
House and home thy friends provide,
All without thy care, or payment,
All thy wants are still supplied.

How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be
When from heaven he descended
And became a child like thee!

Soft and easy is thy cradle,
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay;
For his birthplace was a stable,
And his softest bed was hay."

Riding with Dr. Weyman H. Potter a year or two before his death, I quoted to him the last four lines of Dr. Watts's "Cradle Hymn," as written here. He dropped his large, fine head thoughtfully, as if to recall a lost strain of song, and then said: "George, go over those lines again." A few days ago I quoted them to a saintly pilgrim, many, many miles from her cradle, and a smile kindled in her care-worn face as if an angel had kissed her.

Our cradle songs are not forgotten, and of much else this is true.

Sunday afternoon I took leave of Mrs. Head, my kind hostess, and her interesting family. They had entertained me most hospitably; and they kindly entered, as far as they could, into my soft experiences.

For miles as I rode away I would get up in the buggy, tighten the reins on Flora, and stretch my neck to catch parting glimpses of the valley of enchantment.

The sun gathered up his golden banners and waved me a parting salute, and another of the brightest, sweetest days I ever spent—God's precious gift—was gone.

Memory has driven its golden staple into the family room of that humble home, holding securely the first link of a chain that will never end.

On the other side all is as dark as if I had never existed; on this side the chain grows brighter as it grows longer, in full assurance that there is never to be a last link.

CHAPTER II

Boyhood Recollections of Meriwether County, Georgia, in the First Fifties

BOYHOOD life is rarely, if ever, forgotten. One incrustation after another may settle upon it until the layers grow thick and manifold, sufficient, it would seem, to suffocate the young life; but ever and anon it is found fresh and green in the meditations, dreams, conversations, and writings of riper years.

I once met in the lunatic asylum at Milledgeville, Georgia, an old friend whose face was blank, whose eyes had lost every spark of intelligence, whose locomotion had been narrowed to the shambling gait of the asylum. Hearing the voice of his old schoolmate and looking into his face, he readily called his name, and there came back to his face the old-time playground smile, and he called the name of our school-teacher and the name of the place where we went to school together and the names of a number of our playfellows.

It is said that the early German settlers in this country, when on their dying beds, would often begin to talk in the German language, the tongue of their childhood, although they had long ceased to speak in the language of the Fatherland; and while in health and the rush of business and the forming of new associations they seemed altogether to have forgotten it, it would return to them in their last hours.

Doubtless this is true of all nations under similar conditions.

It requires no effort on my part to drop back into 1850 and 1851 and jot down some reminiscences of those happy years.

There being no parsonage in Greenville Circuit at that time, my father, who had been appointed to it, had to arrange a home for his family. He and my mother, having been reared in the country, found it agreeable to their rural tastes to rent a little house two and a half miles from town. Isaac

C. Bell, a royal soul, met us in Griffin and piloted us to his home and then to ours.

The Thorntons, Rossers, McClendons, Stroziers, Gastons, and Hattons were our neighbors, Newnan Thornton being our nearest neighbor.

I had always been hearing about the Primitive Baptists (commonly, but not disrespectfully, called "Hardshells"), but had never been thrown with them. Flat Rock was not far away. I heard my first sermon from those brethren in 1850. Like other preachers, this Primitive preacher got out of wind several times in his sermon. To rest himself and avail himself of what the rhetoricians call transition, he would tell little incidents and give out little scraps of information and talk along quietly until the time came to give the trumpet another blast.

Stopping suddenly on this occasion, like a bird shot in the air, in modulated tone he said: "Brethren, as I was a-comin' along this morning I seed a notice stuck up ag'in' a tree what give an account of a claybank mare what had run away. She was blaze-face, my brethren, had one eye out, a saddle gall on one side of her back, three white feet, long mane and tail and kukkleburrers tharin." Clearing his throat and rubbing the floor with his foot, he was soon on his gospel tone again. It sounded a little odd to me, but his congregation took it as seriously as any other part of the sermon.

In those days preachers were newspapers as well for their people in many localities. They were expected to carry them both the gospel and current events.

I intend to visit old Flat Rock again if I can. My father was reared among the Hardshells and never got wholly rid of them, and I like them, too, for his sake and their own.

I loved that little home; and I went out there from Greenville seventeen years ago mainly to see the little hillock on which my beautiful little dog, Rowland, would sit wagging his tail and looking for me and the little school bucket of scraps on my way home from school.

T. P. Crump, a Virginian, was our school-teacher in Greenville. It was said that he had in his veins some of the blood of Pocahontas. I hardly ever saw anybody from that old State that didn't have. George Grant assisted him awhile. I imagine the old schoolhouse is gone. It stood between the Howard Hotel and Mr. Gresham's, just above Mr. Grant's gin shop, a little east. I was among those who enjoyed the honor of being the last subjects of effort to teach the young idea how to shoot in that temple of learning. There was not a shade tree, shrub, or flower near it. The recitation bench was the only bench in the house that had any back. Here and there was a desk, unpainted, rough, forbidding, big prisons cut in them for caging flies in the summer months, stained with ink, and stuck over with paper wads that the boys would exchange with one another when the teacher's back was turned.

Our class had reached "Cæsar's Bridge" in Latin. We stalled and had to stay in at play time and be ready the first thing after dinner. We did our best, but no go. Right there we had our first experience in taking in Latin through the pores of the skin, as it were. It was too far to the woods for "hickories," and the teacher came down on us with a piece of green leather fastened to a handle about eighteen inches long. I have been afraid of bridges ever since. The pontoons during the war always alarmed me more or less. But that recitation bench had a back to it, and the teacher was so set on getting us over the "Bridge" of the Roman warrior that he never detected that his lash was wasting its force.

John Ragland, George Heard, Dump Jones, Jim Banning, John Grant, Tobe McMath, Pres Hatton, Pope and Bob Park, and Marshall and Jim Pope Martin were some of my schoolmates. Dr. J. H. Hall, of the Baptist Church at Newnan, was also a schoolmate whom I loved much and whom I love still.

Capt. W T. Irvine, of Chattooga County, and his brother Tom, noble boys and brave soldiers, were my closest friends. Bobbie Ellis was on the roll, or Henry, perhaps both.

Town ball, knucks, marbles, bull pen, sweepstakes, leapfrog, and fights were the athletic sports. As to the last diversion, I am proud to say that I never saw a knife or pistol drawn. There was no gouging. Plain fist and skull was the code; and when the fight was over, it was over, and each combatant felt that his honor had been preserved. John Grant and Tobe McMath were lightweights and could most easily be drawn into a fight of any of the boys. I never saw either one of them whip anybody, but they could not be "run over."

Another thing in those days of thrilling adventure dating back several years: A valuable mulatto slave ran away from his owner, Mr. Bohanan, of Coweta County. He went to New York City and established himself in business, of which he felt so proud that he had to write back to his friends about it.

Mr. Green G. Howard, who kept a hotel in Greenville, entered into an agreement with Mr. Bohanan to restore to him his runaway slave. Taking his son, Columbus, he started for New York. Arriving there safely, they secured lodging at a hotel; and Columbus was left in the room with sealed orders one Sunday afternoon, while his father took a stroll into the lower part of the city. Passing many crowds, he finally halted at one group of whites and negroes having a social time together. His suspicions were aroused. Calling for refreshments for the crowd, he added: "If there is anybody here from Georgia, I want him to come up first and drink." Up walked his man, very proud of his State and of the honor he was sharing with one of her citizens. He drank freely, his fellow Georgian taking pains to appear sociable only, avoiding quite adroitly everything that could interfere with the regular beating of his pulse or the coolness of his head. He was fast winning his way to the other's admiration, so that when he started back the negro accepted promptly and with increasing pride the invitation to accompany him. Refreshments were served as they were needed along the walk, until a passing carriage suggested the idea of a ride. In the meantime the ne-

gro had given his name as Bohanan, of Coweta County, Georgia, and had much to say of his people, of whom he was very proud.

A short ride brought them to Mr. Howard's hotel; and an invitation to go with him to his room was accepted, where he met another Georgian. The key was turned and orders issued for silence until he was asked by one of them to speak. A closed carriage soon had the three at the wharf; and a safe voyage brought the trio to Georgia, and rail and stagecoach put them down in Greenville, where old friends were soon shaking hands and old associations happily renewed, for the New York Bohanan seemed about as glad to get back as the Georgia Bohanans were to have him back.

But the cotton rows of Coweta grew monotonous in contrast with the stirring streets and attractive scenes of New York City after a while; and the farm hand hung up the shovel and hoe, left the farming interests in other hands, bowed himself out again, and has never been heard of by his Georgia associates since.

When once tasted, the charms of city life are hard to resist; and the negro is not, by a good deal, an exception to the rule. Columbus Howard became a member of the Georgia Conference, entered the Confederate service when the war broke out, and fell gallantly in battle while leading his command into action at First Manassas. Father and sons were brave men, and Sallie was as beautiful as a spring rose. She and her mother and one brother are still living.

Another incident: We found Col. Walton Ector in Meriwether. The gold fever was contagious in Georgia in the last forties, and he had been to California. On his return, leaving the highway one day, he came upon a sack of unminted gold that had fallen from a pack mule, it was supposed, while grazing some distance from the thoroughfare. He placed it on another pack mule, brought it to Georgia, published his find, and, upon its being strictly identified, turned it over to the owner. He was quite a favorite with my father, who asked

him one day: "Walt, will you be kind enough to tell me what your first thought was when you found that gold?" The noble fellow responded at once: "As God is my judge, my first thought was that the gold was not mine." My father was studying the doctrine of total depravity at this time. Here was a young man unconverted, wild, a stranger to transforming grace. How about it? Facts before theology. A discrimination relieves the perplexity. Honesty is a natural virtue, not necessarily a spiritual grace. A man cannot be a Christian without being honest; he can be honest without being a Christian.

During the great revival there under my father's pastorate he saw his friend one morning sitting in the rear of the church, a very respectful attendant, although he had never professed conversion. He walked deliberately down the aisle and said to him: "Walt, since we had that talk I have been determined that the devil shall not have you. Come along with me." And he went. I hear the name occasionally, and it is still dear to me.

Drs. Terrell, Wimbish, Reese, Dannelly, and Turrentine were living in Greenville then. Memory is a little indistinct about the first-named. I am writing wholly from memory.

The lawyers were: Judge Hiram Warner and his brother Obadiah, Colonel McMath, the Hall brothers, and James Russell. Likely there were others there whose names have escaped me. I am inclined to say that William Harris, brother of Hon. H. R. Harris, belonged to that noble group of men. Anyhow, he was one of the finest characters I ever knew. My father had great respect for his literary criticisms and his theological lore as well.

James Russell was considered a little skeptical in religious matters, but he and my father were fast friends. I have a book in my library, a present to my father, with the name in it.

Judge Warner had but one child, a lovely, queenly daughter, whom Hon. Warner Hill may always feel proud to call mother

I have written before of the old family names of Greenville and Meriwether County.

My dear friend, Hon. Henry R. Harris, whom I have known from the flush of young manhood and whom I have always honored and loved, imagines of late that he detects the approach of twilight; but in the spiritual realm the sun never goes down, and that is the only realm worth a thought.

Walter T Colquitt was the hurricane orator in politics, as well as at the bar, in our part of Georgia in those days. He said slavery must go into the territories; others said it must not. It looks now like it has gotten into many of our States and that whites and colored are becoming bondsmen.

Lest I forget, let me say that I rode into Richmond one morning just after the Yorktown retreat, and whom should I see in front of the post office but our old Greenville teacher, T. P Crump! He was very kind to me, wanted me to go home with him, and I don't know what else; but I remembered the day that he and our class tried to get over "Cæsar's Bridge" in our Latin lesson in the old schoolhouse at Greenville, and I didn't know what might turn up, so I bade him an affectionate farewell and rode back to camp.

P S.—Of course we "Cæsar's Bridge" boys were going to whip that teacher when we grew to be men; but when that time rolled around we had our hands full whipping the Yankees, and Mr. Crump got off light.

CHAPTER III

Roamings, Reminiscences, and Reflections, 1881

ACCORDING to an arrangement of our presiding elder, some of my time recently has been spent away from the regular post of duty. This shifting of troops from one part of the line to another part is an old-time custom of our Methodist itinerancy; and it can be made, as it has been, very profitable to preachers and people, to the preachers especially, for with them it amounts to a short vacation without laying off the harness entirely. If the preacher has any "sugar sticks" out of which he has not licked all the stripes and sweetness, he can take them along and appear fresh before those who are hearing them for the first time; and, in the meantime, his mind can be lying fallow.

Five miles from my first stopping place on the railroad is a little village where my grandfather lived in my childhood. Here the heaven that "lies about us in our infancy" included years beyond. My heart inclined strongly to this spot, bathed, as it had been, in heavenliness for thirty-six years, and early the next day I was there. Without a single direction from anybody, the remains of the old home were found; and although time had written change in deep characters upon all the premises, the spots dearest to me were readily identified.

There was the old sand bottom at the foot of the little avenue leading down to the big road where sister Mollie and I made frog houses after a rain. A little beyond was the old church. A little to the left lay the route of my first trip to school, along which, with my first little tin dinner bucket and my first book, I reluctantly made my way, stopping occasionally and putting my bucket and book on the stumps and taking a cry, my heart almost breaking for my dear mother to be with me there, to go to that schoolhouse on the hill, the greatest sorrow that had yet cast its chilling shadow upon life's early pathway.

All entrances to the old house were closed except one, a small window. Climbing over piles of rubbish to this, I thrust my body through as far as I could; and there was the old family room in which my father and mother were married, and where in after years my grandfather fondled my little sister and me so tenderly on his knee while father and mother were far away helping to lay the foundations of Methodism in Florida. There was the old mantelpiece; the steep stairway running up to Aunt Winnie's room, up which we had clambered hundreds of times; and the broad old hearthstone around which we sat in our little chairs in the long winter evenings to hear read the letters from father and mother, and to be thrilled with grandfather's stories, and then to be awed into devotion by a chapter from the old family Bible and the songs and prayers of the best man I ever knew. Here my head rested awhile on the little window sill. The angels had not left the old house, and a face not often wet with tears was soon bearing testimony to how easily memory can make the past and the present one.

There was not time enough for a visit to my grandfather's grave, but some old citizens told me that "a better man than Uncle Sammie Lane never lived in that country." O how my heart warmed again! The dear old man was not rich, neither did he fill any of the high places of the earth; but to this day his grave can be found without the aid of a monument or any stone whatever to mark his resting place.

A reflection just here. Are we not confining the Holy Ghost too exclusively to the sanctuary, the closet, the family altar, and to special means in his glorious work of developing our characters and of making us religious? Shall we be excluded from the field of associations through which my soul passed that morning at Corinth? Are there not other means of grace? Was it not the Holy Spirit making the goodness of God for a lifetime pass before me almost in the twinkling of an eye? Were not the old home, the old church spot, the sand bottom, and all that hallowed ground avenues of ap-

proach to my heart? Then why did I receive a richer spiritual baptism in that little window than I did at the camp meeting? The "Emerson school" may have gone too far. We are in danger of not going far enough in this direction to reap all the blessings in store for us.

"And thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee, and to prove thee, to know what was in thine heart, whether thou wouldst keep his commandments or no." Here is a text for some preacher who may want to show what God can do for us through the memory. That is certainly the diamond point upon which the passage turns.

The old log schoolhouse was gone, and the large oak and hickory trees had been ruthlessly cut down. Only a few old stumps marked the playground of other days. It is a grave misdemeanor, an act of vandalism, to cut down a tree close to a church, schoolhouse, or old homestead. "Woodman, spare that tree" should take the form of law under certain limitations. The little spring at the foot of the old schoolhouse hill had been filled with washings from the hillside, but its sweet and refreshing waters had broken out higher up. I dipped my old felt hat into it for a draught and thought of the days when, perched on the roots of the old trees that shaded it, I waited my turn.

Near this spot I first heard "school butter." It was in the spring and noon playtime. A young man rode by on his way to the field; and as he passed by the schoolhouse he straightened himself on his horse and in a very defying manner shouted two or three times, "School butter!" The boys did not stop to pick up their marbles or balls, but in a moment were after him in hot pursuit. Being about the smallest boy, I was late in catching up, but reached the scene in time to see a cloud of dust rolling upward as if a bullfight were raging. I never expected to see the "school butter" man emerge from that stack of boys and young men. Every boy that could stick to the pile was on him, and many were standing around

ready for him if he should slip out. When they let him up he was a fearful mixture of soil and man, with barely enough strength left to finish his day's work.

Another man came near losing his life from a similar banter given at another school. He was a remarkably stout man and gloried in his strength, and he was riding a blooded animal of whose speed he had reason to be proud. Passing his neighborhood schoolhouse one day, he offered the same insult; and as the boys began to pour after him he galloped leisurely along, keeping close enough to them to tantalize them. But that school had some tactics of its own of which he was ignorant. His immediate pursuers reduced their speed until he brought his horse down to a walk. Entering a long, narrow lane with a high fence on either side, he turned in his saddle to look after his line of retreat. There was a division of the school that had swept round him by a rapid flank movement through the woods with sticks, rocks, and broken fence rails, dropping over into the lane in his front. Now he had to think of something besides "school butter," and that quickly. Both ends of the lane were full of insulted boys, both fences were too high for his horse to jump, and there was too much in horse and rider to be surrendered. So, laying his face as close as possible to his horse's neck, he set spurs, and through the shower of rocks and rails and other missiles he plunged, saving his life and his horse, but paying dearly for his fun in hair and blood.

By reference to "Georgia Scenes," by Judge A. B. Longstreet, the origin of "school butter" can be ascertained. It degenerated from "school better," which meant "I am better than your school."

The dinner hour found us back with the brethren; and in the afternoon we were in our buggies, heading for the point of the compass indicated by our presiding elder, Warm Springs Camp Ground, in Meriwether County.

What a number of subjects two preachers can talk about riding along the big road in a long afternoon! Eternal pun-

ishment was a prominent topic on that ride. All men (shall I say all Methodist preachers?) are not believing that doctrine these days. There were some rather startling developments during that afternoon ride.

Without reviewing that discussion, I shall say that it is not a doctrine to be apprehended by human reason, but a doctrine which must not be ignored because human reason cannot grasp it. "I cannot see how a merciful God can send a soul to hell for the sins of a short lifetime" is a lame argument against the doctrine, and Mr. Beecher's horror over God "sweeping souls into hell like so many flies" makes the argument no stronger. God does neither The "how" in all theological matters may as well be dropped, and we must be satisfied with very little *seeing* and cultivate the *believing* disposition. The theological perplexities of the present day arise from the disposition that found expression during that night interview in Jerusalem, "How can these things be?" and by overlooking the multitude of Bible passages that fix man's loss and ruin on himself. "We walk by faith and not by sight;" and yet everybody wants to *see,* and some think that they do see. That Jerusalem discussion was the most important in which two men ever engaged. It contains the germ of all religious discussions since.

Night found us in a comfortable parsonage in a quiet, easy-going town—Greenville. This is not the best thing that can be said of a town in times like these, but worse things can be said of some towns. Two of us lived in that county in our boyhood, and we were in the midst of tender associations.

A short walk next morning brought us up to one sight of progress—a little steer, with a blind bridle on, hitched to a cart. If the checkrein and the crupper had been added, the omens of improvement would have been somewhat more auspicious. As it was, there was a step forward. It did one man's soul and body good to see how hard the little steer, blinded by his bridle, tried to keep from getting frightened at

what was going on around him that he could not see. There are no such turnouts in Greenville now (1916).

We left him and his blind bridle, and two of us started for the country where we lived when we were boys. A Methodist preacher's son has many homes in a lifetime; and, as hard as the world is, most of them are happy homes.

There was one spot near this home that I had longed to visit. It ranked all others in interest to me, and a short ride from town brought me to it. Some of the preachers have gone to England this year, some have gone on tours North; but I have stood on the knoll where my little dog used to meet me when a little boy on my return from school about sundown to wag his warm welcome home and to get the scraps from my tin bucket. Another softening season just here. The buggy wheels grated upon my heartstrings as they rolled over the spot.

Our camp meeting was pleasant and not altogether unprofitable. More cannot be said, owing to the fact, mainly, as we were impressed, that the concert was over before the instruments were tuned. Snapping the strings when the tune ought to be waking the echoes will never insure a grand occasion. The tuning must be going on all the year to secure a grand concert at the camp meeting.

If my life is spared, my eye, rather my soul through my eye, shall feast again on the majestic white oak immediately at the rear of the "preachers' tent." Another oak of a different family and of a different style shades a large part of the path down to the pulpit. It is a beauty, standing there in its native loveliness to lend its symbol to the portraiture of Christian character, the leading features of which are symmetry and deep, broad anchorage.

God favored me with another visit to Warm Springs Camp Ground in 1915; and there were my grand old oaks still standing guard over one of the classic grounds of Methodism and Western Georgia, and the dear old spring was preserved in granite walls and cement and substantially and tastefully

pavilioned, a symbol of the ever-flowing and inexhaustible water of life. And those blazing fire stands at night! I found it hard to keep away from them. Shall we see those trees, that spring, those fire stands again? May the Lord be pleased to grant the favor!

I missed meeting Dr. Gillespie, my first school-teacher. My heart was saddened when told that he was dead. In 1881, after preaching to the people, I was sent for to meet an old friend who was anxious to see me. I found the old gentleman sitting in his chair, with a smile on his face. "Come here, George," he said. "I taught you your letters at Corinth." "Then," I replied, "it is Mr. Gillespie." It was a happy meeting. He seemed to rejoice that he had lived to hear the little boy whom he had started in his education preach the gospel. I hope to meet him in heaven. I want all who bear his name to know that it is a name still precious to me.

Before the visit to the Corinth home of my childhood I found myself, in 1879 or 1880, living over in a dream its sacred scenes. I was at the little window that opened to the east, near which grandfather sat while reading the Scriptures to the family by the early morning light. The old family room opened to me quietly, and a few precious moments were spent looking around at the walls and up to the high, long mantelpiece on which the Bible was kept and into the little room in which we slept. Then I went out into the rear yard and stretched my neck to see the little pine thicket, a few hundred yards away to the west, where grandfather would pray with sister Mollie and me as he returned from his work at the close of the day and when we were through playing in the branches and chasing the butterflies and plucking the wild flowers, for our company was that dear old man's delight through his days of toil. There stood the little cluster of pines, as young and fresh and green as when I first saw them.

My next halt was over the grassy spot in the front yard where I was playing with the grasshoppers when grandfather interrupted me with the chilling announcement that I must

start to school that morning. I was moving in my dream, as if an angel had me by the arm and had but a moment to give me for each scene of enchantment. Now down the avenue to the big road and the frog houses in the sand bottom—all as I saw them when I was six years old. Forgetting for a moment a little sloe tree that stood near the front door of the house, where the mocking bird sang and nested, I ran back to find the little tree gone, except a little rough stump sharpened by age and wasted to a point about sixteen inches high.

Resuming my walk, I was by my grandfather's side, holding his hand, on our way to the old church, which we entered over three short sills for steps, my grandfather's left hand holding my right. The second step, from long use and neglect, had worked out of position, and the left end would shake as our feet touched it, many a time causing me to fear a fall when a child. In that dream I felt it careen under me as distinctly as I did in the churchgoing days of childhood. Going to the old bench on which I sat by my grandfather in those tender worshiping days and casting my eye at the familiar pulpit, the sweetest dream-vision of my life vanished; but, unlike most dreams, every incident of it remains with me, its beauty and aroma as bewitching and as sweet as when revived by the breath and touch from heaven in the seventies.

"Beaten Tracks" must have come to Margaret H. Lawless after a visit of this kind, and her sweet poem must have been inspired by it:

"Sky spaces have no beaten track
Whereby the fledglings may come back;
And they? They never look behind,
Where empty nests swing in the wind.

The yellow path the children wore
In the green stretch before the door
Still shows a slender, curving thread.
If with light step or with bent head

They come to seek a tardy rest,
They will not find an empty nest;
For, if they miss her form and face,
The mother's spirit holds the place."

I must put a question to every parent and grandparent as a close to the present chapter. Did you ever pray in private with your little child? There is in every little heart a soft opening into which can be dropped a delicate support which will broaden and strengthen into a defense against which no attack from earth or hell will ever prevail. This is childhood's spiritual organ.

I have been skeptical without ever becoming an infidel. Doubts and fears have fallen to my lot, as to most other men. "The waves and billows," as with one of old, "have gone over my head." I have cried out from the darkness: "Watchman, what of the night?" I have been entangled in the metaphysical subtleties of the great thinkers; I have plunged with the scientific explorers as they have sought to mend what has appeared to them to be the limping gait of inspiration. But that little cluster of young pines a few hundred yards from my grandfather's door into which that venerable man would softly step as the sun was bathing it in its parting beams and kneel down, my little sister on her knees on one side of him and her little brother on the other side and his hands on their heads, and then with upturned face looking into an invisible beyond somewhere that made him smile and talk as if he saw somebody, we in the meantime straining our little necks to see who he was talking to—that scene! that scene! that scene! Its beauty has never been marred by the tumults of time, nor has Satan's foul breath ever poisoned its heavenly sweetness.

Through her long, laborious, unflinching life as the wife of a Methodist itinerant preacher, sister Mollie Haygood was interpreting that scene, and her Methodist itinerant brother is finding out more and still more of its meaning every day of his life.

PART TWO

CONCERNING OXFORD AND EMORY DAYS

CHAPTER I

My Emory and Conference Classmate, Rev. John T Norris, of the North Georgia Conference

IN January, 1854, I found the freshman class at Emory College half advanced, with John T Norris and Samuel K. Cook in the lead. From then until graduation neither of those splendid young men missed a question in any department of the college course. At graduation, in 1857, they shared equally the highest honor of the class.

Like others of the young men from Columbus in those days, young Norris had been well prepared for college by his teachers in the academy, by his social surroundings, and by intelligent and religious parents. His brother, George Walter Norris, Hugh Dawson, George Dawson, Robert A. Chambers, Threewitts, and other Columbus boys reflected great credit on their city and their family names. Norris's many excellencies of character made him one of a group of young men whom I delight to remember: Young J. Allen, George G. Smith, Atticus G. Haygood, W P Pattillo, J. Tabor Payne, George A. Harrison, Frank L. Little, Louis D. Palmer, J. T Lin, W A. Bass, John W Simmons, and a number of others.

Writing to me of our dear friend, Dr. George G. Smith says: "I loved no man more than I did John Norris, and I knew no man better. He was noted for his girlish face, his boundless love of humor, and his consistent piety. In common with Leake, Allen, Haygood, Simmons, and others, he became deeply interested in the Wesleyan doctrine of entire sanctification."

The interest in that important subject did not reach the extravagance of later times. Indeed, there was nothing that went beyond a good case of spiritual experience carried to a higher temperature than common.

The old farmers tell us that corn in the growing season down in the rich bottoms will pop like pistols after a rain; and

they say the corn is growing then and slipping its joints, and that makes the noise. So it was with those college boys, and so it is now, and so it will be to the end.

Life everywhere has but one beginning. This is as true of spiritual life as of the life of the corn in the field, of the roses in our flower gardens, or of the trees of our forests.

About that time one of my roommates, W P Pattillo, joined himself to Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." Retiring one night after reading the book until a late hour, he had not much more than touched his bed before his happy soul opened into an old-fashioned shout, and it seemed to me that he would shout all the night long. But he never named or numbered it. We called such experiences "blessings," "salvation times," "times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord," and went along. Getting the blessings experimentally was too big a thing to become confused about them numerically.

Our way of thinking about it was that the Holy Spirit was always on the giving hand, taking the things of Christ and showing them unto us, "even the deep things of God."

Salvation, in the sense of pardon, we understood to be complete and the work of a moment. Salvation, in the sense of character, we understood to be a process, a gradual work. This communication of the divine life to our life we supposed would go on "until the day of Christ."

If a surviving member of the class of 1857 whose name was on the senior program of that year should see this tribute to our dear classmate, he may know that his name is in the corner stone of Seney Hall with that of John T Norris and others of the class who were together for the last time in the old chapel (the chapel that preceded Seney Hall) on commencement day of 1857. [Not one of the class is now living (1917) except the chronicler of the sad fact.]

In the winter of 1857 John T Norris, George G. Smith and fourteen others, including the writer, met at Washington to be admitted on trial in the Georgia Conference.

The Committee on Public Worship appointed Norris to

preach one afternoon, a recognition of attainments rarely bestowed on an applicant then or now. His delicate frame trembled under the strain, and his face flushed from embarrassment, but he met the responsibility in a most becoming and creditable manner.

I am glad to be able to say of my friend that in all thoughts of self he was modest. He was adorned with this grace at college and as long as I knew him as a Conference classmate. He aspired to nothing beyond the consciousness of trying to be useful and of the Master's approval of his effort.

I never saw him under the dominion of any of the small passions of rivalry that belong to men generally and occasionally to ministers of the gospel. He envied no man's genius or position.

Rich in intellectual gifts, familiar with the classics of the ancients, his style of thought and expression formed after the model of the best writers of his own tongue, what had he to covet in others? I am satisfied, from my long and intimate acquaintance with him, that his main energies as a preacher were directed to the cultivation of his spiritual faculty, through which he could move and still more clearly behold the King in his beauty and revel in the manifestation of his glory and then communicate of these ineffable experiences of soul to his fellow men.

His life was beautiful in those years when as a young shepherd he fed the flock of God.

His first appointment was Milledgeville, Bethel, and Eatonton as assistant, or junior, to Dr. Lovick Pierce, another mark of the high appreciation in which he was held.

It was during this first year of his itinerant life that he met Miss Ella R. DeJarnette, of Putnam County, whom he married in 1860, while stationed at Wesley Chapel, Savannah. He was a junior preacher on the Lexington Circuit in 1859 with John S. Dunn.

This meant horseback and saddlebags, rain, wind, sleet, snow, mud, and all of old Oglethorpe County for his territory.

I said to myself: "What is John going to do? He knows nothing about a horse and saddle. And, then, he is so delicate, and the winds and other bad weather will be too much for him. And how will he know how to get along with the people in the country, having spent all his life in the city?" Having been on the circuit in 1858, I could easily keep up with him in 1859.

The precious and noble young itinerant had learned the etiquette of heaven from the Master, and that made him at home in the cabin and in the mansion, among the poor and among the rich, with the saints and with the sinners, helpful to the old and companionable with the young.

The little iron-gray horse and the rider, with his saddle-bags, were soon as familiar along the lanes and among the old hills of old Oglethorpe as if he had been one of the oldest of the itinerants.

In 1860 our presiding elder had Isle of Hope and Wesley Chapel, Savannah, in one Quarterly Conference, and this made us members of that body. An incident occurred in one of the Conferences that showed how the gentle and heroic graces can live in the same heart.

A committee of three reported on the conduct of a member of the Conference. The finding of the committee was that the brother had done wrong, but it recommended the passage of his character if he would acknowledge that he had done wrong. This the brother declined to do, adding that he could not acknowledge what he knew was not true or what he could not see to be true. Josiah Lewis was a clear-headed and rigid disciplinarian. He was about to pronounce the consequences when the young Wesley Chapel pastor addressed the chair most respectfully but unflinchingly "I hope," said he, "that this Conference will not seek to extort from this brother an acknowledgment of a wrong that he tells us he cannot possibly see." The brother's character was passed.

Brother Norris was ordained deacon at the close of 1859 and elder in 1861. He served Washington in 1861.

In 1869 he was in charge of Cedartown and Van Wert, having located his family at Cartersville. Before this he filled the Lumpkin and Dalton Stations.

The death of the lovely, devoted, accomplished wife and affectionate mother of his children, the companion of the itinerancy of his younger manhood, was followed by other losses in his family, until only a sister, Mrs. Myra Graves, wife of Mr. F. N. Graves, of Atlanta, is the survivor of the happy Columbus family of which my dear classmate was a member.

In her bright, beautiful girlhood I met Miss Eugenia Bass, daughter of Col. N. H. Bass and sister of my old college mate, Josiah Bass, in Macon, Ga. When I saw her last she was the second wife of Brother Norris. She was richly endowed in mind and heart for the delicate and sacred responsibilities she assumed in taking the place of wife and mother in his home. The radiance of her congenial, refined, religious life cheered and sustained him in the feebleness of his declining years. Kind angels on earth vied with those from above in the last hours as he passed into the heavens.

At the Dalton Conference in November, 1896, three dear old Conference classmates were in the pulpit together one afternoon. All three had been pastors there. How soft our hearts were! How mellow the reminiscences of thirty-eight years! It was our last meeting together on earth. John T Norris, George G. Smith, and the writer of this tribute must meet again!

CHAPTER II

Oxford's War Heroine

IN November, 1864, Sherman left Atlanta with sixty thousand men and started toward Savannah." Thus opens Chapter XXVI. of the "History of Georgia," by Charles H. Smith ("Bill Arp"), a book that lies on my table and that is read by my wife and boys and myself. I want the time to come when every boy and girl, white and colored, in the South and in the North, in the West and in the East, at home and abroad, on the land and on the sea, will have a copy of that book. It is arranged somewhat after the order of our Church catechisms, and, next to taking down our religion right, I want us all to take down right the history of our dear old Georgia. I have always admired the author because, among other good things, he is so much like Georgia.

But, of course, all the facts of Georgia's history did not find record in that book, comprehensive as it is, and many have never gotten into any book.

On a Thursday night of that November in 1864, about eleven o'clock, a young lady living at Oxford, Georgia, quietly left her home without an intimation to any one, not even to those of her family or her most intimate friends, of her destination.

Her uncle, with whom she lived, was an elegant South Carolinian and a blockade runner, who arranged a home at Oxford under the impression that so quiet and unpretentious a little village of Methodist preachers and teachers could not possibly attract the attention of the invading army.

Our heroine was a young lady of rare loveliness, intelligent, refined, religious, and her whole being was a flame of devotion to the Southern Confederacy. She was an angel of mercy in the hospital that stood where Seney Hall, the old college building, now stands. She would go to the Covington depot and cheer the soldiers as they would pass to the front, and de-

voured the newspapers in informing herself as to the movements of both armies.

Physically she was quite delicate, her weight being between eighty and ninety pounds. Her eyes were black and keen, complexion brunette, as fearless and graceful as an Indian girl on horseback, and crowned with a suit of long, silken hair. Added to this was her bewitching low-country brogue.

But what was all this to a Southern girl when her country was in the throes of the death struggle? She must go to Sherman's headquarters in Atlanta and capture the details of his purposes against her people.

She burned her beautiful hair to a crisp, singeing it until it looked like a negro's. With walnut juice she stained her beautiful face and hands until the last vestige of her high lineage disappeared, and then she put on a garb that gave her the appearance of an old Georgia negro woman. Any effort at securing a horse and saddle would have interfered with her plans. Afoot she was at Yellow River, two miles distant, near midnight. The railroad bridge had been fired by Sherman's raiders; and, on her hands and knees, she was soon across the river over the dam of Torrence's old mill. Now came the long, dark forty miles and more to Atlanta. Ignorant of everything but her glowing purpose, she pressed on, following the sound of an occasional cannon shot. Reaching the outposts, her tale of woe—her lost husband, who had run away from the white people and gone to the Yankees, told in her soft, plaintive South Carolina brogue—softened the hearts of the sentinels and kindled their sympathies, and she was soon in the midst of the brilliant pageant of the Northern army.

There were keen ears, as well as keen eyes, in that camp, unusually keen for an old darky.

Most cheerfully did she perform the small servile favors she was called on for during her short stay; but the best pay she received was the information she got in little drops about the march to the sea as she courtesied her little self about among the tents.

Sherman's plans having been thus duplicated upon her memory, and failing to find her old runaway husband about the camps, she concluded to look for him elsewhere. Perhaps he had repented of his rash act in leaving her, the spouse of his early troth, and had returned to the scenes of their early romance.

As hard as it was to get into Atlanta in those days, it was harder to get out.

Our heroine's last afternoon in camp was now drawing to a close. Afternoons in November were short then, as they are now. Turning her dark eyes east, Oxford and her loved ones and our dear soldier boys were soon pulling at her girdle. Very soon night would be pinning her curtains all over Atlanta. Now, while the guards are being mounted and the evening gun is booming and the scouts are returning with their clatter, is the time to pass the pickets. The old woman had lost a key and was looking for it when she reached the last picket line. This last picket was the most watchful and suspicious of all. He had many questions to ask as she scraped her feet on the ground looking for her key and was getting nearer his line all the time. As he passed her the last time, now dark, and reached the terminus of his beat, a strange strength filled the limbs of this old woman; and, with the suppleness of a cat, she was soon beyond his line and, bounding like a roe through the dark woods, was soon out of danger on the homeward trail, having been complimented by a shot from the picket, who had too much to intercept his aim.

Next morning was the precious Sabbath. The old village bell had called the devout to public worship. Their songs were being responded to by Sherman's guns, with which they had grown too familiar to be interrupted by them in their devotions. My mother was spending the morning in our heroine's home to cheer and comfort the family in their deep grief. A door opened quietly into the family room, and in crept the lost one, with swollen hands and bleeding feet and

low, bent form, but with a face all lighted up with the smile of triumph.

The commander of the Confederate forces must hear from her first. Her communication, embracing the full details of the invader's movements and purposes, was sent, but it was captured by the enemy. She then imparted her experience to her neighbors and friends, but it was too much for their faith. She told them the day the army would be in Oxford and much else that would have been profitable to them if her information had been respected. They could have saved much valuable property, and then the Silver Grays (a military company organized for the common defense and that of Oxford in particular) would have been saved a power of hard running.

When the fatal hour struck, the little village was black with the enemy, and they wanted the Oxford spy! A guard was stationed at every house and every possible hiding place carefully and repeatedly searched. The hours for family prayer, meals, and going to bed were the auspicious moments for ravaging the homes of the little village in quest of the spy. One stalwart fellow paused in one of the rooms where the little children were asleep. Halting his men a moment, he looked down into their faces and said, "God bless the little children! How sweetly they sleep! I have some at home," then brushed the tears from his face.

Our heroine's home at that time is now the home of Professor Bradley, of Emory College. Another house, the Oxford parsonage, now stands on the spot (1917). The favorite scout of the army and another soldier having been killed by Mr. Presley Jones, a private citizen of Covington, the neighboring town, the soldiers were enraged all the more for having missed the Oxford spy.

Through the earnest intercessions of Mr. John Harris and other citizens of Covington, an order from the commanding general was secured which allowed none of the army to halt for the night west of the Alcovy River. But for this, Cov-

ington and Oxford would have been wrapped in flames before morning.

Our heroine's terrible exposure on her walk to Atlanta and return brought on consumption. Her family returned to South Carolina. She died in Orangeburg, dictating a letter to Mrs. Susan Capers Stone and other friends at Oxford, where the angels guarded her in her concealment, and the brave, sweet spirit of Zora Fair swam quietly into the galaxy of glorified Southern women who gave all to God and their country.

The house in which Zora Fair was concealed as Sherman's army passed is still standing in Oxford. It is next to the district parsonage, to the north; and in one side of the room on the second floor, to the right, there is the small opening through which she crept to the shed room of the house. The depth of the room was barely sufficient to afford her protection, and the opening was concealed by an empty barrel.

CHAPTER III

Let It Speedily Rise to His Honor and Glory*

BY BISHOP W. A. CANDLER

I AM glad Emory College is to erect a memorial chapel in honor of Dr. Young J. Allen, Emory's best-beloved and most illustrious son.

He loved the dear old college with the tenderest and most profound affection. When he returned for brief visits to America during his long life in China, he would on landing hasten first to Oxford as an exile might quickly seek the home of his early love on escape from banishment. I was present at Oxford when he returned in 1878, the first time he returned to America after going out to China, in 1859. He preached to the people assembled there to hear him from these words: "And thence they sailed to Antioch, from whence they had been recommended to the grace of God for the work which they fulfilled. And when they had come and gathered the Church together they rehearsed all that God had done with them, and how he had opened the door of faith unto the Gentiles." Very tenderly he reverted to his going out from Emory, and then he proceeded to rehearse the story of the work in China and to tell of how God was opening the doors of the Celestial Empire to the coming of Christ and his gospel. I can see now the radiant face of the venerable Lovick Pierce and the seraphic countenance of his great son, Bishop George F. Pierce, as they listened to the burning words of the returned missionary and caught the vision of triumphant Christianity which he unfolded before them. It was a great hour. On the platform sat the Pierces, Haygood, James E. Evans, H. H.

*This letter from Bishop Candler, referring to the proposed chapel at Emory College in memory of Dr. Young J. Allen, is put here as a fitting introduction to the address of Dr. Yarbrough delivered at the laying of the corner stone of this structure, June 8, 1909.—Editor.

Parks, James W Hinton, J. O. A. Clark, W H. Potter, and many others. If we could secure an expression from all who sat about him that day as he talked of Christ's conquest of China and who have now welcomed him to that high company who walk in white and bear palms in their hands, I doubt not with one voice they would give united approval to this proposal of a memorial building at Emory.

1. It is a proper and well-deserved honoring of Dr. Allen. No man among us has wrought more effectually than he, and none who have departed from us are more worthy to be held in grateful and reverent memory. And where else on the planet could such a monumental structure be raised to his memory more appropriately than on the campus of Emory College?

2. It will serve the interests of the great cause to which he gave his life. Many men are needed for the foreign field, and many more will be needed as the work develops. The men needed must come from our Christian colleges. Emory has already made many contributions to the great work, especially to the work in China. Allen, McLain, Loehr, Park, Burke, Hendry, and Campbell have all gone out from Emory to serve the cause of Christ in China. They have drawn after them a degree of interest in that great field which tends to make Emory a plant bed from which to draw for the replenishment of the China Mission. This memorial chapel will deepen and intensify that influence. It is said that on one occasion, when Adoniram Judson, the great missionary, was, in company with a friend, passing a Christian college in this country, he said. "Do you know what I would do if I had one hundred thousand dollars?" "Yes," said his friend; "you would give it to missions." "No," replied Judson; "I would put it into a college like that. Building Christian colleges and filling them with Christian students is raising the seed corn for the world." It may be doubted if any better investment for the China Mission can be made than the building of this memorial chapel. It is harder to get suitable men than it is to get money for foreign missions.

3. Emory College has been in existence since 1837—seventy years. Before the war a splendid chapel was on the campus; but during the war it was condemned for hospital purposes, and it was so damaged and neglected during that trying time that in 1872 it was necessary to pull it down because it had become unsafe for use. Since then the college has had no chapel, its daily prayer services being held in a small stuccoed building wholly inadequate for commencement exercises, and the exercises of commencement being held in the rambling old house used as the village church. Thus for half of its useful life the college has had no suitable chapel for its work. It is time it had one. It ought to be a grand structure, in keeping with the lofty life of the great man whose name it will bear and in keeping with the glorious history of his *Alma Mater,* from whose instruction he went forth in the class of 1858 as a strong man to run the race of honor and usefulness which reached its goal at Shanghai, China, on May 30, 1907, when he went from his earthly toil to his heavenly reward.

Let this noble structure be built speedily. Lay deep and strong its foundations, and let its towers quickly rise until its capstone is brought forth amid the acclamations of the thousands who loved him, crying: "Grace, grace unto it!"

ATLANTA, GEORGIA, July 18, 1907.

CHAPTER IV

The Enthronement of Christian Principle the Condition of Attaining the Best in Character*

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: This memorial service is not to be interpreted as detracting in the least from the worship of Him whose name is above every name. The beautiful and imposing structure that is to rise above this corner stone will for generations to come be filled with the sweet incense of prayer, praise, and gospel preaching due only to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

God allows himself to be glorified in good men. His servants are his friends. He recognizes them as one with himself through his Son, who is not ashamed to call them brethren. They are his jewels, set in his crown, catching his light and reflecting his luster, his witnesses to the ends of the earth, his charioteers and horsemen in the day of battle. They were permitted to behold the glory of the Transfiguration on Hermon, two of them wearing the court dress of heaven. Jesus said to his disciples: "Where I am, there also shall my servants be." They heard the Master again say: "Ye are they which have continued with me in my temptations. And I have appointed unto you a kingdom, as my Father hath appointed unto me." Together with the angels they surveyed the discomfiture of earth and hell at the mouth of the empty sepulcher and saw him ascend in his cloud chariot to his Father and their Father, to his God and their God, after listening to his parting words and receiving his parting blessing; and when Heaven's greatest purpose is consummated through their girdling of the globe with his gospel and unto the end of the world, he will receive them unto himself, that where he is, there they may be also to share all the glories with which he shall be crowned.

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*Memorial address delivered at the laying of the corner stone of the Allen Memorial Church, Oxford, Georgia, June 8, 1909, by George W Yarbrough, last of the class of 1857.

The artist charges us with no disrespect to himself when he catches us lost in admiration of his work; and all that we can do this day in our loving tribute to one whose consecrated life claims this recognition of his exalted worth will be accepted as done to Him who made it possible for us to rejoice in the unfolding of such a life in the homes of Oxford and amid the classic groves of Emory and in the heart of the pagan empire of China as Young J. Allen.

It comes to us (Dr. J. M. Buckley, *Christian Advocate,* New York) that "before the late emperor and dowager empress of that empire have been laid away with their ancestors it will have cost China and the estates of their late majesties about six million taels, equal to four million two hundred thousand dollars. Ten thousand persons knelt in the dusty streets and bowed their heads as the cortége passed for hours." In impressive contrast to all this transient brilliancy of official greatness and the short-lived trappings of barbaric splendor was the simple burial service of a Christian Church, breathing in softened accents, "I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die," at the grave of one who had shed the halo of a holy life upon millions who sat in darkness and whose life and labors will be an unfading light unto the Gentiles

> "When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
> Shall blend in common dust."

The gorgeous pageant of their majesties was a flitting parenthesis in the bewildering drama of princes. It will require but a few revolutions of the wheel of time to shroud in oblivion the fact that their late majesties ever lived and played a part in the riddle of court intrigues and the vaultings of earthly pride and ambition; but when the stone is rolled away from China's sepulcher there will mingle with the glories of her resurrection morning the vision of a young man and his labors, whose monument in the hearts of two continents the convulsions of time have not been able to efface.

That was a wonderful and divinely founded discovery of one who said: "God's tally of the ages is different from ours. Kingdoms, conquering armies, diplomatic agencies, and material progress elicit no pæans in heaven. God marks off the cycles of time by spiritual progress." Who can study the movements of this world's history and overlook the contribution it makes to the illustration and confirmation of this statement? And for the encouragement and ennoblement of all who coöperate with him in noting what the real progress of this world means, it is recorded in the ancient oracle: "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."

"In the unity of a great movement of nature lies a logic which makes the succession of events in its career a continuous development. Behind and within the latest is the significance of its earliest fact. Psychology now sees the whole man in the most seemingly partial exercise of the soul." (Gunsaulus.) "The personality," continues this scholarly author, "so reigns supreme and infuses itself through the division lines which any mechanical geography may have made of the realm of our interior life that every power is seen to be concerned in and to condition the action of every other." Applying this principle to the study of the history of Emory College, it is pleasing and instructive to note the unity of purpose lying at the heart of her great achievements from the time of her birth amid the silent and unbroken groves of Oxford and after the counsels and prayers of our godly fathers to secure for all time the enthronement of Jesus Christ and sanctified learning in the hearts of the generations of young men to be gathered to this sacred spot. That this joyous occasion excites no surprise is in keeping with the "logic which makes the succession of events in her career a continuous development"—illustrative of her spiritual vitality in bringing many sons to Christ, commemorative of her most illustrious product, and prophetic of increasing contributions to the Church and the uplifting forces of humanity.

When has Emory College been found engaged in any other business? Where are the eddies in this stream of life? What arid waste has it touched that it has not turned into a garden? What darkened spot that has been brought within range of this source of intellectual and spiritual fire that it has not bathed in light and quickened with heat?

This corner stone we lay here to-day will both support and unite, and it will support by uniting. Considered in relation to God, this stone, uniting the two sides of the building rising above it, will be interpreted as connecting the two dispensations of our holy religion, the Old Testament and the New, and, as it relates to him of whom the building will be a loving memorial, as uniting the West and the East, the leaven of the West with the meal of the East. In Dr. Allen science and religion met, and he was disturbed by no antagonism of the two. In his broad, warm heart the West and the East were one in Christ Jesus.

It is strange that the denominational college, and in our times, should have to contend so vigorously for its place among the forces directed to our highest civilization for the lack of breadth of conception and furnishings for efficiency, as has been alleged. What is broader than the world? Has not the denominational college embraced it in all its purposes and equipments? Is there any speech or language where her voice is not heard, her line having gone out through all the earth and her words unto the end of the world until there is nothing hid from the heat thereof? What is higher than man? Does not the denominational college embrace him in his highest departments? To what elevation can he rise above that of becoming conformed to the image of Him who created him and having restored to him his alienated affection for his Father and reëstablished his fellowship with heaven? Has not the world always depended on it in reaching the deepest sources of the heart and the noblest and most enduring transactions of the life? It devolves on those who challenge our place in the front rank of forces for accomplishing the best for man

to point out a single light needed for the guidance of his steps that we are extinguishing or obscuring.

The neglect of the religious sense inevitably leads to the most assiduous cultivation of those senses that remain; and we need not be surprised to find in those institutions of learning that underrate the enthronement of the religious principle intensified human agency, multiplying millions, and diversified expedients for making the most of a purely intellectual, animal, and material life. Here is the philosophy of the unprecedented outlay of money and the aggregation of worldly wisdom in making up for the loss of what the denominational college has alone furnished in the past and what it makes most prominent for the future—indeed, keeping constantly and forever before it that no institution of learning drawing its inspiration from the springs of earthly wisdom can be depended on to conquer a single vice or implant a single virtue. Principalities and powers and spiritual wickedness in high places must be assailed by spiritual righteousness in high places. The battle is spirit against spirit, with the odds in favor of the institution of learning claiming that there is not a single proof anywhere to be found that mere human knowledge or natural science is capable of producing a substantial, symmetrical, and enlarging moral improvement. The currents of water that throw their highest diamond jets are fed by the highest headland springs. The discerning eye will readily detect in all the late pretentions of secularism a tribute of acknowledgment to the superior impulse given by the Church college to the highest education, expressing itself in the millions of money contributed and all the other opulent furnishings to overmatch it. They have not found themselves confronted by a trifle.

The memorial church will commemorate the sources of the hope and joy of a great soul, the principles of his activity, his desires and aversions. To all who will pass by it when we are gone it will tell that the scope and end of his life were from distinctly spiritual impulses, coming down, like every

good and perfect gift, from the Father of lights through his Son and made perennial by the Holy Ghost ever abiding with him.

Our only hope for the highest results from the boastful foundations of secularism is that a branch from the tree of life may be plucked and cast into their waters until they shall become more healing, sweeter, and more invigorating.

Daybreak is a trying moment to the vision. There is a bewildering mingling of objects, large and small, their shadowy outlines giving wide play to the imagination. A master in the science of optics tells us: "It is not easy to conceive the confusion and mischief that must ensue were men to act through the day on the visions thus obtained and were they not to allow their misconceptions to be corrected by the clear light of the sun as it brightens into perfect day." Our friends of the millions have their eyes cobwebbed by the mists of the early dawn in their efforts to get their strange movement on its feet, and they see men, if they see them at all, as trees walking. They have not come to full vision. Their horizon is filled with fractional ideas of man and his capacities and destiny. Failing to discover in him a candidate for immortality, they withhold from him the highest inspiration for the life that now is.

We will give them time. This is a large country with plenty of room; and God has plenty of time for them to experiment, reserving to himself, as he has always done, the prerogative of so overruling the devices of the crafty as to make all things work together for good to them that love him and who are called according to his purpose. Giving an application of the words of another to a forecast of the final outcome of certain unprecedented undertakings in the sacred and far-extending field of education, allow us to say: "When the disputatious denier has talked himself out and has nothing more to say, when the echoes of his futile theories and voluble but irrational, because inadequate, explanations have died away, there ensues a silence in which he is likely to hear around and above

him, like the tread of thunder along eternal hills, the footfalls of the mighty realities and truths he has denied."

In preparing for this occasion my mind was directed by an illustrious Frenchman to the fact that all the European universities were founded either by religious princes or by bishops or priests, and they were all under the direction of different Christian orders. The famous University of Paris, whence the light of science was diffused over modern Europe, was composed of four faculties. It dated its origin from the time of Charlemagne—from that barbarous age when Aleuin the Monk, struggling alone against ignorance, formed the design of making France a Christian Greece! Ages before an old prophet of God made his last visit on earth to the schools of the prophets just before meeting the chariot of fire and horses of fire to be carried by a whirlwind up into heaven. Lord Beaconsfield lived at a time when he could say that Christianity had changed the name of the continent of Europe, of Christendom, and that all nations that refuse the cross wither. Dr. Busch gave to the *London Times* Bismarck's belief in the Chancellor's own words:

I cannot conceive how a man can live without a belief in a revelation, in a God who orders all things for the best, in a Supreme Judge from whom there is no appeal, and in a future life. If I were not a Christian, I should not remain at my post a single hour. If I did not rely on God Almighty, I should not put my trust in princes. I have enough to live on, am sufficiently genteel and distinguished, without the chancellor's office. Why should I go on working indefatigably, incurring trouble and annoyance, unless convinced that God has ordained me to fulfill these duties? If I were not persuaded that this German nation of ours, in the divinely appointed order of things, is destined to be something great and good, I should throw up the diplomatic profession this very moment. Orders and titles to me have no attraction. The firmness I have shown in combating all manner of absurdity for ten years past is solely derived from faith. Take away my faith, and you destroy my patriotism. But for my strict and literal belief in the truths of Christianity, but for my acceptance of the miraculous groundwork of religion, you would not have lived to see me the sort of chancellor I am. Find me a successor as firm a believer as myself, and I will resign at once. But I live in a generation of pagans. I have no desire to make proselytes, but am constrained to confess my faith. If there is among us any self-denial and devotion to

king and country, it is a remnant of religious belief unconsciously clinging to our people from the days of their sires. For my part, I prefer a rural life to any other. Rob me of the faith that unites me to God, and I return to Varzin to devote myself industriously to the production of rye.

Thus we find our holy religion, like the mighty orb of day, lighting up the highest peaks of the mountain ranges while caressing the most lowly of the valleys.

Let the Christian college keep its colors at full mast, having inscribed upon its folds in ever-brightening characters: "The Enthronement of Christian Principle in Sovereign Majesty over the Entire Man the Corner Stone of the Highest and Most Enduring Life."

If there had been anywhere, in the Orient or in the Occident, from the time of Confucius to the time of Haeckel, a fountain of healing for the maladies of our race better than that opened in the house of David for sin and uncleanness, it could not have escaped the eye of our missionary statesman and Christian philosopher who had followed benighted man, like Noah's dove, "over the boundless waters of our deluge, weary-winged, to his ark-built nest," Jesus Christ, his only refuge in earth's desolation.

And, being thus familiar with all the panaceas the ages before him and since have offered and reporting them to us shrouded in the hopelessness of despair, we should give the more earnest heed to the things which we have heard, lest at any time we should let them slip.

The East will seal for itself the doom of eternal night if the life of Dr. Allen, spent in keeping ablaze the morning star of its regeneration, should be ignored; and our loving memorial church will fail of its sublimest purpose if we become indifferent to the fact that our religious life at home is conditioned on our increasing devotion to the salvation of the heathen world.

This course may lose the tantalizing "pension" of the great "foundation," but God and the "means of being great" will be left you.

Robert Elliot Speer has said: "Men do not need to live. A moral code which rests upon this idea for its foundation is rotten; and to surrender the truth which is divine and eternal for the sake of a life, our own or another's, is to choose the devil instead of God and to pollute the springs of the life that is saved at such a cost."

> "In what religion were you told
> A man must live?
> There are times when a man must die!"

When the wisdom of our noble Allen, in surrendering a remunerative position in the Chinese government for a smaller salary as missionary, was challenged by an associate official, his reply was: "I am not working for money, but for Christ." That reply, in the scales of heaven, outweighed the Chinese Empire.

Emory College has passed through tempests that have gone creaking through her timbers and filled with apprehension all on board; but while serving men and keeping close to God she has kept her colors nailed to the mast, and those colors can never go down while in the hands of men. And while making men who can say with the immortal man whom we honor today, "I am not working for money, but for Christ," who is so bold as to dare the calculation of the difference between making a living and making a life?

I must be allowed to enlarge my apology for the existence of the Christian college sufficiently to say that the pioneers of education in this country, who founded Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth, and Princeton amid the incense of Christian devotion and thereby laid the corner stone of this great republic, were too religious and too careless with their money, or we will not be religious enough or wise enough with our money if we allow ourselves to be mesmerized by the glitter of millionaire gold and allow this corner stone of the greatest government on earth, liberty's first-born, to be shaken from its place for anything that may be substituted by the pretentious secularism of the day. Blot from our firmament what Christian institu-

tions of learning have done and are still doing for our country, and you leave us the firmament without the constellations.

Only a few of us remain whose loving memories can recall the Young J. Allen of the later fifties as he walked through our campus to the recitations, to the debating hall of the Few Society, to the old chapel in the rear of Candler Hall to morning and evening prayers, and as he sat under the preaching of the gospel in the old college village chapel, fondly named by him "Siloah's Brook."

His ordinary carriage was firm, erect, indicating energy, decision, and high resolve. His fellow students and the villagers of least discernment could not pass him without the impression that he had a life work before him and was preparing to accomplish it.

In our religious meetings he was exceptionally devout, opening every avenue of approach to his inner life for all that the Holy Spirit had to communicate.

In the recitation room he sought not by startling bounds of genius what he gained and retained by systematic method of study, making every lesson of every department of his entire college course contribute to the rigid discipline of his mental powers and to the deep and broad foundation of the superstructure that continued to rise as long as he lived.

In debate he went promptly and directly to the center of the question under discussion, always depending in unfolding it rather upon nice discrimination and unassailable logic than upon stretches of the imagination and flights of oratory.

His manners in social life were refined, considerate, pleasing, displaying not so much the conventional niceties of artistic society as those natural, ingenious attitudes and movements that are the unstudied expressions of high integrity, lofty virtue, and native dignity. All his features were finely cast. In making him a gentleman nature did her best work, and grace carried forward what nature had begun; and until May 30, 1907, when he dropped his pen and sank in peaceful weariness from guiding an empire on its starlit path to God, he remained

unsoiled by conscious art, meet to become an inheritor of the saints in light and to go to be the guest of his Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

His photograph, as it is found grouped with the class of 1858, resembles a young Englishman of the nobility. His face, as it is preserved in the address, "The Gospel Liberating China," that stirred and thrilled our last General Conference as it was never done before, suggests the military chieftain at the head of his legions in the crisis of battle.

> "O knightly-hearted liegeman of the Lord,
> Soldier of truth and champion of the right,
> Erst riding ever foremost in the fight,
> Where for the poor and lowly it was warred,
> Thy tall plume flashing far its stainless white,
> And beckoning onward like a beam of light,
> With all things pure and fair in bright accord,
> We miss thee, and the battle presses sore,
> The endless battle for the Christ of God."

But, after all that has come to us and will come to us of the achievements of this wonderful man, we must wait for his full estimate for that great event to which all other events are pointing. The gospel of the kingdom, we are told in Matthew, will be preached for a witness unto all nations, and then shall the end come. "I never read these words," said one, "without remembering a spectacle I, in common with thousands, saw, and which none that saw it can ever forget. It was when her majesty, the Queen, visited the Scottish metropolis in 1842. Scarcely had the twilight darkened into night when on every hill surrounding that most magnificent of cities there seemed to rise simultaneously a crest of fire. Each mountain lifted up in his hand a torch; and from Berwick to Fife, and from Fife to Sterling, the great firth was at once illuminated. It was a witness, it was a token to the land that its sovereign was near. It was a token, too, to the approaching vessel, far out at sea, that all was ready for her reception, that loyalty had gushed out into those flaming signals.

Thus when the gospel beacons from Washington City to Peking, and from Peking to Tokyo, and on to Calcutta are fully lit, it will be a witness, a token to earth that the end is approaching and a signal to heaven for the preparation of the chariot, the harnessing of the steeds, the furbishing of the thunderbolts, the gathering together of all the elements, the witnesses, and the victims of that great day of God Almighty. We must wait until this consummation, to which every event is surely and gloriously pointing, for an adequate estimate of Young J. Allen's half century of self-sacrificing toil, spent in helping to light up from land to land the signals of this great and blessed advent of the Sovereign of all kingdoms—a life beginning in the groves about this beautiful building that shall be raised to his memory on our dear old campus, every foot of which is hallowed ground, and close to the sisterhood of sciences, rising in regal supremacy above them all, expecting the sun, bright symbol of the Son of Righteousness, as he walks his path on the firmament, to burnish with his smile each sculptured capital and to pour through its portals and aisles the homage of his morning and evening rays.

PART THREE

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ITINERANCY

CHAPTER I

Packing and Unpacking

HAVING been cradled in the Methodist itinerancy, this is to me no new business. It has been my manner of life from infancy. Under the dispensation, quite different from the present, we had it in its purest form. It took its features from the governing word of the Great Commission, "Go," and we went.

The brethren—the "saddlebag saints," as Dr. Lafferty calls them—could, if the land lay well, stay one year, but not more than two at a time. The ones were in excess of the twos. My father's preaching and singing, supplemented by my mother's singing, still talked about by the old Methodists in Georgia and Florida, made it easy for them to stay, for the most part, two years. And then they were genial and companionable, and the people were glad to have them in their homes. My mother was the only one of her kind I ever knew. There were notes and tones in her singing, when she stood up to lead the congregation on the great occasions of the sanctuary, on the ordinary occasions, and at the firesides of the people, that I have never known reached by any other voice. If any of the brethren and sisters stand in dread of moving and want all the law allows, I would advise them to learn to sing well, for the people generally like it. Nothing patches a poor sermon like a good song.

A fact was revealed to me at Epworth (my last charge) that surprised me. I thought it would be an easy matter to run into Atlanta and pick up boxes enough for packing anywhere without any trouble; but Atlanta has become a great wholesale center, and boxes are used for shipping goods. And then a sharp negro there is running a corner on the surplus boxes and making a good living at it, as all the cor-

nerers do. But Chamberlain, Johnson & DuBose, who always have enough of good things to spare, let me have the needed boxes for my packing.

"Three moves are equal to a fire" is an old saying. If this is true, I have been in ashes often enough to sprout a Phœnix. But it is all in the family. I went into the itinerancy when I went in, and I cannot remember any night at an Annual Conference when I would have turned over in my bed to stay longer than I could get away at any appointment where an effort to stick to my hollow was necessary.

They have never had to twist me out or smoke me out. (The grave Magi are not supposed to grasp this figure of speech, but the boys who have been rabbit-hunting will be in it.) There is more *go* than *stay* in the commission. The long-termers miss the luxury of frequent packings and unpackings. Their books collect dust; they lose many things they hide for safety; they lose sight of the amount and variety of things they own. It is astonishing how little preachers have until they begin to pile things around them to be put in the boxes.

Then the debates as to how the things are to be placed; whether the crockery is to go by itself or folded up with the quilts, blankets, sheets, bolsters, pillows, etc.; whether the waffle irons and wafer irons are to be tied together and kept to themselves or thrown in with other cooking utensils to take their chances; whether the preserves and jams are to be kept apart from the pickles and chowchow or put in just like they were one and the same thing. Time and again I have heard this: "Better let me pack those things. Men don't know how to pack, and they don't know nearly as much as they think they know about household matters." Getting warm now. A large box had been filled with bedding, pictures, etc., for which it had been set apart, and we were arranging to nail down the top when here came a quilt that had been overlooked. "We have another box over there; let it go in that. Plenty of boxes." "No; no use for so many boxes. A man doesn't know how to pack like a woman does." Off came the top,

and in went the quilt. Women can beat men at this business, as they can at much else.

All things were now ready to be carried three miles to the depot, and up rolled the wagon. After some lifting, puffing, and blowing, the driver announced that three large trunks would have to remain over until morning. Our program was to vacate the parsonage that evening and spend the night in the city. Part of the family had gone in. Two of us had to stay with those trunks and the dog until morning. That was a solemn time, but life is full of solemn things. It went worse with the dog than with either of us. He would walk about and then come in where we were, lie down before the fire, stretch out, blow, try to sleep, then get up, look at us, drop his tail, and walk about again.

My neighbor, T. N. Morgan, rendered great service from beginning to end, day and night. He packed like he had been a Methodist itinerant preacher all his life and seemed sorry that there was nothing more for him to do for us. This was the first service of the kind ever rendered me, and it will be an evergreen in our family. And Sister Morgan's fat, two-story biscuits will not be forgotten soon, and so of other good table things she so kindly prepared for us.

Unpacking is very interesting, especially when we fail to indicate on the boxes their contents. A simple mark or two on each box would have done this, but we neglected it, and finding the things goes to the list of problems we are trying in this our day to solve. When we want anything, we keep up the lick of unpacking until we get to it; and then when we want the things we put back in the boxes, we forget where we saw them and have to go over the same work to find them. For instance, we want the saw, hammer, screw driver, and other tools. We open on the biscuit grinder and the meat grinder and other items that belong to the kitchen, all of which we place back carefully, and when we need them we have forgotten where we left them in our search, and so on. We don't sing much while thus engaged and bewildered.

I would say to all the itinerant sisters not to make preserves, jams, jellies, and the like, unless you are reasonably sure that you are not going to move at the end of the year. They are all good things to have in a family; but when a preserve jar breaks in a box it will never stop until it sweetens everything in it, and you will be finding mischief it did in moving for most of the year.

I lost my ax and one of our dogs, Dock, our pointer. If anybody should find him, please send him to me at Oxford, Georgia. I am not so anxious to get my hands on the ax.

Well, we are under shelter again, ahead of the blizzards, and at dear old Oxford, a place I have been visiting, off and on, ever since I was in my mother's arms. I have seen no better home for an itinerant preacher of our faith and order in Georgia.

"My willing mind would stay
In such a frame as this."

The houses, the trees, the streets, the ravines, the hills, the streams are aglow with reminiscences, and they soften my heart, a sweet blessing to any man.

Our own Stanton, in his column in the *Atlanta Constitution,* said, some days ago: "Winter is a great blusterer, but he can't rumple the roses in the beautiful garden of memory." Now, you knights of the quill, beat that for poetry if you can!

We are now in the midst of Christmas, and I am glad for many reasons. One I note is that it has helped our bill of fare. For a while it seemed to me that everything was narrowing down fearfully—everything covered up and hidden away for Christmas, even the things we brought with us and the nicer things the neighbors sent in.

CHAPTER II

My Forty-Fourth Move in the Methodist Itinerancy

HAVING been cradled in the itinerancy, ten of these moves were made with my father; the other thirty-four were my own. My first move with him was made at the close of 1838 from the home of Captain Partridge, in Jefferson County (now Leon), Florida, not far from Union Church and Miccosukee Lake, about the time they were gathering up the fragments of the Seminole War. I have heard my mother say that she has run and hid with me in her arms time and again when the whites and Indians were fighting within her hearing.

My first move was from there to the Cassville Circuit, Georgia Conference, including what is now Cartersville, where, by request of the North Georgia Conference, I preached my semicentennial sermon November 20, 1907.

From Bishop Robert Paine, Washington, Wilkes County, Georgia, to Bishop Seth Ward, Cartersville, Georgia, I count thirty-four moves of my own as a Methodist itinerant preacher.

In my private journal I put down the names of the bishops, with the names of the places to which I have been assigned and the moves I have had to make to get to them. They are all first-class. I want those who come after me to know who have been handling me in my life work.

Some of the people have thought they could have done more for themselves than the bishops have done in some of these Conference moves, and I have thought I could have beaten them and the bishops in those very moves. The people and the preachers think sometimes they could do wonders if they could take this thing of moving preachers in hand. I have seen it done, and I have seen the wonders follow before the first lizards of summer were throwing the sand.

I believe that all the bishops and presiding elders came down from Adam like the rest of us, and I have been inclined

to the impression that occasionally they did not have more of original righteousness than they ought to have had; but I will take them every time in place of the Annual Conference Saturday and Sunday pest that lights down on the cabinet to see how the land lies, whom they are going to get, whom they want and whom they don't want, and what Colonel "Squeezlephanter" says he and his family and friends will do if Brother Tightsqueeze or Hardy Hardrun is sent to them. And as to Dr. Lazenby Longwind—if he comes, the young people will go to the Presbyterians and the Episcopalians and some to the Christian Scientists, and a number of the older ones will quit and go to the Two-Seed Baptists or any kind of Baptists nearest to them. And as to Maj. Purse Bulge, he says his money must go a certain way, or it won't go at all, etc.

The general impression, as far as I can catch it, is that a "kerrekter" of this sort is about as appropriately employed as a canebrake raccoon would be conducting a camp meeting. Quit it. Some charges have been almost ruined by it, and a few more trips of this sort will complete the work. Go to Conference if you can; and if you can't turn up until Sunday, turn up at the love feast, go to hear the bishop or some other good preacher preach, then go to the memorial service and hear how good men and women have lived and died and catch inspiration to go and do likewise, and let all that other bobtail business alone. The best the bishop will have for you will be his sermon.

As poor as we preachers are, we are always adding something, and it turns up when we go to packing and unpacking. This time I moved a fat lightwood stump, six hens and a pullet, the old rooster and a young one to come on next spring, and eight fat, juicy, frying-sized chickens that we had Dr. Eakes, our presiding elder, to sample when he came to our quarterly meeting. In addition to all this, I found myself confronted with a splendid Berkshire pig, highly blooded, a compliment from my friend Col. Gus Morrow, of Jonesboro.

Frank, my bench-legged fice, was still with me; but he seems

new to others every time I move, and I have to keep answering questions about him over and over again. "What do you mean by a bench-legged fice?" they ask me, when there are a great many questions of greater import that could be asked. The boys, particularly, all want to know about this bench-legged kind of dog. Well, he is half a dog high and a dog and a half long, with broad breast, thick neck, medium head, short and sharp ears that stand up like the ears of a red fox when he first hears the hounds, front legs shortest and turning out, and hind legs standing out like a pair of plow hames. Frank is as black as a crow, breast white, eyes thoughtful, air independent, tail high and curled until the tip almost touches his back, white toe points, and well-behaved unless other dogs crowd him. He can fight other dogs on top and under them, but they can't get under him; and the nearer the ground dogs keep, the better they fight. It is the same with a raccoon and with some men. Now, boys, cut this out and keep it.

Frank has moved with me so often that we had no trouble in getting him through. It was very different when we had to move the Berkshire. Time was short, bad weather was upon us, and worse was coming. No time for killing and salting and boxing, and I never could sell a present; so we boxed him on his feet and put him on a freight car with our other things and lost sight of him for days and nights.

When we met again he had been turned into the horse lot and was standing in the middle of it, as far as he could get from any object that could conceal anybody, his bristles half raised, his ears fierce, the whites of his eyes all in front, hardly drawing a breath. He seemed fixed in his purpose against all comers, and every flash of defiance seemed to carry with it "After that car ride, from now on, give me liberty or give me death." For some time if while at his trough he could hear the slightest footfall or the breaking of a stick underfoot, he was off to see who was after him to ship him again.

How homelike all this makes a new place among strangers —feeding the pig and chickens, hearing the former grunt his

recognition of you as you pass his bed, and watching your own chickens in the evening going to roost and exchanging their impressions of the new home as they nestle close together on their new perches.

May the Master give to all his servants as much contentment as he has to us!

THE ROCK (my last appointment).

CHAPTER III

April 20, 1853–April 20, 1898

PROGRESS and recession are often found together. To eliminate from history its backward movements would be the destruction of history. In all great military movements there are retreats as well as advances. We are endowed for looking backward as well as forward.

If our readers blame us for going backward occasionally, and even abruptly, let the blame be laid on the tide that has taught us the lesson, the purpose of which is to cover the beach, although, some time before its destination is reached, every wave falls back as it splashes the sands.

It is now April 20, 1898, forty-five years from April 20, 1853.

On the latter date Rev. B. Jenkins, our missionary to China, was with our family in the parsonage at Greensboro, Georgia, showing us some shoes such as Chinese women wear, a Chinese boy, and other curiosities from that far-away land. He wrote his name in Chinese in my father's Bible (now near me), the first of that language I ever saw. The boy gave us great entertainment at the table eating rice with his little chopsticks.

The board on which I do my writing is covered with pictures; and among them is the photo of Li Hung Chang, China's Bismarck, and a copy of his visiting card in his language is just under it, each given to this country when he was on his visit to us.

Hanging in our family room is a mandarin overcoat, lined throughout with goat's wool captured in the mountains of China. This coat was made in Shanghai and was worn by Dr. Young J. Allen when he was grouped with Bishop Marvin, Dr. Hendrix (now Bishop), Brother Parker, and the native preachers in that picture which found its way to our

homes and hearts. Little did the tailor who made the coat know that it would be worn by a Methodist itinerant preacher over the playgrounds from which China received her great missionary in the last of the fifties. And those mountain goats little thought of raising wool to supplement the bed furnishings of cold nights ten thousand miles, and the rise, away off in America. The coat is very dear to my family. In the service it renders it is constantly reminding me of our blessed Christianity. It is warm, roomy, protects against the storm, is durable, is made of the very best material, and can adapt itself with equal ease and sufficiency to a mandarin and a circuit rider.

On the second day of April, *ultimo,* Dr. Allen stepped into our little parsonage, that stands on a part of his former inheritance, and brightened my heart with the old familiar Emory smile of the fifties—the friend and companion of my boyhood, the missionary of forty years' experience, the traveler just completing his fourth circuit of the globe.

After a ride over the scenes of his young manhood about Grantville and to the spot where the bright face of her who shares his missionary life first touched his heart and an evening of refreshing by the fireside, we were off Sunday morning to Prospect, on the Grantville Circuit, near the home of his infancy, childhood, and boyhood; and at eleven o'clock, within a few feet of where he jumped from the windows to get away from the old Methodists when the battle waxed warm in the revival of 1851, he stood in a wagon and preached the gospel to the vast multitude that had assembled from every point of the compass.

A carpet covered the bed of the wagon, and the beautiful chancel table from the church held the books. All this was in a beautiful grove under a bright sky and much else conspiring to make us feel like the very angels were "ministering unto the heirs of salvation." The second Psalm, read by the pastor at the missionary's request, fell upon our hearts like a bugle note in battle, and the sweet missionary songs filled the air

and went up in praise to Him who washed us in his blood and who was that day fulfilling the promise, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

From "The New Era in China," by Henry C. Mabie, Home Secretary, contributed to the *Baptist Missionary Magazine,* we have a statement that will surely electrify all thinkers upon advance mission work. In closing the review of the "Tenth Annual Report of the Society for the Diffusion of Christian and General Knowledge among the Chinese," after recounting the wonderful facts of the distribution of books at the examination centers, Mr. Mabie says: "By this magic spring the whole of China can be touched in one day."

That others may know how the mighty movements of missions in that great empire can influence one heart, this same *Baptist Missionary Magazine* informs us of the bequest to foreign missions by the late Mr. J. F. Morton, of Aberdeen, Scotland, by which the Moravian Church is to receive one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and the China Inland Mission will receive about seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, all of which must be expended in advance mission work in China. That word "advance" is becoming a key word in missionary parlance, qualifying, as it does, the movement of this day and intimating features not appreciated formerly as they are being appreciated now.

Outside the Acts of the Apostles no achievements are more entitled to the most serious and thoughtful consideration than these bulletins that are being flashed before the people from the front. They mean more than all the battle thunder from Tybee to Port Arthur.

China is waking up. Yes, and that is only half of the statement. China is waking us up—a work as greatly needed as the other, one on which hang issues as vital and far-reaching as any beyond the seas.

We would do well to let our commentaries rest awhile and study the Bible in the light of current events. Take Pentecost, for instance. We must enlarge the scope of our vision until

we can grasp a better conception of the first import of that stupendous event than that with which we are mostly familiar. Successive steps and stages are the condition of realizing all great ideas everywhere. Most strikingly is this true of the greatest of all ideas, those of the divine mind, as recorded in suggestive and quickening outline in the Bible.

Is it too soon for all of us to be believing and saying that Pentecost was the inauguration of a dispensation for the capture of the tongues of the earth under the leadership of the Holy Ghost? Here is at least one landing place from which we can approximate more nearly the limit of the divine purpose, as far as this dispensation and order of things is concerned, than from any by which we have been formerly bound.

The great question of the Church of Christ to-day is that recorded in the second chapter of Acts and the last part of the twelfth verse: "What meaneth this?" Here is a text for missionary sermons and a point of inspiration for missionary anniversaries. There is a title for the next book on missions; and when that book is properly answered and the answer becomes embodied in the activities of the Church everywhere, then another question will be heard that will hardly need an answer: "How hear we every man in our own tongue, wherein we were born?"

Tongues glow along the account that Luke gives of Pentecost. Five times they come to the surface in eleven short verses of the second chapter of Acts. In the thirty-third verse of the same chapter we have that sublime utterance of Peter: "Therefore being by the right hand of God exalted, and having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, he hath shed forth this which ye now see and hear." What did they see? What did they hear? Those questions, if not improperly answered, leave the languages of the earth in the hands of the Holy Ghost as instrumentalities for bringing the world to Christ with swiftness and power.

Pentecost was a great day for foreign languages, we may be sure, for starting a highway and highways along which the

gospel chariots would roll to the end of time, and from which were to be thrown out unstintedly and universally everything needed for the enlightenment and ennoblement and salvation of man—yes (blessed thought!), of man, the whole man, man all around, all through, and all over. Not man the sinner exclusively, but man the citizen, man the father, man the thinker, man spiritually and man morally, man in his affections and in his will and in his imagination and in his pursuits.

I know not how to bow to man, and it is too late to try to learn; but when one of these "princely plodders" among linguistic mists, hieroglyphics, and enigmas comes along, one who for forty long, wearisome years and more has been "wedding thought to sound and sign" until I can see the tongue of the mightiest pagan empire hanging in his girdle, I do feel like uncovering my head.

Hail, mighty men and women of the past, the present, and the future! "God," says one profound in scholarship and aspiring in devoutness, "seems to have waited four thousand years for the development of a language fit for him to speak to men with, and then he used its wonderful capacities to the utmost." He is still concerned about those who, in the face of all difficulties, defying all opposition, patient under all burdens, are seeking to unlock his vast storehouses and circulate his treasures among the hungering and thirsting of heathen lands, purifying literature of their own where they exist and creating them where there are none. The Holy Ghost has been with you, is with you still, and will be with you to the end in this glorious work of "carrying over" into the languages of the earth the precious things of our Christianity, our science, our philosophy. Translation—"carrying over"—from one tongue to another the riches of heaven and earth for time and eternity! Heaven arranged for it at Pentecost.

The schoolboy whistles the bobwhite's notes as he returns home in the evening; and instantly, in the covert of grass and weeds and rushes, the covey give attention and

prepare to receive a friend. The stateliest and shyest bird of our forests walks gracefully up to the huntsman's blind in response to the captured vernacular of his native haunts.

"Canst thou speak Greek?" "And when they heard that he spake in the Hebrew tongue to them, they kept the more silence." Great help and timely. "As certain also of your own poets have said," came in good time and answered a good purpose at Athens. And that other speech from above, on the way to Damascus, in the Hebrew tongue!

How neighborly, how congenial on our missionary's last voyage to the homeland, when those Chinese passengers found that the man who gave them the history they were reading in their own tongue (the history of the late war between their country and Japan) was a fellow passenger!

Our dear brethren and sisters in China say they want a jubilee over there this year. Shall they have it? We have jubilees, and they do us good.

"We are closing," says one who has been long on the watch-tower of Zion, "one long morning of nearly nineteen hundred years. We look on gray tints in the east, on auroral rays that shoot up the sky, on clouds that change from darkness to glory, on morning stars vanishing into greater brightness. We quaff fresh morning airs that seem like breaths from heaven; and we hear songs not only of birds, but of happy nations." A missionary jubilee in China? Yes. They have won it. Let them have it; help them to have it.

We will not doubt; we will not hesitate; we cannot, except at our peril, be disobedient to the heavenly vision and fail in thus being witnesses to Christ even unto the uttermost parts of the earth.

There need be no trembling for the ark as we heed the earnest call for contributions of men and money for appliances for fear that we may do despite to the Spirit by multiplying and diversifying and enlarging the channels of his communications. We must enthrone Christianity and amply allow for all that follows in her train. Let the central luminary be

attended by all her radiant family of satellites. Give them the Bible and all that it creates and fosters, for as certain as vegetation yields to the quickening of the sun will a nation be stirred to life in all its departments by the introduction of Bible truth.

Count not on making a nation godly without anticipating, by wise and generous outlay, for its elevation in the scale of intellectual being. Christianizing the heart gives animation to the intellect, and we must never be surprised to see hungering and thirsting after righteousness associated with hungering and thirsting after information.

As soon as it can be said of a nation that its God is the Lord, it will also be said of it: "Surely this great nation is a wise and understanding people." (Deut. iv. 6.)

The tree of life, wherever planted, by whatever river, bears at least twelve manner of fruits, and even the leaves of the tree are for the healing of the nations.

CHAPTER IV

From West to East

MOVING from one appointment to another at the beginning of the Conference year is my vacation, about all I take of that luxury which falls to the lot of so many. I wish that an occasional rest would become even more general.

Bad weather forced me to take the railroad last December; and I had to be on the route ten hours, when, if I could have driven Flora through the country, I would have been on the road well-nigh a week, stopping with old friends of nights, talking over the war of the sixties and nineties, eating spare-rib and sausage and backbone, and brains scrambled with eggs, and sweet potatoes roasted in oak and hickory ashes.

I feel as if I have missed something, and I shall feel it all the year My boys and I took out our pocket map of Georgia after Conference and soon had our route arranged for Sparta, our terminus *ad quem.* There was more than one candidate for the second seat in my buggy.

Our buggy route would have carried us across the Towaliga River at a point beyond which my memory cannot go. A little house of one room in the bend of the Towaliga River and belonging to Mr. Phillips was our home in 1841, when my father was on the McDonough Circuit. How my heart warmed for that spot! If any of the descendants of the Phillips family can identify that hallowed ground, I should be glad to know it by mail; for I must go there and stand once more by my third milepost on life's journey, near the stage route on which Martin Van Buren made his tour and created such enthusiasm that the boys named their colts and little steers for him. My father named our calf for him, and the first sorrow I ever had came with the announcement that "Van" had been sold.

Some arrangement ought to be made to save our itinerants

from selling out everything to get out. It is no new thing. It is old enough to have been retired some time ago. I knew a Methodist itinerant preacher who, when a brother came for his family horse to finish a balance for rations, threw his arms around the neck of the family pet and wept like a child. Folks will do these things and then jump the rope under the mulberry bush day and night for weeks at a time on their way to the New Jerusalem.

The Phillips family will never be lost to my memory for their kindness to my father's family in my childhood. There is where I owned my first piece of property, an unpainted hickory high chair, in which I sat at the table three times a day.

I was sorry that I could not, before starting to my new field, visit once more other places of my childhood in the dear old Sixth District of Coweta County. I wanted to see the Stokes place again and the Cook place and the place where I went to school to Mrs. Ann Stark and learned to read the New Testament. I was there once last year, but I wanted to go again on my exodus east.

The Stokes house was the first frame house of its kind, painted white, in Coweta County. The Cook house was the next. Both were built after the same style, near neighbors, and are still standing. I boarded with the Cook family and went to school. After Mrs. Stark's marriage to Hon. Ebenezer McKinley, I boarded with them at the Stokes place.

In that day this was the garden spot of Western Georgia. The citizens were religious, educated, refined, abounding in hospitality. They had wealth, but their wealth did not have them. They were considerate one of another, neighborly, and had much in common. It was a great neighborhood for big weddings, rousing infairs, and stirring parties of all kinds, except dancing parties. I never heard of a dance while in that blessed old neighborhood. I believe that if a little dancing master had gone along there in those days trying to teach grace and manners and "poetry of motion," so to speak, they

would have set their dogs on him and run him out of the neighborhood if he had not yielded to higher persuasion.

We had two schools, not far apart—one for advanced boys and young men, and the other, a mixed school, for more elementary scholars. The latter was taught by Mrs. Ann Stark.

I must be indulged in a little more than the bare mention of the name of this noble woman, who was my guardian angel at this tender period of my life. My father and mother had been appointed to Florida in the early history of our Conference there, and I was left in Mrs. Stark's care. She was a lady of rare accomplishments, tall, queenly in her carriage, intellectual dark eyes, a face as bright as sunshine, a merry laugh, and as she encouraged the timid little boy in his lessons her voice was soft and tender, like the cooing of a dove. She kept me in her room and would kneel down by me at night when the time came to pray. In the daytime I was intrusted to her faithful colored boy, Ember, who would have given his life for me. Of course I had to go with her and Dyonitia, her daughter, when she became the wife of Rev. Ebenezer McKinley, of Newnan.

This took me out of Mr. Cook's family, a family I shall remember for their kindness to me as long as I live. Caleb Cook and his family belong to the evergreens of my heart.

When I visited the old homestead last year I found Sam Stokes (colored) and his wife, "Aunt Ollie," in charge. I begged them to let me go through the dear old house alone. I went first into the Cook family room, where they had fondled me in my childhood; then into the parlor, where I had seen Aunt Ann and Uncle Mac married; then up the old stairway to Aunt Ann's room and knelt on the very spot where my little knees touched the floor fifty-four years ago.

Rev. Ebenezer McKinley was a local preacher of the Methodist Church, a distinguished lawyer, a graduate of Franklin College, a classmate of A. B. Longstreet. He was abundantly endowed for all the positions he filled. His son, Charles

Archibald (of his first marriage), was the constant companion of my boyhood, whom I loved as I did my own life.

Miss Junia McKinley, of Atlanta, and two brothers (if I mistake not) are the surviving children of my dear Aunt Ann's second marriage. Were I another brother, I could not feel nearer to them nor they dearer to me.

The McKinley family, like many of the illustrious families of Georgia, is passing out. The men were noted for great integrity of character, scholarliness, and culture; and the women were noted for gentleness, refinement, great beauty of person, and were queenlike in their homes.

Near the old Stokes place stands a pear tree seventy-two years old. A colored woman moving from Oglethorpe County hid the scion in a bedtick and set it out soon after getting to the new home in Coweta. If it is ever cut down in my day, I want a piece of it.

I would, under more favorable circumstances, have made a last visit to the dear old Hunnicutt home spot, where I played with the Hunnicutt boys. I roamed all over it last summer. The house is gone—the houses, I may say—but the beautiful trees are there: one old chestnut, a large hickory, several oaks, a number of beautiful cedars, a stately spruce pine, and remnants of vines and smaller bulbs.

From choice, I was alone in those walks over the scenes of my childhood, and I wanted to go again. I wanted to be alone again, especially at those old homestead springs that remain when the beautiful forests disappear and the delicate flowers no longer delight the eye and sweeten the breezes with their perfume, when the old fences rot, when the houses sink into decay, when the songs of the birds are hushed. A gray-haired man—whose little knees, when a child, left their print in the white sand as he quaffed the sparkling water and listened to the soft music of the little stream as it stole away through the weeds and rushes—will feel, if alone, that he is there again.

We did not dance in the "old sixties," as already men-

tioned, but we had our harmless amusements. Heaven would give us a beautiful moonlight night. Out in the yard girls and boys would form in line, and one of their number, standing in front, would sing out:

"Blacksmith, very fine,
Can you shoe a horse of mine?
Yes, master, than I can,
As well as any other man.
Lead your mare to the stall,
One nail drives all;
Whip Tom, spur Jack,
Blow the bellows, good—old—man!"

Each boy and girl would get a word until "man" was reached, when the one thus designated would have to catch all the rest. Every one caught would become an ally until all were caught. Such scampering now around the house, through the garden, over the fences, and the girls outrunning the boys!

After several rounds of this kind, we would rest awhile, exchange compliments over our wonderful athletic achievements, and try something else. Next time it would be:

"William A. Trimble Toe,
He's a good fisherman;
Catches his hens,
Puts them in pens;
Some lay eggs, and some lay none.
Wire brier, limber lock,
Three geese in the flock—
One flew east, one flew west,
One flew over the cuckoo's nest.
O-u-t spells out!"

Now for the "out" boy or girl, for there was no telling where the "out" would fall. If it fell upon a girl, and she had a good many sweethearts, the race for the boys was soon over; and if it was a popular boy, the girls were not hard to catch.

We had no gymnasiums then. We did not need them. By the time we had raced to the schoolhouse and back, over the fences and fields and through the woods, bending down the tender saplings, and making the swings for the girls out of

the long, wild grapevines, our chests were sufficiently expanded, and our muscles needed no more toughening.

In those days the towns drew on the country for schoolteachers. If I mistake not, Mr. Kellogg went from the Cook neighborhood to Newnan, and he was the first President of College Temple. Rev. Cosby W Smith went from Longstreet, of the same neighborhood, to Greensboro, Georgia, in 1852, and from there to Wesleyan, at Macon. Truth is, the country was in the saddle in those days, and the towns had to ride behind; the country had the pick, and the towns had to put up with what they could get.

Coke's Chapel was our rallying ground for the gospel once a month, and the people went in great crowds. Charlie McKinley and I had to ride the same horse, and we would take it turn about riding behind. Little boys as we were, our pride revolted whenever the time came to extend the blanket and get up behind. As to a devotional frame of mind, that was simply out of the question. It was a positive humiliation to a boy to ride up to church on Sunday, among the boys and girls, behind anybody. Boys were not allowed then to roost as high as they do now. If I should ever become an expansionist, it will grow out of a distaste, formed in my boyhood on the Coke's Chapel Sundays, for riding behind. While I live I want to see my country in the saddle.

I wonder if Mrs. Cosby W Smith, of Macon, will ever see these lines about the Sixth District of Coweta. I would think of her at every dear spot and at every turn of the road in my wanderings there.

Very unexpectedly I found myself at the home of one of my playmates and schoolmates, Ann Eliza Stokes, now Mrs. Major W W Thomas. We were not at a loss for something to talk about.

"He maketh the heart soft," says the Book, and this is one of the many ways. There was one calling my first name who called it at Aunt Ann Stark's schoolhouse fifty-four years ago

and who has played with me under the great poplars and oaks that shaded the schoolhouse spring under the hill.

"Is life worth living?" is one of the many questions going the rounds. The man who started that question knew nothing of the Sixth District of Coweta in the early forties.

Here the curtain must drop, with the following words inscribed on it: "And thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee, and to prove thee, to know what was in thine heart, whether thou wouldest keep his commandments, or no." (Deut. viii. 2.) And I must be permitted to add, out of a heart overflowing with gratitude, those other words of the great lawgiver before the gathered tribes in the plains of Moab, words of which I can make a personal application: "Not one thing of all that the Lord your God hath spoken hath ever failed."

What a miracle, constantly before us in the group of our mental faculties, reproducing for us ourselves, summoning to our side the heaven of childhood when we cannot shake off the falling snow nor put down our feet as firmly as formerly, when the eyes need help and solitariness curtains us, is memory!

The night of the 13th of December found me in the east, at dear old Sparta. When I write "Sparta," I have written enough.

CHAPTER V

A Month's Release for Rest

AT the close of 1908 my brethren of the North Georgia Conference, after more than a half century of unbroken service in effective ministry as an itinerant preacher, voted me a rest. This is my fifth year of rest—time enough to learn what this rest really is. It, as well as activity, makes its demands, one of which is an occasional release, paradoxical as it may sound. It will be understood by those who are coming after me better than I can now make it appear by entering into a philosophical analysis, but there is philosophy in it. My brethren will some day find out for themselves what it is to grow weary of resting.

Bishop Pierce once said to a preacher at a camp meeting, after the brother had returned to the preachers' tent from an old-time Middle Georgia camp meeting dinner and was lounging in a comfortable chair, his eyes almost closed: "Joe, do you know what I think is your highest idea of heaven?" His brother Joe replied rather lazily: "No, but I should like for you to tell me." "Well," said the Bishop, "your highest idea of heaven is that it is a place of eternal rest."

Rest is not all here; and from the limited revelations of what heaven will be, we are quite sure that rest there will not be of such a character as to exclude service. I have taken a vacation every one of the five years given me for rest. I have needed this release, and I have enjoyed it.

Brother Sims, near Corinth, Georgia (the pastor, J. T Robins, kindly concurring), invited me to spend a week with him and preach at his church the first and second Sundays of May. This opened the way for another visit to the home of my childhood while under the care of my grandfather, Rev. Samuel Lane, my father and mother being in Florida rendering pioneer service for Methodism.

My dear sister, Mollie Haygood, would have been with me had she not passed into the heavens a few weeks before. Among her last strongest desires was to go with me to this old home in which father and mother were married seventy-seven years ago, in which she was born, and where heaven lay all about us in the sweet morning of life. I was there for her and for myself. May I be allowed to say *with* her? But little of the old home remains except the window near which our venerable grandfather sat as he read the Bible at family prayer by the morning light. It cast its spell over me again; and the spirit of the place stole quietly over me until I was a child again, and not a room, fireplace, shrub, tree, or flower was missing. From the rear of the old home I cast my eye over the spot where at the close of the day our grandfather, returning from his work, would kneel down in a thicket of pines and, placing Mollie on one side and me on the other on our knees and laying a hand on each head, look heavenward and commend us, with himself and family and our dear father and mother in far-away Florida, to his God and our God.

Add to this that my son John, in this same town, settled the matter of his life work and preached his first sermon, and it will appear to the least emotional that memory must have forgotten its office, and the heart must have lost all sentiment, if I could have walked away from the enchanted spot without a movement in the deepest places of my being that will never subside.

Brother Sims has the art of making a Methodist preacher feel at home when he goes to see him. He must have had them about him a good deal, it comes so easy and natural to him. Finding that I could sing the old Methodist hymns and the old Methodist tunes, he drew on me freely and found that I had what he wanted. The week was divided out between preaching and singing and fishing and talking over days and times never to lose their sweetness, out on his shady veranda and along the road in buggy and automobile. For the correct

thing in the line of old-time chats, I will take a gentle horse with a quarterly meeting trot and a rubber-tired buggy in preference to the automobile.

Brother Sims and Miss Sallie, his home-keeping daughter, and his other daughters and sons planted an evergreen in my heart in that first week of May.

The strangest thing I saw that week was some new ground of one hundred and twenty-five acres, more or less, along the road leading from Corinth to Newnan, not far from the latter city. It was native forest when the axes struck it. That was the largest piece of new ground I ever saw.

A few days later found me in the midst of my annual joy, the Wesleyan Female College commencement. For a long time I had been preparing for this as I do for my Annual Conference—so many preachers and other old friends to meet; so many learned discussions to listen to out on the magnificent veranda, from President Wilson's administration down to the correlation of our institutions of learning. Such big preaching and speaking from pulpit and rostrum, such enchanting exhibitions by the students, such rapturous shouts over the prospect of soon being at home! The colors of the dear old college were at full mast. She is pushing back her horizon, and this much may be safely counted on whether all of her ideals are realized or not just now. There is scripture for not despising the day of small things, but there is no scripture for being satisfied with such a day.

A portion of my time usually given to Macon had to be given to my sister and nieces in Milledgeville, who wanted to see me, and to my son, Dr. Young Harris Yarbrough, of the medical staff of the Sanitarium, and his Ohio bride. Ohio and Georgia, I found, had met and were getting along joyously together.

Having been in charge of the Methodist Church there as early as 1865-66, what I saw while last there was like a dream. This was strikingly so as I viewed the growth of the city, its expanding provision for education, but, above all, its

crowning glory, the improved and enlarging arrangements for alleviating the sufferings of the most unfortunate of Georgia's sons and daughters in our Georgia Sanitarium. The father of Raphael's masterpiece, "The Transfiguration," pointing his lunatic boy to the Saviour, poised in the clouds above the holy mount, has in it an inspiration for the utmost that can be done for maintaining that institution.

Right nobly are the men and women in every position, from superintendent down, at work, showing all faithfulness, that not the slightest matter affecting the interests of the unfortunate be neglected.

"All's well that ends well," and such an end came to my vacation in LaGrange, Georgia, with the ending of the term of our LaGrange Female College.

When President Rufus W Smith and I first met, we were on the roll of the academy in Greensboro, Georgia, Rev. Cosby W Smith, his brother, being our teacher. Later we were matriculated at Emory College, Oxford, Georgia, where his record from entrance to graduation, at the head of his class, was that of a model student.

I was present, shortly after, at his marriage, in Oxford, and the ties of friendship have held us intimately together through the succeeding years.

His marriage was according to the law of the eternal fitness of things. Husband and wife were never more happily adapted to each other. Their second marriage was to teaching as their life work, and it was never put asunder until death dissolved the union. Until his evening star faded away he had a source of sympathy, coöperation, and strength in his lofty calling unsurpassed in the work of training the daughters of our Southland for the highest type of womanhood.

My heart swelled with pride as I looked upon the manly form of my schoolmate of earlier days as he stood at the front of the noble column of Georgia's college presidents on his twenty-eighth commencement day, and the foremost sentiment that welled up within me was:

"These are the sons of sacred flame,
Their brows marked with the sacred name;
Souls that have built up our faith in man,
And lit the ages as they ran."

Deep, broad, and firm as is the foundation on which this college stands, its superstructure has loftier heights before it; and the upward spirit of LaGrange, its beautiful and historic home city, is equal to their attainment.

My home while there was with the family of Brother C. V Truit, where I have been most kindly and elegantly entertained on several former occasions. I formed a new acquaintance in the family. Tar Baby, Sister Truit's buggy horse, large, of symmetrical proportions, as black as a crow, stately in his step, free and elastic in all his movements, and, with an elegant buggy, was made mine during my stay in the city, to go and come according to my heart's desire.

Now, if any of the brethren failed to get recognition from me as Tar Baby and I took in the city, they will understand it.

CHAPTER VI

Spring Days at Miccosukee

OUR children at Miccosukee, Florida, complimented their mother and me with a trip to their pleasant home in March, 1909, the first trip of the kind we have taken together since we were married and my first vacation in fifty-one years. The truth is (may as well tell it), it was our honeymoon. My wife lived near the base of Kennesaw Mountain during the year of our engagement and of our small talk on the steps of old Ebenezer Church, on the Canton Road, six miles from Marietta. There about sundown we did our talking that we wanted nobody else to hear; and in one of those talks we changed the time of our marriage to an earlier date than the time first agreed on, so as not to be in Sherman's way when he and his army started through Georgia. Having belonged to the surveying corps that opened the line of the Western and Atlantic Railroad from Atlanta to Chattanooga when he was a young man, we were satisfied that he knew his route, and there was a chance for him to break in upon our wedding dinner, as he did when he struck Milledgeville and got all the chickens and turkeys and lambs and hams and cakes and preserves, etc., with which the pantries and smokehouses were stocked for the preachers of the Georgia Conference soon to assemble.

We were sharp enough to keep out of that trap and get off down to Oxford on the "General," Captain Fuller, conductor, as far as Atlanta; and the next day we had our infair at my father's, at which Judge A. B. Longstreet, Dr. Alexander Means, Dr. James R. Thomas, Rev. Walter R. Branham, Sr., Rev. William J. Parks, Rev. William H. Evans, and Rev. D. D. Cox were present. "Function" is too small a word for that occasion, and I always refer to it under the old Virginia trimmings, "infair."

From that time on the Yankees were pestering us so that a honeymoon was out of the question, and we were arranging and planning and moving about and refugeeing until the war was over, and ever since the bishops and elders have been itinerating us; so our honeymoon was postponed until we went to Miccosukee. I am in favor of two honeymoons, one in the morning of married life and one in the evening; and if any writer should advocate making the married life an unbroken honeymoon, I would stand by him. Those blossoms of the universities who are irradiating on the home life, marriage, etc., are not married men, I hope, for their wives' sakes; and if they are not and should ever try to get married, any woman will drive her ducks to a bad market who gets her consent to be led to the altar by one of them. Coming out in the lecture room before young men on such subjects so sacred and high to civilized people, as they do, they remind me of a bunch of donkeys braying at Bunker Hill Monument.

We reached Miccosukee on March 9 by A. B. and A. Pullman in time for my birthday dinner the next day. There is no need of telling what birthday. The world plays shy of a man who has too many of them, and I cannot blame my fellow pilgrims for doing all they can to keep looking young as long as they can. I raise no sand about others using a little hair dye, cutting a new set of teeth, reading familiar hymns and lessons in the pulpit without glasses, and wearing the short sack coat and white vest all the year round—that is, if it suits them—but I draw the line at parting the hair in the middle—that is, by old men.

The children had the dining room decorated beautifully enough for Christmas. My chair received some touches of its own. But that turkey and the many things to keep him company! The evolutionists have balked on the turkey. He tastes to me, when properly prepared for the table, just as he did the first time I paid him my respects on the plate, and the consensus of really old men is that he hasn't changed. I accept many new things that have been worked out by the

scientists, but I want no change in the turkey, except that we meet oftener in our levees.

Many of the Florida homes are ancestral. Some show age, but they are the dearer on this account. My home during my stay had undergone many improvements, was wearing bright colors, and was modernized in its appointments; but the fact that it was the home of the dear ones who had gone was what held the hearts of its present occupants. Everybody and everything is at home there—parents, children, servants, dogs, horses, mules, cows, calves, fowls of the yard, birds in the vineyard and on their nests—all seem to be feeling that they are at home and that it is theirs. The brown thrush and mocking bird and the blue jay and oriole and others were in the magnolias and banana shrubbery of the flower yard and in the vines climbing over the veranda. The last song of the thrush that softened my heart before going to Florida was on Judge Dickson's lot, in Oxford, in 1905. I hope he and his descendants are there still singing their sweet songs. The birds at our home in Miccosukee are not pelted or shot or frightened in any way. They would go to roost within a few feet of my chair on the veranda, where I caught their last notes chirped before going to sleep—few, but they sink deeper into the heart than any others. Our grandson, Theodore, was away at school; but our granddaughter, Mary Simpson, was with us and added unspeakably to our joy.

We received the additional compliment of a picnic on Miccosukee Lake, a lake fifteen miles long and in places several miles wide. All efforts to drain this beautiful mirror and devote it to the cultivation of cotton and other products have failed; and the generations to come will have a rallying place where the old people can exchange the legends of that enchanted country under the beautiful magnolias, and where the young people can tell their soft experiences and pledge their faith to each other and the children romp along the shores and cast the line and glide over the waters. I praise God that he has made some things for the pleasure of his

children that avarice cannot bring under its dominion—streams that cannot be drained or harnessed by machinery, forests that cannot be cut down, and mountains that cannot be leveled.

Near this beautiful lake I was born, and two Sundays of my visit were spent in the neighborhood so sacred to me, at old Union Church, where my father preached, and at Brother Springer's, who lives in the house in which I was born.

The old inhabitants still talk of the Indian wars, and the younger people love to hear them. My father gave me many thrilling accounts in my childhood, some amusing. One account was of a captain giving orders to his command on parade one evening. He told his men of their dangerous proximity to the Indians. He could almost smell them, etc. "Now," said he, "if they come to-night in that direction, give immediate battle. If they come in that direction [carefully pointing it out to them], deploy and make a show of great strength; but, as far as you can, hold your fire." Then, pointing down a long lane along which he most confidently expected them, he ordered that they retreat on their approach, in good order, by the left flank, adding: "And as I am a little lame, I will be going now."

Florida farming lands, as far as my observation reached, are the finest I ever saw, and I did not see all of the best. I fear that they will all fall a prey to the land syndicates and that the benefits our own people ought to be reaping from them and handing down to their posterity will be found in other hands.

PART FOUR

GEORGIA STORIES AND SELECTIONS

7

CHAPTER I

How the Cats Helped to Cure the Croaker

A COLD, dreary day in January, 1858, found a young preacher at the house of an old brother who had settled down into the habit of croaking at many men and many things. At times everything seemed to be out of gear, and hardly anybody was doing right. It was in the good old days when they sent a preacher in charge of the circuit and a junior—days, by the way, that ought never to have ceased.

True, the junior was not expected to do much more than go along and rub the trees and shake the bushes and turn the game for the senior to shoot; but it was, many things considered, about the happiest arrangement ever made by our Church for a young preacher. It was far ahead of some of the little squirrel-eaten stations that border our cities and many that stand off to themselves, to which our young men who are not wise aspire.

The junior on our old brother's circuit was the one above all others over whom he delighted to hold the rod. There was always a seasoned hickory hid away in a crack for him. When he and the junior met, if he was not in a crabbed mood, he would soon work himself up to it, or rather down to it, for there is a doubt in my mind to this day as to that spirit's being from above. But all who knew him believed him to be a good man, and so did his young brother. There may be zeal without knowledge, and a man may be conscientious and at the same time be wrong.

We had been to circuit preaching and were sitting by his fireside waiting for dinner. He had his pipe over in one corner, and the young preacher was down over the fire trying to warm. It was his first year from home, and his mother had fixed him up in excellent style, giving him, among other nice things, a pair of driving gauntlets that extended up the

arms some distance. He had inherited a small bump above each eye that contained a little help in the matter of reading men, and those little bumps had been at work on the old brother in a sly way.

After holding off as long as he could, he started in about on this wise: "I have been watching you pretty closely, and I have about concluded that you are one of those preachers that will take to white houses with green blinds and will pass by us poor folks." "You have that down about right," said the young preacher. "My horse shall be trained so that when he sees one of those houses he will begin to bend in that direction. They are good places for horse and man. And you must move out of this old field and get you a house out on the big road. It is troublesome to let down your drawbars, and running over the cotton ridges will break my buggy to pieces."

This reply put him to examining his pipe to see if his fire had gone out. "Why do you wear such large gloves?" was his next move. "They keep the cold wind out of my sleeves, and there is something in looks."

Just then his good wife invited us to dinner. After the blessing had been asked, he returned to the other blessing that he had been preparing for his junior preacher. He was not to be outdone.

Several large, old-fashioned house cats got up lazily, roached their backs, drew a long breath, walked gravely under the table as we took our seats, gathered up their feet under them, stretched their long tails along on the floor, and quietly awaited their usual favors.

The old brother improved the time as best he could at the table and might have made a point or two, but the young brother was parrying his thrusts in a way he knew not of. Occasionally his boot would find its way to a cat's tail and roll it on the floor a little like a shoemaker does when he wants to turn a piece of leather into a round shoe string or top string.

There was music, not to be accounted for except by the exigencies of the science. They ran the entire gamut. They

gave forth the air—treble, bass, and soprano. It finally reached the point where it reminded one of an old-time singing class (such as they still have in the mountains) taking the sound; whereupon the old brother threw down his knife and fork and, looking under the table, cried out: "Old 'oman, upon the face of the earth what is the matter with the cats? I never heard the like before!" Imagine his countenance when he ascertained that his growling and grumbling had done his young brother that much good.

It was too much. His kind family had been sympathizing with the young brother and were enjoying his mode of defense; and now the old brother joined in. The storm was over, and under the rainbow that spanned the group the chairs were pushed back, and we had quiet and pleasure.

Many a happy time did that old brother and the junior preacher have together that year. Together they labored and together they rejoiced. Both had to smile whenever they met after that occasion.

He saw at his home more of his young preacher than he had seen of any of his predecessors, and the junior has never heard of his worrying any of his successors.

Years after that tragic event that young preacher and two of the old brother's sons who were present met. The younger said: "One of them cats was mine; and he went off after that, and we thought he was never coming back home again; but he did after so long a time, and he looked like he had about enough of young preachers."

He must have come back to find out where those new notes of music under that dinner table came from.

CHAPTER II

Hannibal and Rowland

ONE of my happiest nights in as happy a home as a boy ever had was when Rowland came home with our father from one of his appointments on his circuit. Our home was in the country; and the fireplace was old-style, deep and wide, and had a broad hearthstone. The little dog was turned out of the basket that he came in on the floor in front of the fire; and we crowded around to see him, and we kept looking at him and pointing out his marks of beauty until prayer time, and even then it was hard to keep from turning our heads and stealing a glance at him.

He was a beauty and had smart ways from the start. He had long, silken hair of several colors, mostly rich yellow and white. In the sunshine his hair would glisten like satin.

You may be sure that he did not sleep on the cold floor by himself the first night he came, and many a night after that there was a contention for the pleasure of having him for a bedfellow. If a boy and his dog do not sleep together, you may count on one thing: he will sleep on the boy's pants and jacket if he can get to them—that is, if the boy and his little dog get as close together in their love for each other as Rowland did to me and I to Rowland. Being the oldest boy, I was allowed to claim him, but all felt that they had a share in him.

I had one advantage over the others: I carried the school bucket; and no matter how little I had for dinner or how much I loved to eat what I had, something was left to give to Rowland at the close of the day when I got home from school.

Smart little fice dogs know what people in the house and about the house are talking about. Bear that in mind and be careful how you talk. Members of the family would be talking about the fireplace in the afternoon, and Rowland would be

stretched out on the floor, apparently asleep. Mother or some one else would say: "It's time the children were coming from school." Up the little fellow would jump, and away he would go down the road to meet us. He had one place to sit and wait for us, a little knoll by the roadside. There he would sit, wagging his tail and restless with joy, until he received our salutations and the bones and scraps from the bucket.

A few years ago a District Conference of our Church was held in the town where I went to school that year. One day I asked to be excused from a session; and I went out to our old home in the country, mainly to see once more that little knoll by the roadside where my little dog used to meet me about sundown returning from school. And I saw it, and nobody was with me.

Rowland grew fast, gained in sense, and fell more and more in love with us every day. At his best he was not larger than a fox. It seemed to be growing in him that he had to protect the family and was really doing it. Father was away a good deal. We were small, and Rowland seemed to be taking the situation to heart. There was a home that nobody could approach, day or night, night especially, without his knowing it and letting the family know it. The burglars say that the fice is the only dog they cannot bribe and manage.

We had moved to another town, Greensboro, Georgia. Old John Robinson's circus came along, paraded, showed, and was leaving early one morning along the road that runs by our parsonage. The little dog had been kept awake most of the night by the music and the smell and racket of the animals and people passing about. As we collected about the front of the house to see the procession pass out, Rowland grew nervous and unusually exercised about what was to become of us. He would crouch down by us and tremble and look up into our faces to see how we were standing it, but he kept between us and danger. After all the wagons had rolled by and the camels, horses, etc., were gone, here came old Hannibal, the elephant, rocking along down the road, with great ears,

like saddle skirts, flapping about, and really looking like he was coming right into the yard. Rowland could not stand everything, with the elephant thrown in, that seemed to be threatening the family. So his hair began to rise on his back, and over the front steps he went, making a dash at old Hannibal and biting him on one of his heels. Hannibal bore it the best he could and went along, taking his own good time to get over it; while Rowland tore up the ground where the elephant passed along and returned to his charge with an air of great triumph, with not more than three of his feet touching the ground, and stopping once or twice to cast a look of contempt upon old Hannibal, while he seemed to be saying to himself: "Now, come this way again, trying to run over this family, and I will finish the job."

Boys, did any of you ever have a dog to bite an elephant? If not, then I am ahead of you.

CHAPTER III

Dogs of Other Ownership

IT is with dogs as with boys—some are more religious than others. Now for it. I hear a big wagonload of boys shouting out their dissent when we touch the religion of dogs. "What! A dog got religion? Next thing we hear, if our friend in the *Wesleyan* keeps on writing, we will have a dog class in Sunday school, and the preacher will be putting their names down on the Church roll as members and have them taking collections and singing bass and all the like of that."

Now, boys, I don't want you to take the measles at the end of the nice times we have been having together. We must stick together as we have been doing all along the way. I am not going so far out into this subject as to get in water over our heads; but I will say, and risk it, that if some dogs I have known and read about were to be taken into the Sunday school and into the church and taught awhile they would get the prize from some sure-enough folks for punctual attendance, close attention, and good behavior.

"Well," says a jolly, rosy-faced boy, with his pants rolled above his knees and the clay in between his toes and a toe or two tied up with a rag, and who knows more about the rabbit hollows and wash holes in the settlement than he does about Elijah's pitched battle on Mount Carmel, "if that is what you are up to, I must say that I believe the dogs would give some of us sometimes a close shave."

Now, there is something so much like religious sensibility in dogs. What is it if it is not religion?

In 1868 I was stationed in Washington, Georgia, in charge of the Methodist Church there. My two little boys had a half-grown brindle dog between them. He was country-raised and a cross, but mostly fice and very smart. Suddenly one Sunday morning a devotional wave struck him, and my wife found, about halfway to the church, that he was following us. I did all in my power to drive him back; and, with the help of

a negro man and some sticks, rocks, and brickbats, we cooled his religious ardor and sent him home. The next Sunday morning I went alone. The old Methodist church there had three front entrances. As I approached, what should I see lying there in the middle entrance but that dog, with his eyes fixed on me and saying, "Now say a word or pick up a rock, and I am in"! He had arranged his position so securely that it was simply impossible to get between him and his purpose to attend meeting that morning. Sure enough, as I was lining the opening hymn I looked out, and there he was trotting about, saluting the audience as if the whole thing had been arranged for his special benefit!

A few days thereafter, while walking with Gen. Robert Toombs in his garden, I brought the incident to his attention in detail. He listened to the simple story with respectful interest. I said to him: "General, it seems to me that there was a regular course of reasoning from cause to effect." "To be sure, there was," said he. "Now, General, I want you to tell me where instinct stopped and reason set in or *vice versa.*" The great man thought a moment and replied: "I leave all such matters to Providence."

Said Dr. Samuel I. Prince, a man of great learning and deep piety:

> My father had a small and beautiful dog who rejoiced in the name of Fidelity. He differed from other dogs only in being better than others or in a peculiar attachment to religious places, people, and services. He attended family worship with a punctuality and regularity that the other members of the household might well have imitated and certainly did not surpass. If a stranger were present (and much company visited our house), the dog's attention to him was regulated by his taking the lead or not in the religious worship of the household. If the visitor, at my father's request, conducted the worship, the dog at once attached himself to his person; and when he departed the dog escorted him out of the village, sometimes going home with him to a neighboring town and making him a visit of a few days. If the visitor did not perform any religious service in the house, the dog took no notice of him while there and suffered him to depart unattended and evidently unregretted.
>
> Such a dog was, of course, a habitual attendant on the public services of the Church on the Sabbath. It required extraordinary care to keep him

at home. Shut up in a room, he dashed through a window and was at church before the family. He was once shut up in an outhouse that had no floor. He dug out under the sill of the door and was at church before the first psalm was sung. In the church he occupied the upper step of the pulpit within which his master ministered. He lay quiet during the service unless other dogs below misbehaved, in which case he left his seat and after quieting the disturbance resumed it. He was equally devoted to the weekly prayer meeting which was held from house to house, the appointment being announced on the Sabbath. He remembered the evening and place and was always present. As it was not agreeable to have a dog at an evening meeting in a private house, he was confined at home. The next week he went early, before the family had thought to shut him up, and waited for the hour and the people. He knew the names of the families where the meetings were held and where they lived and could have gone to any of them on an errand as easily and correctly as a child. And the only knowledge he had of the place of meeting he got as the others did, by hearing the notice on Sunday. These habits of the dog were not the fruit of education. On the contrary, pains were taken to prevent him from indulging his religious preferences. He did not manifest a fondness for other meetings or for any individuals out of the family circle except those whom he recognized by their habit of praying as the people in whom he was especially interested.

My father was wont to relate many other anecdotes of this remarkable animal, and the relation of them always caused his eyes to fill with tears. He had a strong impression that there was something very mysterious about this propensity of the dog; and being himself a sternly orthodox divine, he never ventured the opinion that the dog had moral perceptions. But I always thought he believed so.

Mr. Wesley has been laughed at for some of his intimations on the subject of the resurrection of brutes. I do not laugh at John Wesley. I laugh sometimes, when I feel like it, but there are enough characters for me to laugh at without going to John Wesley. Why not laugh at Tupper's "Inquiry Concerning the Souls of Brutes"? Tupper was a great poet, philosopher, and author many times and on great subjects. Hear him:

"In truth, I see not why the breath of life,
Thus omnipresent and upholding all,
Should not return to Him and be immortal
(I dare not say the same) in some glad state,
Originally destined for creation,
As well from brutish bodies as from man.
The uncertain glimmer of analogy

Suggests the thought and reason's shrewder guess;
Yet revelation whispers naught but this,
'Our Father careth when a sparrow dies';
And that, 'The spirit of a brute descends,'
As to some secret and preserving Hades."

I am not uneasy about John Wesley's suffering from ridicule or from anything else, but why not laugh at the philosophical poet? The laugh might at least be divided between them. We return to Tupper:

"But for some better life, in what strange sort
Were justice, mixed with mercy, dealt to these?
Innocent slaves of sordid, guilty man,
Poor, unthank'd drudges, toiling to his will,
Pampered in youth and haply starved in age,
Obedient, faithful, gentle, though the spur
Wantonly cruel, or unsparing thong,
Weal your galled hides, or your strained sinews crack
Beneath the crushing load—what recompense
Can He who gave you being render you
If in the rank, full harvest of your griefs
You sink annihilated, to the shame
Of government unequal? In that day
When crime is sentenced, shall the cruel heart
Boast uncondemn'd because no tortur'd brute
Stands there accusing? Shall the embodied deeds
Of man not follow him, nor the rescued fly
Bear its kind witness to the saving hand?
Shall the mild Brahman stand in equal sin
Regarding nature's menials, with the wretch
Who flays the moaning Abyssinian ox,
Or roasts the living bird, or flogs to death
The famishing pointer? And must these again,
These poor, unguilty, uncomplaining victims,
Have no reward for life with its sharp pains?
They have my suffrage. Nineveh was spared,
Though Jonah prophesied its doom, for sake
Of sixscore thousand infants and "much cattle."
And space is wide enough for every grain
Of the broad sands that curb our swelling seas,
Each separate in its sphere to stand apart
As far as sun from sun; there lacks not room,
Nor time, nor care, where all is infinite.
And still I doubt: it is a Gordian knot,
A dark, deep riddle, rich with curious thoughts."

The gifted poet-philosopher had his heart softened, as we have often had ours, by an incident that most people would set aside as trivial. If a boy has tears, it seems to me that this incident will find them; and when we lodge it well in our memories we will wipe our eyes and softly say good-by, at least for the present:

"Paris kept holiday. A merrier sight
The crowded Champs Elyseés never saw:
Loud pealing laughter, songs and flageolets,
And giddy dances 'neath the shadowing elms,
Green vistas throng'd with thoughtless multitudes,
Traitorous processions, frivolous pursuits,
And pleasures full of sin, the loud "Hurrah!"
And fierce enthusiastic: "Vive la nation!"
Were these thy ways and works, O godlike man,
Monopolist of mind, great patentee
Of truth, and sense, and reasonable soul?
My heart was sick with gayety; nor less,
When (sad, sad contrast to the sensual scene)
I marked a single hearse through the dense crowd
Move on its noiseless, melancholy way,
The blazing sun half quenched it with his beams
And showed it but more sorrowful. I gaz'd,
And gaz'd with wonder that no feeling heart,
No solitary man followed to note
The spot where poor mortality must sleep.
Alas! it was a friendless child of sorrow
That stole unheeded to the house of death!
My heart beat strong with sympathy and loath'd
The noisy follies that were buzzing round me,
And I resolved to watch him to his grave
And give a man his fellow sinner's tear.
I left the laughing crowd and quickly gained
That dreary hearse, and found—he was not friendless!
Yes, there was one, only one, faithful found
To that forgotten wanderer—his dog!
And there, with measured step and drooping head
And tearful eye, paced on the stricken mourner.
Yes, I remember how my bosom ached
To see its sensible face look up to mine
As in confiding sympathy—and howl!
Yes, I can never forget what grief unfeigned,
What true love and unselfish gratitude
That poor, bereaved, and soulless dog betrayed.

'Ah! give me, give me such a friend!' I cried.
You myriad fools and knaves in human guise,
Compared with thee, poor cur, are vain and worthless,
While man, who claims a soul exclusively,
Is sham'd by yonder 'mere machine'—a dog!"

Boys, we may not meet our dogs in the resurrection, but I am willing; and if they do survive death, they will rise more heavily freighted than many a man I have known.

CHAPTER IV

Dick's Chum—Vagabond Bob—Senator Vest's Classic Eulogy on the Dog

Dick's Chum

A NEWSBOY sat crying on the curbstone when a pedestrian halted and laid his hand on the youngster's shoulder. "What's wrong, sonny? Lost something?"

"Naw, I ain't. O—O, me chum's dead!"

"O, that's too bad! How did he die?"

"Runned over."

"So! Was there an inquest?"

"Inques' nothin'! He just hollered oncet and rolled over dead; and I wish I was dead too, along of him."

"Cheer up; you can find another chum."

"You wouldn't talk that way if you'd knowed Dick. He was the best friend I ever had. There warn't nothin' Dick wouldn't 'a' done for me, and now he's d-d-dead and buried. I'm a-wishin' I was too."

"Look here," said the man; "go and sell your papers and take some poor little ragged boy and be a chum to him. It'll help you and do him good."

"Pshaw, mister! Where's there a boy wot'd go around nights with me and be cold and hungry and outen doors and sleep on the ground like Dick? An' he wouldn't tech a bite till I'd had enough. He were a Christian, Dick were."

"Then you can feel that he's all right if he was such a faithful friend and a good boy."

"Boy! Dick a boy! Dick warn't only a ragged, good-for-nothin' human boy, mister; Dick were a dog."—*Unidentified.*

Vagabond Bob

ALFRED J. WATERHOUSE, IN NEW YORK TIMES

(An incident of the Kansas City flood in 1903)

Bob was a vagabond. If you had seen
The limp of his legs and the lay of his fur,

His gaunt, yellow body, disgracefully lean,
You'd have vowed he was only a vagabond cur.

The torrent swept down on a world unaware,
And women and children and men were his prey;
And death was his brother, who walked everywhere,
And the faces of mortals were white with dismay.

A babe in a cradle was rocked to and fro,
Tossed hither and thither 'mid flotsam and wreck,
With only grim death and the angels to know,
A mariner wee on a pitiful deck.

With only grim death and the angels? Not so.
On a mound over yonder a vagabond cur
Heard the wail of the babe, like the summons of woe,
And the spirit of heroes in him was astir.

Now, Vagabond Bob; now, outcast—what now?
The chasm is wide, by the mad current torn,
And the rescue's a bark with death at the prow—
Still over the waters that wailing is borne.

I think that he shivered one moment in dread;
I think that he doubted ere outward he sprung—
See now in the current the vagabond head,
The débris, the flotsam, the wreckage among!

He reached her! He saved her! No mortal had known
How long was the struggle, how cruelly hard;
But the rescuers found them, the two waifs alone;
And the babe was asleep, and Bob was on guard.

Senator Vest's Famous Classic Eulogy on the Dog

Years ago in an old town of Northern Missouri a man brought suit for two hundred dollars against a neighbor who had killed his dog, and he engaged Senator Vest to plead his case. The Senator made the following remarkable address, considered the finest classic gem of its kind in the history of forensic oratory:

Gentlemen of the Jury: The best human friend a man has in the world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter that he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and

our good name may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him, perhaps, when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads. The one absolutely unselfish friend that a man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deceives him, the one that never proves ungrateful and treacherous, is his dog.

A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground where the wintry wind blows and the snow drifts fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer. He will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounters with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert, he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens. If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying, to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies; and when the last scene of all comes, and when death takes the master in its embrace and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by the graveside may the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad, but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even in death.

Then the Senator sat down. He had spoken in a low voice, almost without gesture. He made no reference to the evidence or the merits of the case. When he had finished, the judge and jury were wiping their eyes. The jury filed out, but soon returned with a verdict in favor of the plaintiff for five hundred dollars. He had sued for two hundred dollars. It is even said that some of the jurors wanted to hang the defendant.

CHAPTER V

Romance of Cracker's Neck

CRACKER'S NECK lies south of Greensboro, Georgia, the classic region of Greene County, as its name suggests. So charmed with this portion of his county was Hon. William C. Dawson, United States Senator from Georgia, that he was fond of claiming that his elegant home in Greensboro (the Clayton Place) was included in the "Neck."

Dwellers on the dividing lines between Greene, Hancock, and Putnam Counties aspired to association with the citizenship of this highly favored region.

In its early history it was noted mainly for the sentiment of liberty as it came down undiluted from the fathers of the Revolution. For the most part, they were a law unto themselves. They interpreted courts of justice to be institutions merely to keep up the appearances of civilization.

It was not surprising that their most historic church was named Liberty Chapel and that the county was named Greene, after Gen. Nathaniel Greene, the friend of Gen. George Washington.

The rich old blood of the Revolution was leaping in the veins of descendants of Revolutionary sires in the sixties; and Greene County, true to her traditions, invested heavily in that second memorable struggle for independence; and there will always be channels for that blood to flow in, and they will never be dry.

Let none receive the impression that the citizens of this locality were turbulent, fractious, troublesome. Far from it. Every man had a mind of his own and did as he pleased; and everybody accepted that order of things, and peace and harmony reigned.

Writing for the most part from memory, I shall not be expected to be rigidly exact as to the topography of the country.

The Oconee River, in a horseshoe curve, keeping it fresh and green on one side, and Shoulder Bone Creek washing it on another side, will be sufficient for the outlines.

If these lines should fall under the eye of President Rufus W Smith, of LaGrange Female College, a smile will disturb his placid countenance as he recalls a horseback ride we took on the eastern edge of this romantic section. We were riding two plain, unsophisticated farm horses that were altogether unaccustomed to anything like cutting shines and showing off. But that afternoon we could let them out a little, and they were soon being made acquainted with resources of gait and speed of which they had hitherto been ignorant. The coming college president was riding a black horse (Ball, I believe, was his name); and when he got down to his best and was making the gravel fly, his ears coming to a point, his eyes dilated, and indignation steaming from his nostrils, he would steal a look back at his rider, inquiring: "What does all this mean? This isn't the way we do on the farm." My horse did the same. The change in the countenances of horses never interested me before nor since as it did on that ride, as new revelations came to them of what they could do when their riders were in the proper mood, and we were so convulsed with laughter that we could hardly stay in our saddles. Both of those horses died, I have no doubt, without ever reaching a full understanding of how those two sober, well-bred, and ordinarily well-behaved young men should hit upon such an abrupt and apparently uncalled-for interruption of their plain, unpretentious, measured country way of getting along under the saddle on the big road.

Another part of Cracker's Neck was made historic by the "Fox Chase" of "Georgia Scenes," when old Smoothtooth, after pitching his forelegs over a large log, concluded to let his hind legs remain where they were and come to a rest, and where the grapevine caught his rider under the chin and came near lifting him out of his saddle as the scent of game grew warm, and ripened him into a gallop.

Here and there, scattered through the States from Georgia to the Far West, are men and women who will have to let nature have her own way and moisten their cheeks a little as memory hovers over the old homes and haunts of the region I am visiting to-night on the same wing.

So dear to me and to others are the names of those families there—say, in the early fifties—that I will record some of them. We readily recall the Armors, Dr. John Curtwright, Col. Rowan Ward, the Kimbroughs, the Creddiles, the Woodhams, Brown (father-in-law of Rev. James Billingsleah and one of the riders in the celebrated "Fox Chase" of "Georgia Scenes"), Perkins (grandfather of Preston Wright, of Greensboro, my old schoolmate), the Smiths, the Hutchinsons, Henry Walker, Rev. William Blythe, the Copelands, Gentry, a leader in singing at Liberty, and Jernigan. We could make this list much longer without putting down a family not entitled to high consideration for having contributed to the character of Cracker's Neck.

Rev. A. B. Thrasher, of Thomaston, Georgia, found a noble wife there; and he paid them back for his prize in some honest, faithful, permanent work in school-teaching, for which he was eminently qualified in head and heart. Mrs. Sarah Ward, one of the earliest graduates of Wesleyan Female College, was the reigning queen of the social and religious realms of Cracker's Neck. She was intellectual, beautiful in person, educated and cultured, as bright and genial as sunshine, and a shouting Methodist; plain, unassuming, uniformly neighborly.

It was a district of dear old Greene

> "Where rural virtues were not yet forgot,
> And good old customs crown'd the circling year;
> Where still contented people loved their lot,
> And trade's vile din offended not the ear,
> But hospitable hearths and welcomes warm
> To country quiet joined their social charm."

When couples got married, they had big wedding suppers and rousing infairs the next day. Cake is not piled up at

weddings now as it was then and there on such occasions. There were no buffet luncheons, menus, or functions of any kind; and I want it distinctly understood that those things did not originate in Cracker's Neck, with everything running to dishes of foreign names and to flowers and flourishes. But the tables groaned under viands that allured the taste, substantials and delicacies home-raised and homemade and home-named that made us feel, when it was all over, like we had been somewhere and had gotten something worth going for and never to be forgotten. Poundcake, among the delicacies, led in those savory times and in that lovely region. I do not know who invented the cake. It deserves a monument, whether the formula was born in Buckingham Palace, in the Valley of Virginia, in Maryland, or in Georgia. As good as it is, it is none too good to have been born in Cracker's Neck. Whoever got a taste of it never failed thereafter to detect it, at home or abroad, on the land or on the sea.

Judge Frank Little, of Sparta, Georgia, my dear old college mate, was at our parsonage table in his town in 1899, and some of that cake was passed to him. It was made and sent to us by our daughter, Mrs. Corinne Yarbrough, of Miccosukee, Florida. The Judge had not more than fairly cracked the icing before he cried out: "George, where did you get this poundcake?" I told him and added. "Here are some old-time quince preserves to go with it." His black eyes flashed as he smacked his mouth just like any other mouth will do that meets the genuine article. My mouth moistens as I write, and his will if he reads what I have written. Occasionally the doctrine of evolution strikes something it cannot tackle. Poundcake and quince preserves defy it, both tasting just like they did when they were first made, no forerunner, away back in the days of protoplasm and environment and microbes and germs and eggs and shellfish, having yet been discovered.

Well, all that was common in Cracker's Neck in our day and time; and folks paid the preacher for marrying them,

too. Every bride in those parts was worth it, and all this "I'll see you again" on the part of the festive groom was not in it. The service was recognized in heavier change than that, gold itself being considered none too good to invest in that part of the program.

Liberty Chapel was the center of attraction and influence in Cracker's Neck. It was surrounded by thickly settled neighborhoods of the best people. The pioneer Methodist preachers, with Asbury and McKendree at their head, had been there felling the timber, breaking the ground, seeding the soil, and "bringing in the golden sheaves." They left the purest, most Scriptural theology that man has ever been taught, the most quickening, elevating, rapturous songs that men have ever sung, and the most reasonable, simple, satisfactory experiences that men in modern times have told.

I must be pardoned for doubting if any Church in Georgia ever exerted a more wholesome influence over people within its reach. And it had a good name at a distance as well as near. In answer to Question 16, "When and where shall the next Conference be held?" (Minutes of 1808), the answer was: "South Carolina Conference, Georgia, Liberty Chapel."

The Conference was held by Bishop Asbury in a farmer's home (Mr. Bush), in a house now gone by fire. At this Conference Lovick Pierce was ordained deacon. It was an inspiring place for George F Pierce, his son and a native of Greene County, to preach his first sermon, if he did mount a kneeling stool in the high, old-fashioned pulpit and hold on to the book board through the sermon to keep from falling. He found the stool under the pulpit; and, having been taught to call nothing connected with Methodism common or unclean or useless, he supposed it was put there to stand on, so as not to be cramped and hidden by the pulpit.

The "mourners' bench" was born at Liberty Chapel. A noted revivalist, Rev. Stith Mead, was conducting a meeting of great power. His custom was to talk privately to every one under conviction, to make the way of the Spirit clear.

But at Liberty the work pressed him until he was forced to adopt another method. So he invited all with such an experience to come to the front seats, where he might instruct all together as he had been instructing them singly and alone. It proved most helpful; and, of course, others followed his example. Finally the custom drifted into going up to the front to be prayed for; and we have the "altar," or the "mourners' bench," as we have been pleased to call it. In neither form or under neither name has it ever done an earnest soul any harm, but under each it has done incalculable good and must continue to do so.

In 1871, while on the Greensboro charge, Dr. John Curtwright, then advanced in years and a noble specimen of Methodist manhood, told me that Judge A. B. Longstreet gave him this history and told him it was the beginning of what afterwards took the form of going up for prayer.

It is too sacred in its traditions and in the service it has rendered us and others to call forth the abuse that has been heaped on it and the mean and labored wit that has been fired at it. I have never caught one at this business who did not satisfy me that he had a bad heart and an empty head.

For many years there was a large camp ground there. It drew multitudes annually from Greene, Warren, Oglethorpe, Hancock, and Putnam Counties, and from greater distances. The last camp meeting I attended there was during the war while at home on sick furlough. Dr. Lovick Pierce, Bishop George F. Pierce, Dr. Alexander Means, Rev. Robert W Bigham, Dr. A. G. Haygood, and others were there. Years after that I visited the hallowed spot, and not a vestige of a tent or the old stand was to be seen. I went to the spring, once shaded by large poplars, hickories, oaks, and gums, but change lay in furrowed channels all about it. The old gum that held the crystal water was almost gone, and the little stream glided slowly away. Its only music was an indistinct ripple, a funeral note over glories departed, never to return.

My first visit there was in 1852, when the camp ground

was in its glory. My father was on the Greensboro Circuit. When we reached the camp meeting he deposited his eldest son, for safe oversight, at Henry Walker's tent. "Uncle Henry," as we called him, dressed in the rigid Asbury style and reminded me of Uncle Allen Turner. He had the popular idea of what a boy fourteen years old was made for—to be a subject of close police inspection—and from the opening of the meeting to its close, no boy of that age, preacher's son or son of anybody else, could be cutting high stubble about his tent without being classed with other offenders against law and treated accordingly.

Uncle Henry's daughter nearest the age of his pastor's son was Sallie. The moment I took my first look at Sallie Walker something within me said: "Uncle Henry or no Uncle Henry, camp meeting or no camp meeting, the oftener you bask in the beams of that face, the better for you."

Now, it would not be in keeping with the dignity and sacredness of the occasion that called us to old Liberty Camp Ground to indulge in any writing here woven out of the sleeping lake, the silvery moon, the auspicious stars, the cooing dove, etc. Not only might it appear undignified, but it would certainly appear altogether unnecessary; for what mortal man ever reached his fourteenth year in his right mind and entered a circle of environments such as was found at Uncle Henry's tent, when Sallie and I first met, without finding it hard to believe all the hard things that had been said about this world, especially if one of its fresh young flowers has thrown its fragrance over his path and charmed him with its beauty?

To avoid anything more sentimental, I will simply say that Sallie and I were soon where we asked to be excused from the first tables—breakfast, dinner, and supper—and we would have liked it still better if "Aunt Walker," Sallie's mother, had gone from the table with Uncle Henry and their guests when she had finished her meals. Occasionally there was a knowing twinkle in her eye that looked like she had mischief

brewing in her mind and that the young people might be surprised at any time.

Sure enough, while she and Sallie and I were at dinner one day she looked at the young people as they sat close together at the other end of the table and said right out: "George, I have often thought that I should like for one of my daughters some day to marry one of Brother Yarbrough's sons." She then went on to say: "There sits Sallie by you. Whatever she says will suit me." Aunt Walker had us and was having one of her best times over her sharpness when "one of Brother Yarbrough's sons" "took up the wondrous tale" in broken accents; and before his proposal was fully formulated Sallie relieved him of his embarrassment by saying in tones almost killing: "George, I am willing." The compact was sealed right then and there in the only way considered parliamentary in those days of innocency; and such a laugh, amounting almost to a shout, broke out of Aunt Walker's heart!

The fledgling suitor had noticed the gentlemen gallanting the young ladies to the stand (called tabernacle now) until he was feeling that if he could do that his heart would have a thrill that it had not yet felt. That evening he took his place by Sallie's side; and we walked to the seats reserved for the ladies, her maid carrying a chair for her young mistress, of whom she seemed to feel unusually proud. She was soon seated where her attendant thought they could exchange an occasional glance; and though the space between us was so crowded that the sweet privilege was denied us, that aspiring youth felt about like Columbus did when he landed on our shores.

Preachers then had all the time they wanted for their sermons, especially at camp meeting and at nights. They put up a brother that night who had more time than anything else. The custom was to begin at Adam and end by going into port on the "Old Ship of Zion." The young gallant was soon stretched on a bench fast asleep; and when he awoke there was not a soul to be seen except one old negro man fumbling

about in the straw with a stick, all the lights gone out except a half inch of a tallow candle, the encampment as still as a cemetery. And Sallie! Where, O where was she?

A year or such a matter later I was invited to Sallie's marriage to Mr. Howard Hayes, of Lexington, Georgia, an elegant Christian gentleman—a logical outcome of all such gallantry.

During my first year in the itinerancy I entered the Methodist church in Lexington, Georgia, on Saturday morning to preach my first sermon there as junior pastor. Entering the church, I saw a lady with her hand over her face. There were but two of us there, as aforetime. Others came in until we had a fair congregation, considering that it was the Saturday hour and the junior in the pulpit. As he proceeded in his weak and feeble manner there was no little effort on the part of Mrs. Sallie Hayes to uncover her face and look into the face of the young preacher, but that hand would get back over that face the more earnest he would become. His remarks having been drawn to a close and the service being over, we met, and her house had to be my home, etc.

"But," said the young preacher and friend of the girlhood and boyhood days, still standing in the aisle, "Sister Sallie, why did you keep your hands to your face while I was trying to preach? It is hard work at best, and you ought to have looked at me and encouraged me all you could." "George," she said, "I did my best; but that night you went to sleep under the old stand at Liberty camp meeting and left me to get back to our tent as best I could and waked us all up trying to get in the tent long after we had been fast asleep—all that kept coming up, and I was afraid if I looked at you I would break out in a laugh."

Years later I was walking along a street in Athens, Georgia, while stationed there, when I was arrested by a soft voice calling my name so familiarly that I knew it was a dear friend. "You do not recognize me," said the lady. "Do you remember Sallie Walker, of Cracker's Neck?" "Yes, mad-

am," was the prompt reply; "and if I had forgotten her, your eyes would have readily recalled her. You have Sallie's eyes." "Well," she said, "I am Sallie Walker's daughter, married and living in Athens now. Mother used to talk so much about you, and she would laugh sometimes while talking about you; but she is gone."

All smiles would make us perilously contented with our lot; all tears would sink us in despair. A Father's hand prepares our cup.

During the two years of joyous boyhood in 1852 and 1853 a number of friends of the lovely girls of Cracker's Neck were added to my list. I am not sure that there is more than one of that number now living, Mrs. A. F. Gerding, of New York. Flem Curtwright—if she will pardon me for calling her by her girlhood name, which, I trust, is none the less dear to her than to me—is the only survivor of that happy group. She was married in the old family home, close to the eastern bank of the Oconee River, in 1871 or 1872, and I had the pleasure and honor of officiating at her marriage. The groom, Mr. Julius Gerding, being a German and a Lutheran, asked that we use the form of his Church, which called for repeated rehearsals, and this gave us much enjoyment before the intense moment came.

By the tossing of the waves of our Methodist itinerancy I was dropped at Epworth Church, Atlanta, several years ago; and I found on the list of my members Mrs. A. F Gerding, who will always be associated with the mellow memories of Cracker's Neck.

CHAPTER VI

WHICH?

THE following beautiful home circle poem is intended for the family circle. It is founded upon an incident where a rich neighbor offered to make a poor family comfortable and provide for the child if one of seven were given to him. Some one who has felt the pangs of poverty and yet been a father with all the deep and holy feelings of a parent has clothed it in poetical attire and breathed into it a spirit of love, devotion, and faith that will find a holy response in the breast of every father and mother who are blessed with little pledges of affection, be they one or seven.

"Which shall it be? Which shall it be?"
I looked at John; John looked at me
(Dear, patient John, who loves me yet
As well as though my locks were jet).
And when I found that I must speak,
My voice seemed strangely low and weak:
"Tell me again what Robert said."
And then I, listening, bent my head.
"This is his letter:

"'I will give
A house and land while you shall live
If in return from out your seven
One child to me for aye is given.'"
I looked at John's old garments, worn;
I thought of all that John had borne
Of poverty and work and care,
Which I, though willing, could not share;
I thought of seven mouths to feed,
Of seven little children's need,
And then of this:

"Come, John," said I;
"We'll choose among them as they lie
Asleep." So, walking hand in hand,
Dear John and I surveyed our band.
First to the cradle lightly stepped,
Where Lillian, the baby, slept,
A glory 'gainst the pillow white.
Softly the father stooped to lay
His rough hand down in loving way,

When dream or whisper made her stir,
And huskily he said: "Not her, not her."

We stopped beside the trundle-bed,
And one long ray of lamplight shed
Athwart the boyish faces there
In sleep so pitiful and fair.
I saw on Jamie's rough, red cheek
A tear undried. Ere John could speak,
"He's but a baby too," said I,
And kissed him as we hurried by.

Pale, patient Robbie's angel face,
Still in his sleep, bore suffering's trace.
"No; for a thousand crowns, not him!"
He whispered while our eyes were dim.

Poor Dick! bad Dick! our wayward son;
Turbulent, reckless, idle one—
Could he be spared? Nay, He who gave
Bade us befriend him to the grave;
Only a mother's heart could be
Patient enough for such as he.
"And so," said John, "I would not dare
To send him from her bedside prayer."

Then stole we softly up above
And knelt by Mary, child of love.
"Perhaps for her 'twould better be,"
I said to John. Quite silently
He lifted up a curl that lay
Across her cheek in willful way
And shook his head, "Nay, love; not thee,"
The while my heart beat audibly.

Only one more, our eldest lad,
Trusty and truthful, good and glad—
So like his father! "No, John; no,
I cannot, will not let him go!"

And so we wrote in courteous way
We could not drive one child away.
And afterwards toil lighter seemed,
Thinking of that of which we dreamed;
Happy, in truth, that not one face
We missed from its accustomed place;
Thankful to work for all the seven,
Trusting the rest to One in heaven.

—Author unknown.

PART FIVE

PERSONAL SKETCHES AND ELSE

CHAPTER I

Bishop E. M. Marvin at the Session of the North Georgia Conference in 1872

BISHOP MARVIN presided over the North Georgia Conference held in Atlanta in 1872. The sessions were held in First Church. The opening session was largely attended. It was an unusually large attendance for the opening hour; for we had heard such wonderful things of our new bishop from the West that our curiosity was at its height, and all of us wanted to be at the beginning, lest we might miss something.

Bishop Marvin came in and took the chair on time, to the minute, with gracefulness and ease, apparently as much at home as if he had spent all his days with us. There sat the man who had furnished our Church the fact that a man could become a bishop, fill the highest place in its gift, without being a delegate to the General Conference that elected him. Something in this kept our eyes on him.

He was neatly dressed, wearing a clerical suit, his coat single-breasted, the buttons close together and extending to the collar, which turned down. His coat had the full skirt allowance of the clerical style and was worn unbuttoned—a pattern worthy of imitation, and a large number of our preachers changed their style after the Conference and conformed it to the Bishop's. Many have found out that they can get along with less material in the coat, but I am glad to say that they did not get their suggestion of abbreviation in this item of attire from any bishop I have seen. The Bishop wore a large, soft felt hat after the style of the West and after the style of many in Georgia. He was tall, spare, erect, in full beard, with a full suit of hair, the latter a trifle longer than ordinary length. He was straight and without the slightest sign of age.

As the Bishop rose to give out the opening hymn, a lock of his hair fell over his high, beautiful brow; and we listened to his reading of the opening hymn,

"Jesus, the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky,"

as we had never before listened to it. By the time he reached the last verse, his head slightly bowed, and read,

"Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name,"

the Holy Ghost had full charge of the service.

The prayer that followed took the warm current of devotion awakened by the singing. It was not to be heard of men, but by God for men. It was pervaded throughout with the aroma of the mercy seat. As it poured from the heart of the man of God, we felt that he had carried in his girdle the key that opened communication with the unseen world. That morning God was not very far from any of his servants. That song and prayer set the step for the entire session of the Conference. I know no class of men who need more than ministers of the gospel the prayer of the disciples: "Lord, teach us how to pray."

The Bishop surprised us at the close of the first session, which was given to the usual routine work, by leading the doxology to the tune of "Sessions." It was a solo. He caught us behind on an old Methodist tune. We almost felt ashamed that our Conference choir had overlooked such an inspiring song. There was quite a looking about for the old song-books, and before Conference was over we were all singing "Sessions" with the Bishop, and we have been singing it ever since. I never hear it without thinking of that happy opening hour of our Conference in Atlanta.

Part of the time we had with us Bishop Pierce and Bishop McTyeire. Three bishops at one time made our session doubly interesting. At one session the regular order of business was suspended to witness the presentation of a razor to Bishop

Marvin by Bishop Pierce at the request of Bishop Paine, into whose hands it had descended from Bishop Asbury. Bishop Pierce was, as usual, quite felicitous in his presentation remarks, and Bishop Marvin was equally so in his speech of acceptance; but I take it upon myself to say that the razor was never any the worse for wear in Bishop Marvin's hands.

I have been asked to give my impressions of the great preacher in the pulpit—his method of treating his text, his delivery, effect upon the audience, etc.

Speaking generally, I was impressed that Bishop Marvin had devoted his life to preparing to preach the gospel. The gospel can be preached by no man as he preached it with a divided life work. It takes a faithful fulfillment of the promise all of us made when we started, to "apply ourselves wholly to this one thing and draw all our cares and studies this way," to make Marvins. Then all cannot be Marvins; but he has had no successor and will have none where this condition is disregarded. "No man can serve two masters." "The human heart is so constituted that it refuses a double allegiance. This is the more difficult if the two masters are rivals, and still more difficult if the two masters are enemies to each other; and the difficulty is cumulative and grows into an impossibility if each master claims supreme allegiance." (J. B. Shearer, D.D., LL.D., "Sermon on the Mount," 1906.)

In the pulpit Bishop Marvin was thoroughly, but not heavily and tediously, analytical. He had a trunk line and never left it. He made no excursions out of sight of the main thing in hand. He was fond of illustration, but was never found seeking to make it do the service of a demonstration. When he was through preaching, you took away with you to abide the text and its absorbing message. He went home with the multitudes who heard him preach, followed them into their daily business, and strengthened them at all points of their daily Christian experience. He took hold on people in his preaching; and the hold may have slackened, but was never entirely lost.

He was a philosopher after the purest type—philosophy in his hands being confined to, contributing to the spiritual vision. He was a polemic when heresy stood in the way of the victorious march of truth. He was a rhetorician only as he was thereby enabled to make transparent the medium of truth through which he sought to bring the light of heaven to the lives of men.

Bishop Marvin was an orator; but his oratory had too high an origin and aim, as did his philosophy and rhetoric and his varied learning, to assume to supersede or embellish the Word of God. It was the outgushing of a great soul filled with the Holy Ghost through lips touched with a live coal from the altar. His gesticulation was the emphasis and expression of his great thoughts through every part of his body, that at times approached transfiguration. The entire man took part in the sermon.

He was habitually so thoroughly prepared when he entered the pulpit that he could take care of himself in delivery, which he did from his deliberate conversational exordium to his rapturous peroration. From none of the great preachers have I received such an impression of the mastery of pulpit utterance.

We were carried by him into the depths and out into the breadth and up into the heights of spiritual enlargement on Sunday morning at First Church, Atlanta, and were made happy in the Lord and were jubilant in welcoming this star of the West to his Heaven-ordained place in our brightest galaxy of Southern Methodist itinerant preachers, where he continued to shine with increasing luster until, fading from mortal vision, this star rose upon another world to be rekindled in a land that is fairer than day.

Bishop Marvin's text on that occasion to which this sketch carries us back was Ephesians v. 22-33. We had been accustomed to a homily on the duties of husbands and wives from this passage, and it was natural that we should be surprised by such a text for an Annual Conference sermon at the most important hour; but the Bishop's fine expository insight un-

covered a mine of great spoil, hidden under the surface of his text, as he developed the main purpose of the apostle, which was to illustrate the relation of Christ and his Church by the relation of husband and wife.

Such a portrayal of the Church I never heard before, and I know I shall never hear again. I cannot lay down my pen until I give one quotation; and may the Holy Spirit so impress it upon the mind of every preacher, every layman, every boy and girl who may belong to the Church that it can never be effaced! The Bishop gave it as a part of his early religious experience. Said he:

> Soon after I united with the Church I had an experience that I am sure I can never forget. I was in the saddle on the Lord's day on my way to a social meeting in the country. The aspects of the autumnal scenery are as distinct in my memory as if I had seen them only yesterday. The warm sun lay upon the foliage, and there seemed the hush of a hallowed peace upon the face of nature. All at once the thought came to me: "I am in the Church; and it is in my power now, by my unholy living, to bring a blot on the Church and dishonor the Saviour." For a time the reflection seemed unsupportable. It was almost more than I could bear. "The name of God," said the prophet, "is blasphemed among the Gentiles through you."

These last lines may lose their force if I add another, and I lay down my pen in the midst of a scene of spiritual enchantment which has not been marred in forty-one years.

Conclusion of Bishop Marvin's Great Sermon before the North Georgia Conference on Sunday Morning, at Atlanta, Georgia, 1872

Recalling Bishop Marvin's great sermon on the "Relation of Christ and His Church as Illustrated by the Relation of Husband and Wife," I will add one more quotation, his peroration, a gem of imperishable beauty sacredly cherished by those of us who heard it and affording a partial insight, for those who were not there and may never see the published sermon, of the opulent resources and the intellectual and spiritual power of the preacher.

In reading what will follow (much more as the vast audience yielded to the sway of the preacher like a field of grain to the wind), the mind, under its law of association, connects that Annual Conference Lord's day with the Lord's day vision in Patmos, and we ask: "Did not the Bishop, in preparing for that hour with us, have some heavenly visitant (like that in Revelation xxi. 9-11) smile upon him and say, as was said to John, 'Come hither, and I will show you the bride, the Lamb's wife'?"

In copying the sermon at its close I have faithfully followed the published form, which will readily and vividly bring to the memory of those who heard it its marvelous utterances and their wonderful effect. Said the Bishop:

I have seen a young man, the noble son of a noble sire, when he brought his bride home to his father's house. He had chosen her from among all the women in the world; he loved her with all the fullness of an uncorrupted heart; it was the mighty outgoing of a fresh, strong nature. She was fit to be the wife of such a man; she was as complete in her womanliness as he in his manliness; and now at this supreme moment of her destiny her whole nature, soul and body, had been fused into sensibility. Her face was lit with the chaste warmth of bridal consciousness; her light, elegant, airy form was embodied gracefulness and poetry in every attitude, in every slightest movement. When she leaned upon her husband's arm and looked up into his face, she was the picture of rapture in repose. The son had the full approbation of his father. Of all the women he knew, he would have chosen this one to be the wife of his first-born.

What a day was that when her husband brought her home to his father's house! What preparations had been made to receive her! The house had been renovated from top to bottom; the premises had been in uproar for a week, making ready for the event. If it had been a queen that was coming, interest could not have been more intense. Everything on the place had turned to heart; every nerve tingled a delicious welcome to the newcomer.

The day arrives at last and the hour; the bridegroom has come with his bride; the welcome would be clamorous if it were not so deep; the feeling of the younger children and of the servants has a touch of awe in it.

The father receives her with quiet dignity; but the respectful kiss is the seal of purest affection, and the deep bass of his voice, slightly tremulous, gives her a daughter's quiet consciousness in his presence at once. She looks into his face and sees the glow of his countenance. From that hour her heart is at peace under his roof. The younger children come

hesitatingly about her chair and timidly finger the fringes of her garments. If she looks at one with a smile, he can scarcely contain himself for an hour; a kiss upon the forehead is enough to put him in ecstasies for a week. With what sensitive eagerness they speak to her in tremulous undertone, calling her sister! The word never had such a meaning before, nor the syllables of it so sweet a sound; it is another word for tenderness and beauty. The very servants move about with unwonted activity and interest—for there were black domestics in the house, born and bred on the place. They have caught the infection of love and interest and joy; everything the young mistress touches seems almost sacred to them, they sweep the floor with greater care, because she is to tread upon it; the very stairway seems different after she has tripped up and down it once; everything seems different; a new expression is on everything; the light is purer; as the sunshine from the window lies upon the carpet you might imagine it to be the bright shadow of God's peace. that came into the house with the bride.

After nightfall she walks to and fro over the greensward under the shade trees and in the light of the full moon, leaning on the arm of her husband and talking with him in low tones. The very moon looks purer as it floats over her head, and the grass more brightly green after her robe has swept over it. There was never a joy so great or so diffusive in that house.

The day comes when the Heavenly Bridegroom will bring his Bride home to the Father's house. He is there now, making ready, preparing a place for her before he comes again to bring her away. That will be the day of days, even in heaven. It has been looked to from the dawn of creation; angel ministers have been engaged in preparation; God the Father looks upon the Bride with approval the last earth stains have been washed from the garments by the blood of the Lamb: a vast concourse of the sons of immortality is coming to join the procession; the frame of nature throughout the universe is to be taken down and built anew in more perfect forms of beauty and grandeur in honor of the event; "the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel and with the trump of God." Then shall he return with the risen and glorified Church. The gates of the celestial city are in sight; they are thrown open; the family of heaven are grouped and waiting; a new feeling of tenderness and interest deepens the sensibilities even of that world. The Church, redeemed with blood, is coming home with her Redeemer, radiant with his glory nearest his person and most fully in his likeness of all created things. She is the center of interest and in the place of honor; she was created from his side, and the glory of his nature is upon her. She enters, leaning on her Beloved. Angels, quivering with delight and eager to do her service, hover about her way; they will bear messages to and fro as swift as lightning; they will sweep the invisible dust of the gold pavement with their wings before her white-shod feet shall pass. The celestial glory is heightened by the

glory of her countenance as she looks into the face of her Lord. Her passing form is mirrored in the sea of glass; the princes and potentates of glory await her coming with their homage; she passes into the palace of the great King, still leaning on her Lord; the Father smiles; she is at home; the Son takes the throne with the Father; the Bride is with him, throned at his side. All the harps and voices of heaven break forth with a new song, and the music deepens, swells, and vibrates till the very thrones tremble to their melody. The crown is brought forth, the crown of life; the triumphant hand of her Lord places it on her head; it is gemmed with diamonds, cut at ten thousand angles, every flaming facet flashing back and augmenting the celestial radiance. At the right hand of her King she sits, regnant in beauty, with the port of an empress and the heart of a bride, to reign with him forever; in the Father's house, like a child at home, she shall go in and out, diffusing beauty and love and blessedness.

The purposes of God are consummated; created being has reached its highest expression through the agony of the God-man; the Creator sees himself mirrored in the creature, and the glorified Church is the crown and joy of heaven. Even the angels come to a higher destiny in the household of the Bride; they lend a deeper joy in her transcendent destiny and through her find places nearer to the Lord.

Shall we be there, blood-washed, to sin no more? We, so weak, so polluted now? Yes, even we may have hope! But only the power of God can keep us against that day.

CHAPTER II

Decatur, Georgia, in the Latter Forties

IN December, 1847, my father's carriage and the two-horse wagon containing our goods and chattels halted a little before sundown on the north side of the public square of Decatur, Georgia, near a large two-story building used for a drug store and Free Mason purposes.

Having been appointed to the Decatur Circuit for 1848, he went from Conference to Decatur to secure a home for his family. Parsonages were scarce then, and there was not a vacant house of any kind in the little town. Father, being an advanced and devoted brother of the "mystic tie," managed, through signs and wonders, to secure enough of the house to make his family comfortable. I shall always love the Free Masons for giving us shelter.

The square was full of romping boys engaged in one of their athletic sports. Let me name a few of them: William Ezzard, Green Berry Butler, Will Green, Lowndes Calhoun, Ned Calhoun, Pickens Calhoun, William McCoy, and John McCoy. There were several homes fronting the public square: Col. Charles Murphey's, Mr. Willard's, Mr. Mason's, Mr. Reaves's, Col. James Calhoun's, Mr. George's, Judge William Ezzard's, Mr. Butler's, Dr. E. N. Calhoun's, and Mr. William (familiarly called "Billy") Hill's.

Mr. Frost, a Northern man, was school-teacher for the boys, Dr. John S. Wilson for the girls. There were six stores —two groceries, one cabinet shop, one tanyard, one tinnery. and one hattery—two churches, one Sunday school (union), a blacksmith shop or two, and a saddle shop. Mr. Kirkpatrick was marshal—George, I believe, was his first name. After they required the Georgia Railroad to move on six miles with its terminus, to save the little town from epidemics of one sort and another, Dr. Calhoun stood guard over the health department, and he practiced for the town and the surrounding country.

Decatur Circuit then embraced the territory lying between Lithonia and Mayson's Ferry, on the Chattahoochee River. The preachers in charge that year (1848) were John W Yarbrough and James W Hinton. The circuit embraced three camp grounds, with Mount Gilead in the extreme west and Rock Chapel in the extreme east. The name of the other camp ground, six miles south of Decatur, was Wesley Chapel. Here the grandparents of the Ledbetter children tented; and Maj. W L. Hulsey's father tented there, Dr. Badger and Oliver Jones's father, and a host of others. The Presbyterians had a camp ground about two and a half miles east of Decatur. I attended one day as the guest of Mrs. Charles Murphey, and I enjoyed the occasion; but, really, up to that time I thought that nobody except the Methodists had any right to hold camp meetings. I can never forget Mrs. Charles Murphey (McCoy at the time of her second marriage). She was a quiet, refined Christian lady.

Dr. J. S. Wilson lived a mile out on a high hill and walked to the academy over which he presided along a path that brought him close to where we lived. After becoming acquainted with the picture of the Duke of Wellington, I could easily trace the resemblance each bore to the other.

"Young ladies," said he to his school one day, "I understand that there is to be a ball in town to-night. No young lady can attend that ball and remain in this school." One went, and there was one less on his roll. It would have been the same if all but half a dozen had gone.

I called to see the grand man a short while before his translation. He was then pastor of a Presbyterian Church in Atlanta. I held his hand a long time and looked upon the form of the old, wayworn warrior and caught and kept the triumphant expression of his noble face. He was familiarly called by us "Parson" Wilson. He had charge, if I mistake not, of the Presbyterian Church in Decatur, in connection with the academy.

We had one Sunday school, held in the male academy, com-

posed of Presbyterians, Methodists, and Baptists, and superintended by Mr. Willard, a Presbyterian and one of the best men I ever knew.

My room in what we called our parsonage was under the Masonic lodge. Now for it of nights! There were times when it appeared to me that all of them were on the "goat" at the same time, with a full purpose to stay there, and the "goat" as fully determined that they should not. Aroused from my sleep, anywhere about midnight, I would shudder and ask myself the question, "Will any of them ever get out of there again alive and see their wives and little children?" Bang! bang! Rattle! rattle! rattle! Then a twist at something like rolling logs, the handspikes slipping out of their hands at times! "Surely they will be on crutches to-morrow, lots of them," I would say. Then again, after somebody, over chairs, tables, spittoons, nothing standing in the way, windowpanes rattling, all hands, it seemed, about to break through the floor, and that, too, just over where I lay! It would die out for a few minutes, and then it would come to again. The "goat," seeming to have taken on fresh courage, made another stand, reënforced by additional horns and hoofs, and all set on making another mount; and I, there in that little room by myself, with my head under the cover and wishing I was back in old Coweta, where I came from, with Charlie McKinley and Bolton and George Anderson and "Billy" Martin! The Masons would all look as nice and complacent the next day as if nothing had happened.

Tumultuous as such occasions were, they did not exceed the meetings of St. James's Lodge, Tarbolton, of which Burns sang in "The Farewell":

> "Oft have I met your social band
> And spent the cheerful, festive night;
> Oft, honor'd with supreme command,
> Presided o'er the sons of light:
> And by that hieroglyphic bright,
> Which none but craftsmen ever saw,
> Strong mem'ry on my heart shall write
> Those happy scenes when far awa'!"

Those were great temperance times, and the old courthouse was the rallying place on Friday nights monthly. Judge Ezzard presided and was the ruling spirit of the movement. Great was the Washingtonian Society! The greatest temperance meeting I ever saw was held in Atlanta that year. Judge Joseph Henry Lumpkin presided, and George G. Smith, Jr., made a speech. It was a State rally, and people were there by thousands.

One bright moonlight night the monthly meeting was on in Decatur, and the orators were at their best; but there was too much of it for the boys of the town, especially as it was Friday night. Thinking that they had plenty of time ahead to devote to the temperance question, they quietly retired to the public square for a round of fun and very soon were disturbing the audience. Marshal Kirkpatrick understood a boy through and through; and as to those Decatur boys, he could be at home at night and know what they were up to. He followed them out of the courthouse; and when they got fairly down to business, he was among them, taking down their names for imprisonment in jail the next morning. "Our Saturday in jail!" said the boys among themselves. The next morning, by a little after sunrise, every boy in Decatur was at Hoyle's mill pond, about two miles out, and the town had rest. The marshal really had his eye on that.

Several years ago Frank Pattillo and his brother Olin took me out to Hoyle's mill pond to identify the place. The dam and pond and old sawmill were gone, but I went straight to the spot. There we learned to swim. The big boys would make a raft of puncheons, crowd it with us small boys, float it out to the middle of the pond, and sink it.

The old mineral spring was there, with some beautiful marble masonry around it; but the majestic poplar and the deep, dark grove that shaded it when we were boys, the little rail fence we jumped over getting to its delicious waters, the climbing vines, the smiling flowers, the calamus root—all were gone. In 1848 it was the boys' paradise on Saturday all

around there. Atlanta, six miles off, was enjoying her fresh incorporation by the legislature and had begun to put on airs, but we would not have given that spring and mill pond for all of Atlanta.

Big Ben Avery was our great swimmer, and Ralph Badger led in diving. His head was as black as a crow; and when he went under it looked like he never would come up, but after a while his little black head would shoot out of the water away out yonder in the pond. Will Ezzard had a lick in swimming all to himself. Quite a number kept one foot on the bottom, and they had to do their swimming near the bank.

O how I love the names of the schoolmates and playfellows of those days! In addition to those already named deeply graven on my heart are the the names of Larkin Farrar, Bob Farrar, the Brown boys, the McCulloch boys, Josiah Willard, Scott Wilson, Clem Green, Young Thompson, James Thompson, Buchanan, Vol Dunning.

That year my father and his colleague received into the Church five hundred members. I once thought of adding a line or two about the "allowance to the ministers and preachers and to their wives, widows, and children" about that time. It is before me on my desk, in my little leather-back Discipline, but I am ashamed of it and would rather bury it than bring it to light.

Atlanta will roll its waves over Decatur before long and wash away all vestiges of our knuck holes, marble rings, town ball grounds, hunting woods, fishing and swimming streams, and the old demon that passes under the name of Advancing Civilization, here as elsewhere, will pack his insatiable maw; but the boys of 1848, "the scattered remnants of the line," if we are fortunate enough to be in heaven, can stand it.

A tree stood in front of the courthouse with which was associated a tragic death. A man had been attending a horse race near the town and, returning intoxicated, was thrown against the tree from his sulky by his frightened horse, and his neck was broken.

This man was once a member of the Georgia Legislature, at the time Mr. Johnson, a local Methodist preacher, under sentence of death, was pleading for pardon at the hands of that body. A little girl connected with Mr. Johnson's family had mysteriously disappeared. He was soon suspected of being her murderer. He asserted his innocence and joined the party in search for the girl. Reaching a piece of woods near his house, he told the party that they need not look there, for he had examined the woods carefully. They continued the search and found the body in the woods.

This was the pivot in the case. He was tried and condemned to death. The legislature sustaining the finding of the jury, he went to the scaffold at the appointed time. He selected his chapter from the Bible and read it audibly and impressively. He then selected his hymn and sang it with a clear voice without a tremor. He then knelt down and prayed. Just before the cap was pulled over his face he remarked in a firm tone of voice: "As God, before whom I shall soon appear, is my Judge, I am an innocent man."

Time rolled on, and a negro was hung in one of the Western States. On the gallows he acknowledged his guilt and confessed the murder of the little girl in Georgia for which Rev Mr. Johnson, the Methodist preacher, was hung.

The judge who presided in the case, on hearing it, walked into his garden and blew his brains out with a pistol. Nearly all of the jury came to an unnatural death. This man who was killed at the tree by his runaway horse was one of a number who opposed all mercy in the legislature and added some hard epithets about Methodist preachers. I will not be positive, but memory intimates that the fiery bolt of retribution fell upon others of that body.

One night while sitting by a fire with a number of gentlemen in a hotel at Griffin, Georgia, waiting for the cars, I gave the incidents of Rev. Mr. Johnson's sad death. When I was through a splendid-looking gentleman remarked: "I

have been listening to your relation of that sad event, and it is correct. He was my uncle."

Names could not, without great impropriety, appear in this account. I suppose the tree is gone—I hope so—and I am quite sure that old race track has disappeared.

There figured in those days in Decatur and DeKalb County an old gentleman addicted to drink. It was hard to hold court as long as he was out of jail. The mischievous ones played a prank on him one day during court week and gave him a list of names of those engaged in it, with the name of the presiding judge at the head of the list, followed by the best citizens of the town.

He walked into the courthouse with his paper in his hand and filed his complaint in a very emphatic manner. "And, Judge," said he, "your name heads the list. Are you guilty or not guilty, sir?" He grabbed the solicitor's hat as he wheeled to run, and it was some time before they could put him where he could not disturb the court.

Relatives, friends, neighbors, the law—all tried to reform that old man. He was worth their efforts. While sober, DeKalb County had no more lovable citizen.

At a camp meeting in Decatur Circuit he walked deliberately down the aisle and gave my father his hand for membership. Said the preacher as he took his hand: "Mr. ——, my old friend, we will try you for six months." "No," said he, heaven's saving smile lighting up every lineament of his old face, "you will take me for life." And it was for life.

I must say just here, in passing, in a few plain English words, that the very best way to reform a drunkard or anybody else is to save him, and a good Methodist revival at a camp ground or anywhere else is a mighty good place for the business.

The memorable frost of 1849 found me at Decatur, and it found everybody else and well-nigh everything else in Georgia. I should be glad if some one who knows positively the date of that frost would give it to the public. I write from

memory and put it down as April 16. The farmers of Georgia raised their wheat in those days, and it was in the boot when the frost fell. Corn was up and doing well, having been well plowed. The leaves of the woods were almost full-grown. Everything of the kind was hung in mourning. An offensive odor filled the air. It really looked like a premature burial of 1849. The snap was followed by intensely hot weather. Rev Henry Clark (familiarly called "Big Henry") gave my father a load of corn and fodder, and I had the honor of going for it with a wagon and yoke of steers. The steers were hot and seemed to be after water, and nothing else, all the route. They would take near cuts with me through the woods to get to water and hang my wagon on stumps and logs and against saplings.

Being a lightweight, I was "unable to cope with so formidable an adversary," and have never been able to tell how I got through; but this I know, I have not been caught behind a yoke of steers since, and it is now 1898, and I propose to have nothing more to do with steers in hot weather and fly time.

Rev Henry Clark and Snap-Finger Creek! And his son, Elijah, and our frolics! Mr. Clark was a local Methodist preacher. He was a force, moral and muscular, against all evildoers throughout that country. A finer specimen of physical manhood I never saw. There was something of the lion's roar in the pulpit when he struck a den of evildoers. At Rock Chapel camp meeting a white man was caught playing cards with a negro. Mr. Clark, alone and on his own motion, arrested the man, collared him, led him through the camp ground, and delivered him to the presiding elder at the preachers' tent. The weapons of his warfare bordered on the "carnal" sometimes, but he was a tower of religious strength, a terror to evildoers, and a praise to them who did well.

That year a large animal show passed through DeKalb County without any circus trimmings. Brother James W Hinton, father, and I attended at Stone Mountain. A mammoth elephant, gaudily caparisoned, drew the band wagon on

the grand entrance. Strange to tell, the fathers were not there, looking after their children, to keep the elephant, tigers, hyenas, and snakes off of them, like they were later, when Robinson and Eldred's circus came along without the "animals." Herein is a great mystery!

Old Decatur will be, as long as I live, an evergreen in my heart. I am now much concerned about the new Methodist church building there. They need and deserve an elegant house of worship. They ought to have it; they must have it. Considering their financial strength, they have made the best record I have known except Oxford, Georgia. I saw them take three collections at Oxford one Sunday morning, and they made the landing every whoop.

Our brethren at Decatur are a noble band. Let that new church, Anderson Memorial, be one of Decatur's semicentennial glories. Yes, that is one way to go into the semicentennial business six miles away. The spire of such a structure would be a beautiful historical mark fifty years hence.

While stationed on the Isle of Hope, in 1860, we built a beautiful church there. The orphans of Bethesda worshiped there on the Sabbath. I had little trouble raising the money when that fact became known.

The children of the Orphans' Home at Decatur worship in the Methodist church there. True, the Home is under the auspices of the North Georgia Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South; but let not this year pass without our brave little band at Decatur receiving marked appreciation of their praiseworthy undertaking. All this springs from the heart, softened as it is by the recollection of other days, without the slightest suggestion from without.

Thanksgiving and praise to God should be the incense of all jubilee occasions, and the sentiment should crystallize in works of permanent beneficence.

P S.—A splendid granite building has gone up on the old site, reflecting great credit to the Methodists of Decatur and the entire city (1916).

CHAPTER III

A Social Function in the Mountains of Upper Georgia

A HAPPY season it is in the life of a young Methodist itinerant preacher when, at the close of his first year's work, he visits his home and the scenes of his boyhood and renews the associations of other days.

In the earlier days great distances lay between the homes of the young Georgia preachers and their fields of labor. A young man receiving the call from the upper part of Hall County, for instance, would calculate on the wire grass region of the State as his first opportunity for exercising his gifts.

The prospect of seeing the woods and streams and mountains and playgrounds about his early home, even after one year's absence, made the long horseback ride look short; and the thought of sitting around the old fireplace with the dear ones at home, visiting the cousins and aunts and uncles, shaking hands with the old neighbors, and going over the frolics of the school days with his former playfellows drove away all anticipation of weariness by the way.

Such visits were signalized by harmless festivities. A house-raising would be delayed, a log-rolling would be put off, the announcement of the corn-shucking would be withheld, and the girls would get in no hurry with their quilts, in order that the young preacher might be on hand and enjoy the occasion and spice their enjoyment with the year's adventures.

Wednesday morning, December 29, 1897, the last Wednesday of the old year, memory unlocked her casket and gave me an incident elicited by the beautiful frost of that morning, unsurpassed by any scene of the kind I ever beheld except among the mountains. My little boy had aroused me to go to the window and look at the snow From the high knoll on which our little parsonage stands there was a wide sweep for the eye; and, having strained a point, I was up before my usual time and was soon taking in the wonderful scene over which my little boy was so excited. Sure enough, every hilltop was

white, and every tree, bush, brier, weed, and sprig of grass had been levied on for a tribute to one of "Jack Frost's" greatest, most imposing displays.

While taking in the vision a frosty morning in the mountains, of which I heard my father speak when I was a little boy, passed vividly before me.

A young Georgia preacher was on a visit to his mountain home. We will name the jolly, rosy-faced Irish boy John. A corn-shucking had been announced, and the neighbors from all around were coming in. The quilting frames were being hung in one room, the cooks were at work in another, and the men were out about the corn pile arranging sides.

A proposition having been made to send to the creek bottom after some of the year's crop that had not been hauled up, Squire Hannibal Handy and four others, including John, were soon on their way after a load with a cart and a yoke of steers.

Handy went by the name of "Squire" wherever known, and he will go by his "entitlement" with us. He was the prominent spirit on all such occasions in that neighborhood. He was a loud talker; and he talked a great deal, and with a tone of authority at times. He was at all the weddings, infairs, quiltings, singings, house-raisings, log-rollings, corn-shuckings, and candy-pullings, and was always full of suggestions. Even in the small matter of going after corn in the field with a cart and yoke of steers, he had to direct and go with the boys to see that all went right. He attended all the funerals; and if the grave happened to be too small for the coffin, he was the one to make it fit.

As a compliment to John, he was invited to go. Winding along down the hill to the creek bottom, all of them crowded together at the front of the cart, exchanging jokes and recalling the incidents of other days, the driver observed that there was too much weight at the front and that the load ought to be more equally divided, whereupon Squire suggested that John and the driver were enough weight on the steers' necks. Suiting his action to his suggestion, Squire sat down on the

bed of the cart, throwing his back against the gate, and, spreading his long limbs apart, said to the others: "Down with you, boys; we must not put too much of the load on the steers' necks." They were soon settled in the other end of the cart, and Squire was indulging in his pipe and some large talk.

A wink had passed between the driver and John at the front. The body of the cart was held to the tongue by a piece of rope. A stroke with a sharp knife would sever it and put the cart on end. Just before them was the creek, all frozen over. The bank on the other side was very steep. That wink between the driver and John outlined a program that, with such natural advantages, could not miscarry.

Into the ford the steers plunged; and as they pressed the yoke to climb the other bank, the rope parted asunder, and up went the cart, and out went Squire, pipe, talk, and all in that end of the cart. John and the driver looked back to see the Squire's parted coat tails go over his head.

When their breath came to them, Squire suggested as he arose: "Boys, this will never do!" Rushing out of the creek, they saw the driver and John breaking cornstalks in opposite directions and doing the best that was in them to get away They knew that it was no accident. They agreed on the driver and were soon close at his heels. John had recrossed the creek above and from a hilltop witnessed the capture of the driver. Three to one, and the three without a dry thread on them, made the surrender unconditional. They lost no time in looking for a good place to get even; but headlong through the alders, bamboos, vines, and rocks they plunged with the driver until they reached the creek and broke the ice and churned it with him.

After a little while all hands were at the house drying off before the big log fires, and everybody was hilarious over the achievement and ready for any other part of the order of the day.

The cart and steers, under a fresh detail from which Squire was excused, came up later in the day.

CHAPTER IV

More Giraffes than Stalls

THE giraffes are multiplying at a fearful rate and at a rate very embarrassing to those in the high places of our Zion. The average preacher seems to be on the decline. Ordinary men are becoming so scarce that our bishops and their associates in the cabinet would be able to attend the missionary meetings, the Church Extension anniversaries, the Sunday school meetings, and a good deal of the preaching at the Annual Conferences, and then have the appointments ready for an early adjournment, if their business involved no other class of preachers. But there are the giraffes!

They are so tall, and it requires such a stretch of the muscles to fit collars on them! They are so long, and the work of piecing the harness so as to fit them is so tedious! They are so huge in circumference that so much patience is needed to lengthen the girths and cut new holes for the buckles! And when it comes to arranging stalls for them, such large timbers have to be cut, hewn, polished, and adjusted that it really seems a miracle has been performed when the portfolio opens and its contents are made known.

We have heard bishops complain of having more large men on hand than large places for them to fill. We have seen them look sad over this poverty of accommodations, and we have almost heard them sigh. The giraffe is an animal of fixed dimensions, and his stall must not be made smaller. There's the rub. He must not be "let down." If he is changed, he must be changed from one large stall to another—a thing within sight and reach were it not for other giraffes. One or two in a Conference will give trouble enough. But they are increasing every year.

Something must be done, and that soon, to stunt the growth

of the species or to multiply the stalls. Who has a suggestion to offer?

Sandy Plains, Hickory Flat, Dead Level, Esom's Cross-roads, Chestnut Ridge, McBean's Schoolhouse, Turtle Creek, Turkey Mountain, Brandywine Bend—these and all other appointments of their dimensions can be filled as fast as nominations can be made. But what is to become of the giraffes? Methodism looks after preachers as well as places—must do it or change her polity.

Have we a genius or will one ever arise whose magic wand will sweep over our territory and multiply that commodious favor that bears the name of First Church, add to the number of St. Pauls, St. Lukes, St. Johns, enlarge Cumberland Avenue and the other "avenues," lift up the proportions of Boanerges Chapel and the other "chapels," broaden Main Street and the other big "streets"? Something must be done. Who will do it?

"Let them go to some other feeding ground," it may be suggested. But all the denominations have more giraffes than suitable stalls, except the "Two-Seed" Baptists and the "Hard-shells." Some of ours have gone where the racks are higher and fuller, but there are in all the folds an excess of giraffes over stalls.

CHAPTER V

A Countryman's Sunday in the City

"TO be busy as one ought is an easy art, but to know how to be idle is a very superior accomplishment." This is an observation of a writer of celebrity recorded in Newman's "Rhetoric," a textbook in the English Department of Emory College in the fifties, which I am reviewing with a delight amounting almost to fascination. The Emory boys of those years will remember the little book, in light-colored leather binding, of three hundred and eleven pages and a little larger than the last Discipline of our Church.

Lying within reach is Emory's catalogue of to-day. I have just been running over the present Department of English, and it makes my head swim. With Newman's "Rhetoric" we could go through the lessons like a deer in a walk and have plenty of time to write the names of our sweethearts on the margins; but there is no time, I imagine, down there now for writing sweethearts' names while getting the lessons.

But I started to write about the city. I may get to the little town before long; I now think that quite likely.

"God made the country, and man made the town." We must unlearn many things, this among them. Unlearning is the one essential condition of learning. God is everywhere and at work everywhere. He rears the forests and builds the cities.

Nebuchadnezzar, walking on the roof of his palace in Babylon, said: "Is not this great Babylon, that I have built for the house of the kingdom by the might of my power, and for the honor of my majesty?" That personal pronoun, first person, drove his majesty immediately into distraction and into the fields and subjected him to the rôle of an ox, and it was seven years before he recovered his royal dignity. It is a dangerous thing for men to enlarge on their exploits in building cities.

The city is indebted to God for everything except its sins,

and I have never yet seen a city that had nothing but sin to its credit.

On Sunday mornings out here in the country at this season of the year I ride along to my appointments and watch the bumblebee poise himself in mid-air and listen to his tale of woe and then see him suddenly dash off as if disgusted with creation; the next moment I am returning the lizard's salute as he raises his head up and lets it down at me from the shade of his rail, then I am engaged with the woodpecker as he taps his pantry in the old dead tree and turns the side of his cardinal-capped head to the limb in solemn calculation of the probabilities of his meal; then come the bluebirds lining with grass the knothole in the stump and softening it with down for the coming brood.

The odors from the wild shrubs and flowers and the singing of the streamlets and the grandeur of the trees and the loveliness of the fields—all attest the Father's creative hand and loving heart.

A brother itinerant on a visit to his relatives and friends took my place, and that Sunday morning found me in Atlanta in the enjoyment of a warm hospitality often extended. I looked out upon a far-reaching city glistening in the Sabbath sunlight, climbing hills, spreading over valleys, breaking into clumps of cottages, stretching in long lines of elegant mansions, rising in turrets and towers and spires, broadening and solidifying in massive structures for education and manufactures and commerce, its inhabitants conversing like one family through the telephone, careering over the vast stretches in coaches drawn by fiery steeds that once roamed the clouds—and in the midst of this were quiet and awe and worship.

I felt that God was in the city too. The church bells were ringing, and the little children were flocking to the Sunday schools. Men and women, with Bible and songbook, lesson papers and magazines, were hurrying to their places to be led by the Holy Spirit into all truth, to have the things of Christ shown them by the Comforter.

Many things have been said and written of Atlanta, so many that an effort at details now would be tiresome and commonplace. So rapid is her advancement in all her diversified interests that a visitor has time to catch but a glimpse of a few of her brightest points. All this is more apparent to one who saw the city in his childhood fifty years ago.

In the winter of 1857 I passed through it with my father's family in his barouche, along what is now Whitehall Street, when the stumps were thick about where Trinity Church and E. P Chamberlain's house now stand. The street looked like a road cut through new ground, the stumps trimmed to a point to turn the wheels of the vehicles. Having been badly frightened by my first sight of a steam car, a few miles out, my mind was in a good plight for receiving indelible impressions.

Our destination being Decatur, we passed out in front of the Thompson Hotel, near which was a hall, or parlor, in which a crowd of young people were indulging in the "poetry of motion" to the music of the fiddle and the bow. That was old-time dancing—in the daytime. You could hardly raise a reel now in Atlanta or anywhere else so early in the day

I never pass Col. George Adair without a hand-shaking. His chair in front of his office in the Hotel Kimball, where we generally meet, sits within a few feet of the entrance into the old Thompson Hotel. He was the biggest man that visited Decatur or stirred around in Atlanta in my boyhood. Everybody in those days and in that region round about had much to say about George Adair. With me he was easily the greatest man; for, having been so badly frightened by the cars, and hearing that he not only rode on them, but was a conductor, I looked upon him with great wonder and with a feeling bordering on awe when he came about me. Our last talk was about Buchanan, the fifer, and Guilford Ezzard, the kettledrummer, who furnished the martial music for that country in those days. And I must be allowed to say in this connection that it was the best music for getting up the war feeling

and keeping it up that I ever heard. There will be no trouble about getting volunteers when they can hear such music as that.

Another incident about that historic spot. When Rev John P Duncan was pastor at Wesley Chapel, Millard Fillmore visited Atlanta and on his arrival received a salute from all the railroad whistles in the city, all other steam whistles in the city joining in. It was loud, far-reaching, and lasted long. It waked the natives and made Mr. Fillmore open his eyes.

Mr. Duncan, having been reared in old Virginia, had a drawing-room experience that met the demands of the most fastidious in polite society. This and his charming character opened his way to a place on the committee of reception, which took place, according to my memory, in the Thompson Hotel. When the time came for him to retire, some one having whispered to Mr. Fillmore to call on him for a song, he gave them in his inimitable pathos and sweetness,

"John Anderson, my Jo, John,
When we were first acquent."

Mr. Fillmore and the party stood, and the tears flowed freely over his fine face. As he gave the preacher his parting handshake he thanked him warmly for the song and, holding his hand, said in very tender tones: "Duncan, I must have another song before you go." Dropping his hat and cane on a sofa, the Methodist preacher was in a moment melting the party with a soft farewell song, "When shall we all meet again?" The last lines were:

"When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamps are dead,
When in cold oblivion's shade
Beauty, wealth, and fame are laid,
Where immortal spirits reign,
There may we all meet again!"

It made all present one. All hearts were softened, and from the eyes of stalwart men and maidens tender and fair the tears

flowed freely down, bringing vividly to mind Byron's immortal metaphor:

"Man!
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and a tear."

But I must clip the wings of memory a little and not travel over too much ground, as I am writing about a Sunday in Atlanta. (Some things that are going down here are Saturday and Monday things.)

I was there, for the most part, to attend the dedication of two Methodist churches by Bishop Galloway, of the Church, South.

Reaching the city on Saturday, I had been run up and down by elevators and whirled about by street cars until, when the time came to start to church Sunday morning, I had lost my bearings and found myself confused over the directions given me for finding St. John's Church. There was so much street, avenue, corner, block, etc., in the directions given that I had to feel my way in much bewilderment.

Entering a street car where Merritt Avenue branches off from Peachtree, we were soon joined by an elegant lady whose hand I took and held with a familiarity a little embarrassing to her and her gentlemanly escort. By way of relieving the situation of its confusion, I asked the lady if she had forgotten the young preacher who preached occasionally at Middlebrooks Church, in Newton County, in 1857, and who was so fond of going to her father's for dinner after meeting, and if she had forgotten the good times with that young preacher and Atticus Haygood at old Salem Camp Ground, etc. That broke the spell. Miss Georgia Middlebrooks (now Mrs. Dr. Roper, of Atlanta) it was and Joe Y McCord, cashier of the Third National Bank, Atlanta, named for my father, and from old Newton, too, on their way to the dedication. So I felt easy, of course, about getting lost.

Let me say right here another thing about Atlanta. If you cannot wait until you get to heaven to meet your old friends, go there and, if it is a week day, take your stand anywhere,

and they will be along in a few minutes. If it is Sunday, and you get on a street car, it matters not what line, and start to church, they will soon be getting on. It is a great place for going to meeting on Sunday morning, and all the more if the Methodists are going to have a church dedication and such a man as Bishop Galloway is to preach the sermon.

At St. John's, from voluntary to benediction, all went well. The expectations of the membership and of the large congregation were more than realized. Brother Ellis, the pastor, for a man of small stature, carried an abundance of joy, and he was full of it when I left him. He opens the door of the church at every service—did it at the dedication. When a certificate of membership is presented, he calls the brother or sister to the front, welcomes him or her by extending his hand, and tells the Church where the new member came from and the new place of residence. Now, that is the way to do.

I met many friends again, including the *Wesleyan* staff: W M. D. Bond, with whom I boarded at my first Conference, and Johnson, the son of Rev. Waddell Johnson, of Henry County, Georgia. The father officiated at my little sister's funeral in 1842, when I was four years old, the first funeral I ever saw. My heart is still soft. And there was another Quillian, the one who gave me my mail and helped me in many ways in Milledgeville when the old dispensation went out and the new came in in 1865-66. And dear Sister Quillian, advancing in years now, but still able and willing to go to meeting—proud mother of a number of sons!

A time of refreshing at the home of the *Wesleyan* editor, a good dinner, renewal of friendships, and then we were off to the dedication of Inman Park Church at 3 P.M. An off pulpit hour in the city, the current clerical was soon setting in. We had a preachers' levee over in one corner of the church before the Bishop's arrival. Men, women, and children were soon pouring in. Reppard was there from Savannah, Billups Phinizy from Athens, and Dr. Mixon from Augusta. They were there from Trinity, from First Church, Grace,

Walker Street, St. John's, and elsewhere, and, it seemed to me, everywhere. The Candlers were there, without regard to faith and order; the Quillians were there and the Pattillos; Howard Palmer and "Miss Emma"; Billy Bass and "Sister Mollie," whose parents on both sides in other days opened their homes to my itinerant father; E. P Chamberlain, whom I found in Lumpkin, Georgia, in 1867, and who brought his Methodism with him and put it in when he came to Atlanta; and many, many others whose names are in the book of life.

Many of them looked like they were used to dedications; but I was not, having never witnessed one after the present order until that day. Two coming so close together gave me about all I could carry.

Not many years ago Asa Candler went to Atlanta seeking employment. Seeing me in front of the Kimball House talking with my old friend, W P Pattillo, and recognizing me as a preacher-acquaintance formed under his father's roof, his bright young face was soon smiling on mine. A few words about his business in the city and a cheery good-by, and we parted. Pattillo said to me as we walked off: "George, there is something in that boy."

Pattillo and I were close together again at the second dedication last Sunday and heard that same boy say: "Bishop, we present to you this house, to be set apart from all unhallowed or common uses, for the worship of Almighty God."

Carry your Methodism with you, brethren and sisters, when you move to Atlanta, and put it in as soon as you get there and keep it in! It won't hurt you or Atlanta. Mark that!

When the mother of John Randolph of Roanoke died, he left the house, walked out, and looked up at the heavens to see if the sun had not halted in his course in honor of the event.

As the dedicatory services were drawing to a close, my eye caught the name on a memorial window of Martha Beall Candler just as the sun was gilding it with his parting rays—an honor worthily bestowed. And there were other memorial

windows—Rev. H. H. Parks, David Seitz, Mrs. Lella Garttrell, and Mrs. Mary Cobb Herrick—all glowing with consecration, sweet with associations, and beaming with deathless love.

Bishop Galloway's preaching, morning and afternoon, was characterized by appropriateness, freshness, strong grasp of the salients of his themes, splendid riches of his thought, all clothed in faultless diction, delivered with energy, and, above all, bathed in heavenly unction.

To the sweet singers, men and women, at both dedications I wish to return my warm thanks for their rapturous contributions to my Sunday in the city.

PART SIX

MONOGRAPHS AND MEDITATIONS

CHAPTER I

A Response to a Wish

IT has not been long since, while a number of gentlemen were engaged in a conversation concerning the character of Christ, an earnest wish was expressed that something said by Christ himself about his divinity might be brought out. It devolved on one of the number to furnish what our Lord said on this subject.

As the purpose in what follows is more to get those statements together than to furnish notes and comments, the passages will be produced from the New Testament as they stand recorded in that part of the sacred story.

"While the Pharisees were gathered together, Jesus asked them, saying, What think ye of Christ? whose son is he? They say unto him, The son of David. He sayeth unto them, How then doth David in spirit call him Lord, saying, The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit thou on my right hand, till I make thine enemies thy footstool? If David then call him Lord, how is he his son?" (Matt. xxii. 41-45.)

In another conversation with the Jews: "Your father Abraham rejoiced to see my day: and he saw it, and was glad. Then said the Jews unto him, Thou art not yet fifty years old, and hast thou seen Abraham? Jesus said unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Before Abraham was, I am." (John viii. 56-58.)

In prayer: "And now, O Father, glorify thou me with thine own self with the glory which I had with thee before the world was." (John xvii. 5.)

To Philip: "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." (John xiv. 9.)

To the seventy: "And he said unto them, I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven." (Luke x. 18.)

We never find him addressing the Father on a level with the human family. "When ye pray, say, Our Father." He never did. (Reference passages: Matthew x. 32; xv. 13; xvi. 17; xviii. 19; xxvi. 39-42; Luke xxiii. 46; xxiv. 46; John v 30; x. 29, 30; xiv. 2-6.)

With the Jews again: "But Jesus answered them, My Father worketh hitherto, and I work. Therefore the Jews sought the more to kill him, because he not only had broken the Sabbath, but said also that God was his Father, making himself equal with God." (John v. 17, 18.)

He said to the Jews: "I came down from heaven." (John vi. 38.) "I came forth from the Father, and am come into the world." (John xvi. 28.)

In heaven and earth at the same time: "And no man hath ascended up to heaven, but he that came down from heaven, even the Son of man which is in heaven." (John iii. 13.)

With the Jews again: "I and my Father are one." (John x. 30.) After this instance of elevating himself to an equality with his Father, it is recorded: "Then the Jews took up stones again to stone him." (John x. 31.)

We are not left in doubt as to the interpretation the Jews attached to our Lord's sayings about his divinity.

In the treasury: "Then said they unto him, Where is thy Father? Jesus answered, Ye neither know me, nor my Father: if ye had known me, ye should have known my Father also." (John viii. 19.)

Equal in possession: "All things that the Father hath are mine." (John xvi. 15.)

He claims redeemed men: "I am the good shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine." (John x. 14.)

Passing from the ownership of God's children, the ownership of angels seems to be a fact equally familiar to him and to which he refers just as naturally: "The Son of man shall send forth his angels, and they shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity; and shall cast them into a furnace of fire: there shall be wail-

ing and gnashing of teeth." (Matt. xiii. 41, 42.) "For the Son of man shall come in the glory of his Father with his angels." (Matt. xvi. 27.) "And he shall send his angels with a great sound of a trumpet," etc. (Matt. xxiv. 31.)

St. Paul, speaking of the Church, calls it the "church of the living God." (1 Tim. iii. 15.) Christ lays claim to that: "And I say also unto thee, That thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church." (Matt. xvi. 18.)

Power was so familiar to him that he said but little about it. To encourage his disciples, just before he was taken up he stepped gracefully out of all assigned limits conceivable, whether in earth or heaven, and said: "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth." (Matt. xxviii. 18.)

Thus dowered with omnipotence, the scenes of the final consummation will be safe in his hands: "Marvel not at this: for the hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation." (John v. 28, 29.)

Having indulged so little in criticism and comment up to this point, my friends will pardon me if I add an observation of a master in such studies:

> Doubtless it has been a favorite object with a modern school, as men have said, "to bring down Christ from the clouds, and to restore him, by criticism, to the domain of history." This enterprise assumes that "the theological and metaphysical Christ of the creeds" is a very different person from "the living Christ of the Gospels." But when such criticism enters upon its task, what happens? If in declaiming vaguely against dogma men really wish to get to the bottom of this problem, they will find that, of two things, one becomes absolutely necessary: either they must consent to forfeit the moral ideal which they admire in the gospel and which, to do them justice, they are sincerely anxious to preserve; or they must fall back upon those very statements of the creeds which, by affirming Christ's personal divinity, really and only justify his constant references to himself and his unbounded claims upon mankind.

If this response should meet the eyes of the gentlemen who were the occasion of its publication, it will at least remind

them of some delightful evenings we have spent together in warm fellowship and elevating conversation; and although we differed sometimes until "the contention was sharp," this response to an expressed wish must be taken as a mark of my appreciation of the intellectual and moral worth of gentlemen whom it will always be a pleasure to meet.

CHAPTER II

A Promise Remembered

QUITE recently, in the preachers' tent at a certain camp meeting, the conversation, after the night service, turned upon the atonement. A number of theories passed under review. One contribution to the discussion consisted mainly of the statement that we were "shut up to faith," that Gethsemane and Calvary were so sacred to God that he had fenced off all prying polemics and had made it impossible for all men and all ages to find an alembic in which to reach a solution of their mysteries. Human philosophy approaching those sacred spots finds a soft cloud deftly, lovingly, wisely folded about them, and, although it takes off its sandals, it cannot be permitted to tread the holy ground alone. There are other fields for its formula.

I gave the good brethren a quotation from Butler's "Analogy" sustaining this view; but fearing that I had not quoted it as it stood in the text, I promised to give the *Wesleyan* a copy, word for word. Butler's "Analogy" was rewritten twenty times. I think it can be safely said that this piece of masonry has never lost a particle of even its cement. Here is the simple, clear, humble statement of this monarch among minds:

> Some have endeavored to explain the efficacy of what Christ has done and suffered for us beyond what the Scripture has authorized; others, probably because they could not explain it, have been for taking it away and confining his office as Redeemer of the world to his instruction, example, and government of the Church; whereas the doctrine of the gospel appears to be not only that he taught the efficacy of repentance, but rendered it of the efficacy of which it is by what he did and suffered for us, that he obtained for us the benefit of having our repentance accepted unto eternal life, not only that he revealed to sinners that they were in a capacity of salvation and how they might obtain it, but, moreover, that he put them into this capacity of salvation by what he did and suffered for them—put us into a capacity of escaping future punishment and obtaining future happiness. And it is our wisdom thankfully to accept the

benefit by performing the conditions upon which it is offered on our part without disputing how it was procured on his.

By reference to my private record I find my first note on this dated Rome, Georgia, January 17 (10 P.M.), 1878. Ever since that night this grand conception of Bishop Butler, clothed in its antique garb, has been, next to the Bible, a great rock in the storms of controversy; and I am as quiet and satisfied on that point this morning in Edgewood as I was that night in Rome.

I find that about the same time I recorded another note in my reading. I was that year wrestling with theories of the atonement. I mark 1878 as the date of my rest from such work. The young brethren who were in the preachers' tent taking vigorous part in the recent discussion will please take what follows in addition to what has gone before, with my love and best wishes. I quote from Thornwell's "Discourses on Truth":

There are departments of inquiry from which the natural limitations of our faculties preclude us; there are subjects on which we are incompetent to speculate, from the want of congruity betwixt them and the constitution of our own minds; and as long as our powers remain what they are they must forever be to us an unknown world.

All knowledge, as I have elsewhere demonstrated at some length, is relative in its nature and phenomenal in its objects. Whoever, therefore, would seek to penetrate into properties of things to which our faculties are not adjusted overlooks a fundamental condition of the possibility of knowledge, and his conclusions are entitled to no more respect than the speculations of a blind man upon colors or a deaf man upon sounds. There are conditions in the objects corresponding to conditions in the subjects of knowledge. One thing is set over against another, and beyond the limits of this correspondence it is folly to push our inquiries. Omniscience is the prerogative of God alone. Men and angels, all creatures, however exalted, must be forever doomed to write over boundless regions of truth: "Hades, an unseen world." There is light there—light in which God dwells and rejoices, but which created eyes are not fitted to receive.

To inculcate the obligation of universal knowledge is to tell men to forget that they are men and to urge upon them attempting to be gods. It would be to inculcate the most daring presumption, to sanctify intolerable arrogance and blasphemy.

The duty to seek knowledge can never transcend our capacities. We are not bound to know what our faculties are unable to grasp, and the

attempt to become wise beyond the laws of our nature has always been rebuked in the history of philosophy with the most signal and disastrous failures. Neither is it the duty of all men to seek all the knowledge which is attainable by any. The circumstances of multitudes are such that their inquiries are necessarily confined within narrow limits.

What our general calling as men—made in the image of God and destined to happiness or misery in a future state, according to our character or conduct here—requires, it is incumbent upon all to see, and it is possible for all to attain.

Now let's pin Butler and Thornwell together as a souvenir of that night at the camp meeting, when we waxed valiant in fight for the truth, with this quotation from Deuteronomy xxix. 29: "The secret things belong unto the Lord our God; but those things which are revealed belong unto us and to our children forever, that we may do all the words of this law."

CHAPTER III

Intellectual Benefits from Bible Doctrines

CONVERSION brings to us no new faculties. God in his grace is never found ignoring any faculty with which he as the God of creation has fearfully and wonderfully endowed us. He is mindful of man, of every part of him.

We must learn to look for all the divine furnishing to be recognized in the process of redemption. All having fallen, all must be included in the plan of recovery.

More and more as the Bible unfolds the purpose of its Author are we impressed with the fact that it is the instrument through which the fallen columns of the original temple are to be replaced and made to shine with more than their first splendor. Salvation, in one sense, is a finished experience; in another sense it is a process. Pardon is always instantaneous and complete. The communication of the divine nature to ours, thereby conforming us to Christ, the divine Ideal of character, goes on until the end of probation and may continue through eternity. We think it will.

The intellect is one of the pupils in this school, to be as sacredly trained as any other and for uses as high as heaven and outlasting all time. The divine purpose evidently is to bring us back over the path we took in breaking with God and departing from him. What faculty was dormant in the great transgression? Every faculty is awake and in lively play when the soul returns to God. The Holy Ghost uses every one of them, hiding himself quite often in the deep recesses of the soul's machinery so securely as to elude our notice and carrying on his work so secretly and delicately that we find it difficult sometimes to distinguish his work from the ordinary operations of our minds.

The endless variety in the Word of God has been interpreted by writers of devoutness and celebrity as intended to meet the

complex mental constitution of man, furnishing vehicles in which the Holy Ghost may traverse the unreclaimed territory of the soul.

The doctrinal department of the Bible is preëminently the arena for the training of the intellect. Here its powers are evoked, its sinews toughened, its robustness secured as nowhere else in the training ground of the Scriptures. It may be seriously questioned if anywhere else such advantages are to be found for the discovery of the capabilities of the human intellect and for the development of its noblest powers. If we would have this faculty endowed with the highest forms of vigor, we must set it to familiarizing itself with stupendous themes and must keep its grappling irons fastened to truths of the highest altitude and the most ponderous weight. God—in the marvelous work of creation, in the intricate proceedings of providence, in the overpowering disclosures of grace—is a study calculated to enlarge and elevate the intellectual powers beyond all other studies within its reach. Sin—in its universal and fearful devastations, with its skillfully organized forces shaking the earth with their tread, shadowing the homes of its vast population with their dark banners, striking consternation into the hearts of the children of men, and paralyzing every energy of the human soul so as to defeat all efforts for upright and holy living—is a study that must expand the intellect and give it a reach and grasp never to be known while confined to the dimensions of subjects of ordinary import. And when it is called to fix its contemplations on the mighty enginery of heaven, planted for the overthrow of the powers of darkness, for vanquishing the forces of evil, for bringing man back to God and reopening intercourse between earth and heaven, it need not be a matter of wonder if it should appear to have taken on transfiguration glory while following the "Lion of the tribe of Judah" in his mighty conquests. Narrowing down for the present to the first promise, the first ray of hope that shot athwart the Eden darkness—"And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and

between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel"—we do not hesitate to say that there is an education for the intellectual powers in following that promise to fulfillment to be sought for in vain among the fields of earthly disclosures. Having followed the destiny of this prophecy four thousand years; having studied it with Enoch, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Balaam, Moses, David, Isaiah, Daniel, Haggai, Malachi, and Mary; having climbed the mountains of obstructions over which it fought its way; having trembled for its safety amid the destruction of empires and the enthronement of new powers; having heard the rapturous strains of the angels as they sang it to the Bethlehem shepherds; having heard on the cross at Calvary, "It is finished"; having seen the angel in the empty sepulcher and heard him say, "He is risen"; having seen him received up from the mount of ascension—it would be a thing incredible if the intellect, through all these struggles, had not shaken off its trammels and shot up into proportions to which otherwise it never could have attained. From this deep source flow all the doctrines of the Bible, and it would be an easy and delightful task to show how each in its turn is made tributary to the enlargement and ennoblement of the intellectual powers.

We need a revival of doctrine, of doctrinal preaching. It is coming; it must come. Our preachers not only need more of the personal experience in their hearts that the Holy Ghost imparts through the instrumentality of the Bible doctrines, but we need more of that robustness of intellect which it is the province of doctrinal studies to impart.

All the great religious revivals have been revivals of doctrine. John Wesley was a doctrinal preacher, and this made him the intellectual giant that he was in the pulpit and with the pen.

The same was true of Adam Clarke, Richard Watson, Joseph Benson, and John Fletcher. Coming down to our own times, we find our great preachers doctrinal preachers—Lovick Pierce, Stephen Olin, Wilbur Fisk, princes in doctrinal

studies. The last named was the American John Fletcher. He died with a book in his hands. His last words were: "From the chair to the throne, O blessed hope!"

As I close this article here alone by my fireside to-night, a noble host, men mighty in doctrine and made mighty by doctrine, pass in review. Some come to us from the law, others from medicine, still others from college chairs, and quite a number from the other avocations of life. Contact with these great doctrinal themes—ruin by the fall, redemption by Christ, regeneration by the Holy Ghost, the witness of the Spirit, God and man working together, the possibility of becoming like Christ, the certainty of living with him in heaven, if faithful, in a place prepared by himself for us—has made them appear to me as having become possessed of new faculties, so wonderful has been their growth.

In this I rejoice, yea, and will rejoice.

CHAPTER IV

The Authority of the Pulpit

IT is not my purpose to show that the authority of the pulpit is on the increase or decline, but to direct attention in a few lines to the main condition of its power being felt.

The Scriptures must have the prominence in the pulpit. Preachers must satisfy their congregations that they are familiar with them, that they believe them, that they rely upon them for conviction and conversion. The authority of the pulpit does not inhere in the preacher. It is delegated authority. As this fact is veiled or made luminous, so will attention be arrested, conscience be aroused, authority felt. So long as we speak from ourselves as preachers, men will answer us from themselves. "That is his opinion," they will say; "we will have ours."

There is one expression of the pulpit that our preachers can drop without the fear of any serious loss, "I tell you"; and then, "I tell you again"; and after a while, "As I told you in the outset"; and in conclusion, "I tell you again and have said repeatedly." We may clench our fists, stamp with our feet, thunder with our voices, flash with our eyes, but "I" does not impress authority. It carried divine power from the lips of the Master, but it will not from ours.

This is a keen-eyed old world with which we are dealing from our pulpits. It is quick to discern the distinction between human and divine deliverance. It is quick to discern the preëminence of the human over the divine. It knows, before we know it, when we cease to draw on the arsenal of God for the weapons of our warfare. It knows, before we know it, when the excellency of man's wisdom takes the place of divine truth.

Even Paul was among the Corinthians "in fear and much trembling" because the vehicle of human speech might tarnish

the glory of what had been given him of Christ—and human speech, too, at its best.

Watch your congregations, brethren, and note the change that comes over them when, turning from your own thoughts, excellent as they may be, you proceed to buttress what you have said by what the Bible has said. Now you have the attention of every thoughtful man in the house, be he saint or sinner.

An ex-senator of the United States from Georgia was listening to a sermon from one of our most eloquent preachers of Georgia, who took occasion to draw liberally on Shakespeare. Meeting another Methodist preacher on Monday morning, he exclaimed: "O, why did Dr. —— spoil that splendid sermon yesterday by pinning that gorgeous bouquet right in the bosom of it?"

Henry Clay said: "If I had to go to prison for the rest of my life and could be allowed but two books, I would choose the Bible and Jay's 'Morning and Evening Exercises.'" The latter is almost the Bible in another form.

At a dinner given by United States Senator Robert Toombs, of Georgia, at his hospitable home in Washington to a number of preacher guests, I heard him say that Mr. Wesley's sermons were his favorites; and it does really seem that if the Bible were destroyed it might be reproduced from the use Mr. Wesley made of it in his writings.

There must be authority before authority can be felt. There is a sufficiency of it, and earth and hell recognize it when they hear it. The fainting Ishmaels of our congregations need the water of life. Be ours the angel's part to show them the springs in the Holy Scriptures!

And, lest the tusk of the wild boar of higher criticism detract from their authority, let it be borne in mind forever, as most grandly stated by Dr. Richard S. Storrs, one of the world's greatest thinkers, that "whatever particular criticisms may be made concerning writings or portions of writings in the Scriptures as to their authority, as to their proper place in

the sacred canon, as to the authorship of them, as to the time at which they were written, these criticisms or critical inquiries no more touch this substance of the Scripture than a minute botanical analysis the splendor of gardens or the grandeur of forests, or than the deep-sea soundings efface the blue from the surface of the ocean or stay the swing of its tremendous tides."

CHAPTER V

The Falling Off

FROM what has been said and written of late by men in different positions, there must be a sad falling off in the great matter of aggregating followers to the standard of our Lord. This state of things has aroused the spirit of inquiry; and men, if not angels, "desire to look into" these things.

Why all this? My answers shall come from the Bible, the Word of God. I have read many and heard many from other sources that do not touch the issue. Here, as elsewhere and everywhere, where man breaks with God, let God be true and every man a liar.

"And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil. For every one that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved" (or, as the margin reads, "discovered"). (John iii. 19, 20.)

Let me say just here that the most important, sacred, and pregnant interview ever held by two men in the history of man was held that night at Jerusalem, Nicodemus representing, on the one hand, rationalism, and Jesus, on the other hand, standing for a life from above—the soul's only life.

Every religious issue that has ever sprung the thought of man, or ever will or ever can, may be classed under one of those two heads. It all lies folded there in germ, the religious discussions that have shaken the world being simply the outgrowth.

"And he could there do no mighty work, save that he laid his hands upon a few sick folk, and healed them." (Mark vi. 5.)

When preachers are censured for placing limitations on the power of God as if it were blasphemy, let it be borne in mind that they have Bible precedent. The record stands, not as

often misquoted, "he did not," but "he could not." When Mark said "he could not," he meant what he said. Yes, Christ *could not* save some people because of their unbelief.

"For unto us was the gospel preached, as well as unto them: but the word preached did not profit them, not being mixed with faith in them that heard it." (Heb. iv. 2.)

"But if our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost: in whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them." (2 Cor. iv. 3, 4.)

The parable of the sower gives three causes for the failure of the gospel. Our Lord uttered that parable, all of it, and it is recorded in three places in the sacred story. We halt a moment at the third cause, where men so seldom halt and from which they get away as soon as they can when they halt at all: "And these are they which are sown among thorns; such as hear the word, and the cares of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches, and the lusts of other things entering in, choke the word, and it becometh unfruitful." (Mark. iv. 18, 19.)

When a grain of wheat falls into the ground and germinates and comes tremblingly out of the earth and starts up to the sun, and a thorn springs up at its side and sinks its fangs down by the roots of the delicate stem and divides the plant food there and wraps its merciless folds around the little green stalk at every inch of its growth and then spreads its impenetrable shade, like a huge umbrella, over its head and shuts off light, air, rain, and dew—when this grain of wheat under such conditions yields a heavy head of wheat, then look for the gospel to do something for a man who loves money.

I declare plainly that nothing in God's Word strikes me as more awful than these words of our Lord in this parable. He never uttered more alarming words. His gospel choked! Who will point out a ray of hope for a human soul in such a state? All is choked when the gospel is choked. There is

absolutely no ennoblement on earth, no place in heaven for the soul that is dominated by money. Hear it, ye sons of men! If the love of money can choke the gospel in you, it can damn you, and it is doing it. The gospel unfruitful! The gospel unfruitful and made so by the love of money!

Everything else our Saviour has taught is believed before we believe what he taught about money. The world is going to make him out mistaken about that if it can.

John Wesley said that in a long lifetime he had met two men who were carrying out the gospel about money, and sometimes he doubted them. He has three sermons in one volume on the dangers of riches, and there is a sameness of treatment that almost congeals the blood as we read them.

Men will try to make the Bible read: "The love of liquor is the root of all evil." But it does not say it, and all the magnifying of the demon of drink cannot make it say so. Multiply a thousandfold the horrors of liquor in any or all of its forms, and you enforce a thousandfold what the Bible says about the love of money. "The love of money is the root of all evil." (1 Tim. vi. 10.)

The frightful glare that lights up the awful work of the hell of drink enables us the better to study the frightful havoc of covetousness, for of the last iniquity the first was born.

Men are wondering that, after all their earnest appeals, their heartrending experiences woven so tenderly and mightily into their arraignment of the liquor traffic, the monster antagonist does not quit the field. We say, gentlemen, your fiery bolts are overleaping the other monster that makes him possible and furnishes his inspiration. The love of money boldens him, intrenches him, fortifies him, fills him with audacity, and keeps him in league with hell. The awful fact that the love of money can do this—can foster an enemy to God and man whose hideousness has never yet been fully depicted, can stand by an emissary of hell that has wrung from our race tears enough to float our navy and sighs enough to waft it round our globe—should arouse us who are con-

cerned for the Church of Christ when we think that all our interests right now are in the Greenland grip of this spawn of hell, and this begotten of the devil, that Paul fixed his fiery eye upon when he wrote to Timothy: "But they that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition. For the love of money is the root of all evil: which while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows." (1 Tim. vi. 9, 10.)

Very soon now winter will be creeping over our meadows and lowlands, and along the courses of our branches and creeks and rivers, and by the beds of our beautiful lakes, and will be prowling through our lovely forests; and icy fingers will be at work knitting their transparent covering of crystals and icicles, sealing up the running streams, stopping the flow of sap in shrub and tree, and hushing the music of the wild warblers of the woods. In like manner has this accursed love of money chilled the outgushings of our blessed religion and hopelessly, in many instances, for the present at least, paralyzed the forces of our Zion. The fact, emphasized by our analogy, that this process has advanced so insidiously as to elude our perception makes the evil more fearful to contemplate.

We can get men to repent of everything except the love of money. Who prays in the sanctuary, or anywhere else, for deliverance from this foe that takes possession of the heart and garrisons it until Christ, even with a passport signed with his blood, cannot be admitted? One man in the Bible prays that riches be not given him. Where is the man, out of the Bible, who daily offers that prayer? Who believes daily that, remaining under the domination of this passion, he is as certain to be damned as if he had already been pulled from the gutter and shrouded for burial? Who, after reading this contribution to the solution of a fearful problem involving our Church, and other Churches too, in all its departments, will be concerned about this anaconda whose glistening folds

have caught us in an embrace that may well awaken our serious apprehension?

"With God all things are possible." "They that be for us are more than all that can be against us," even though the love of money locks our chariot wheels.

Parents are concerned about the irregularities of their sons and daughters, and their offensive immoralities give them deep concern. But who of them feel a compunction of conscience over the awful fact that all their training to date has been confined to the maxims for getting and keeping money? This is the only atmosphere of thousands of our homes. It is choking all other aspirations in thousands of our professedly Christian homes. The fact that a son limits the horizon of his God-given powers to making and hoarding money does not alarm father. The fact that a daughter has sealed the fountain of her affections against Him who died for her and reserves it for one who proposes as the height of his ambitions to secure for her a career among the circles of the rich does not rob mother of her sleep.

Who will deny that what we have copied from the Bible is recorded there? Who will deny that our social life, our business life, or our domestic life is frequently found crossing hell on a rotten plank for more money? Who will deny that he has seen, times past numbering, all the fearful consequences of devotion of the passion for money that blaze on the pages of inspiration. The Bible overdraws nothing. It has made no mistake about this matter. Men in repenting of sin may omit this money-begotten enmity against God and may seek to become subjects of Christ's kingdom while kneeling to this scepter of silver and gold; but all the while there is hanging over their heads a cloud in which lurks thus thunderbolt: "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon!"

A distinguished prelate of the Roman Catholic Church has gone on record as having said that in a long service at the confessional he had never heard one confess the sin of the love of money.

CHAPTER VI

The Devotional Use of the Holy Scriptures*

IF, as has been said by one sufficiently furnished to be accepted as authority, the Psalms are an "epitome of the Bible," the first Psalm may fittingly stand for the prologue. The germ of which this paper is in part the unfolding lies within the second and third verses: "But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night. And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper."

To enter into the Psalmist's beautiful conception we must ascertain clearly the similarity of the soul's relation to the Word of God to that of a tree planted by the river's brink. As a tree, sending roots and rootlets down through the bank of a river, appropriates the moisture and other plant food and draws it up into its trunk and thence distributes it throughout the tree, giving to limb, leaf, and fruit their due portion, so the soul by meditation sinks its family of feeders into God's Word and collects the sustenance deposited there and divides it among its different faculties for their nourishment, development, and fruitfulness. The advantages of a tree thus highly favored are made to represent the priceless boon of the Bible to the soul of man.

The sacred writers are lavish of their imagery in making

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*This paper was read before the Bible Institute of the North Georgia Conference, Newnan, Georgia, 1904. It was, by unanimous vote, requested for publication, Rev. W. H. Cooper, of our Conference, kindly asking the privilege of publishing it in pamphlet form, free of cost after expense of publication, the sales going to the author. This was declined, the author having in preparation a book for the press in which he wished the paper to have a permanent place, and promised the brethren to have it so published. Its appearance here is a fulfillment of that promise. It was delivered within a few miles of where the author learned the alphabet and learned to read the New Testament, his first reading book.

luminous this relation of the Scriptures to the spiritual nature of man, levying a tax upon every realm of nature to impress us with the purpose for which they were given to the world, more than intimating to us that the God of nature is the God of the Bible and that nature is on her sublimest mission when as an angel she is sent forth to minister to them who shall be the heirs of salvation by lending her charms to paint the glories and riches of grace.

All thoughtful and devout minds must discover that God has formed the works of the material universe to lead us more impressively into a knowledge of those things which are invisible. He has magnified his Word above his name, so that the sun, the fountain of light and heat to the world, enthroned in all his majesty, must not consider it a humiliation to include in his royal leading of the armies of heaven—imparting to the moon its luster and to the stars their light in the firmament—the office of symbolizing the Bible, the central light of the moral universe, giving to all and borrowing of none. The rain and the dew and the snow have each an office above the watering of the earth and making it fruitful; they must instruct the sons of men in the refreshing and vivifying work of the Word of God, that must not return unto him void, but cool and soften and revive the barren wastes of the souls of men and make them bloom like gardens and wave with harvests. Glorious as all these works of nature are, wonderfully as they exhibit the wisdom and power of their Creator, beautifully as they set forth in figure the ministry of the Scriptures of eternal truth, they shall wax old, as doth a garment, when their work is done, and as a vesture shall they be folded up, and they shall be changed, they shall perish; but the Word of the Lord endureth forever.

The Bible is a devotional book, a book for the soul, and its very soul the purpose of God to bring man back to himself, and that man may have restored to him the stateliness of the original endowment and have reconstructed and repolished the shafts and columns of his former nobleness; and, to be there-

by fitted for present and eternal companionship with him, he is to be instructed in his need and in God's help. Man's spiritual need and God's spiritual help contain the Bible. Everything in it is connected, directly or remotely, with the fact that God is in Christ reconciling the world unto himself.

No argument outside the Bible has yet been forged to prove that God loves man which sooner or later does not fail. "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork," but all of them fail to reveal his nature.

"The heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

The rolling sun, the changing light,
And night and day thy power confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace."

Man needs to have God restored to his soul; must be reminded of a home that he has left and that the door is open for his return and that there is a guide to help him back; that the Bible is that lamp unto his feet and that light unto his path. The Bible is this—nothing more, nothing less, nothing else.

The attention of mankind has been drawn to this full-orbed Book, uttering every form of spiritual feeling, as to no other book. Its singleness of aim and scope, more than anything else, has riveted upon it the world's admiration and wonder.

Most of it covers a space of fifteen hundred years, some of it three thousand years. Parts of it were written in the center of Asia; other portions in the sands of Arabia; some of it in the deserts of Judea, in the courts of the temple of the Jews, in the schools of the prophets at Bethel and Jericho; other contributions came from the sumptuous palaces of Babylon and the idolatrous banks of Chebar; and, finally, additions were made to it from the then center of the Western civilization, in the midst of the Jews and their ignorance, in the midst of Polytheism and its idols, as also in the midst of Pantheism and its sad philosophy. The first writer of this book had been forty years a pupil of the magicians of Egypt, in whose opinion the sun and stars were endowed with intelligence, reacting on the elements and governing the world by a perpetual effluvium; and its

last writer was a fisherman from the sea of Tiberias, called from his net to be an inspired apostle.—*J. M. Matthews, D.D.*

It is this sad disclosure of the interruption of fellowship between heaven and earth and God's purpose through the death of his Son to restore it that makes the Old Testament and the New Testament one. "Christianity is the treasure hid in the field of the Old Testament." The prophetic delineations of the Messiah of the Old Testament are interpreted by the many approving references of the New Testament to the Old, revealing to us the sublime march of the single eternal purpose of God under the two dispensations to its final consummation, for the illustration of which nature furnishes us another striking symbol, the two dispensations being like Venus, which this year until July 5 will be the evening star and after that the morning star, the same star rising at one time before the sun and at another time after the sun. So there is really but one dispensation, appearing before Christ at one period of the world's history and after Christ at another.

How can we escape the conviction of this constantly brightening revelation of God's purpose to save guilty men, to bring many sons unto glory through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus, when not a single violation of the unity and harmony—binding all these writers with an enchantment and running like a golden thread through thousands of years—has ever been detected?

> "Whence, but from heaven, could men unskilled in arts,
> In different ages born, in different parts,
> Weave such agreeing truths, or how, or why
> Should all conspire to cheat us with a lie?
> Unasked their pains, ungrateful their advice,
> Starving their gains, and martyrdom their price?"

We must account for the fact that, from Moses, learned in all the wisdom of Egypt, to Paul, brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, the sacred writers were so clarified and elevated that none of the superstitious delusions of the earlier dispensations or any of the self-religious Pharisaism or the cultured pa-

ganism of a later dispensation could divert them from honoring and worshiping Jehovah, the covenant God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and offering forgiveness and life to men, and restoring the alienated throne of God to their souls through the mediatorship of his Son, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Most beautifully and truly has Richard Watson written:

> The ever-brightening pages of this Holy Bible come down to us through generation after generation, untainted and untarnished, like the beams of the rising sun, breaking through the mists and vapors of the morning, touching them only to dispel them, and then to burst forth in its own native splendor.

No wonder that no less a mind than Lessing's, as quoted by Bishop Henry W Warren ("The Bible in the World's Education"), was the first to define the Bible as the "record of the divine education of the race." This definition is in line with two clear statements from the Old Testament and two from the New: "Those things which are revealed belong unto us and to our children forever, that we may do all the words of this law." (Deut. xxix. 29.) "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul." (Ps. xix. 7.) We find an echo to these scriptures in St. Paul's Second Epistle to Timothy: "And that from a child thou hast known the holy scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus" (iii. 15). "All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness: that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works" (iii. 16, 17).

Revelation hinges upon the right attitude of the soul toward God. The unrivaled diadem that adorns the brow of the sacred story is that, while other books teach us the way into the earth and the seas and the stars and give us the mastery of other branches of human learning, it tells us how to be saved from sin, to secure consociation with a personal God, to have the inner nature in all its desires purified, so that it

may become a dwelling place of the infinite Spirit and get to heaven, where, awaking in his likeness, we shall be satisfied forever. Man, in his nature, relations, history, and necessities, as a citizen of this world under the training hand of God through the mediatorship of his Son and a candidate for immortality, is the point of agreement with all the writers of the Bible, whatever may have been their varied ages and situations. And we suffer a serious loss if we fail to detect that his spiritual relations occupy the chief attention of those inspired men, which makes them unlike all other writers except as those ideas are caught by other men.

How strange a silence on the part of these men about talent and culture apart from the Spirit! They seem to have said enough of Abraham, Moses, David, and others when they have represented them as the friends of God and men after his own heart. "Thus saith the Lord, The heaven is my throne, and the earth is my footstool: where is the house that ye build unto me? and where is the place of my rest? For all those things hath mine hand made, and all those things have been, saith the Lord: but to this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word." (Isa. lxvi. 1, 2.) And in the limited revelations made to us of heaven there is this same strange silence about the achievements of philosophers, scientists, orators, statesmen, warriors, and kings over realms of material advancement, but distinct recognition of the fact that "there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." The sublime mission of the Bible is "to preach good tidings to the meek, to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God; to comfort all that mourn; to appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness; that they might be called the trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that

he might be glorified." Its purpose is to "build the old wastes, to raise up the former desolations, to repair the waste cities, the desolations of many generations." The spiritual needs of the race were so numerous, so endlessly diversified, so pressing —there was so much blindness to enlighten; so many deaf ears to unstop; so many lame ones to restore to strength; so much hardness to soften; so much coldness to warm; so much wandering to reclaim; so many maladies to cure and so many wounds to heal; so much enmity to subdue and so many chains to unloose; so many prisoners to release and so much degradation to uplift; so much death to quicken; so many battles to fight against principalities and powers and spiritual wickedness in high places; so many victories to record; so many kings and priests unto God to be made; so many godly heroes to be knighted; so much enthronement to be done; so many harps to be tuned; so many jubilees to be held; so many pæans of victory to be sung; so many valleys to be exalted and so many hills to be made low; so many crooked places to be made straight and so many rough places plain; so many waste places to be made glad and so many deserts to be made to bloom in beauty; so many mountains to shake like Lebanon; such crushing overthrows to be accomplished by the stone cut out of a mountain without hands—the Spirit of God seems to have been unwilling to be diverted from his course by any other object in his glorious work of inspiring the Scriptures.

If creative power in the vast realm of nature is to be noticed, inspiration seems satisfied when God as that power has been distinctly set forth and duly magnified, when the first chapter of Genesis has been crowded from beginning to end with what God created, his name occurring thirty-two times in thirty-one verses. Creation evidently was never intended by the inspiring Spirit to fill the highest place in human thought nor to kindle the deepest and warmest affections in the human heart. Moses spent, comparatively speaking, but little time there and devoted to it but little space, only two short chapters; and then comes the Lord, walking in the garden in the

cool of the day, after a tragedy the dark shadow of which lowers about us still. Immediately following the storm sprung the bow of promise—arching the globe and so gently bent by the hand of the Most High as to touch the Garden of Eden and the *"benedictus* of Zacharias"—in the strange words: "I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel." "I will put" enmity there, settling thus early and forever the source of this antagonism and the agency by which it is to be effected. Then, in the fourth chapter, comes Abel with the firstlings of his flock and the fat thereof and the sublime announcement that "the Lord had respect unto Abel and to his offering"; then continues mightily to grow the inspired epic, organizing itself about the "most wonderful personage that ever crossed the stage of history," so influential that he needed not, like all other men who preceded him and followed after, to be born before he could shape the current of human events; appearing later to the enraptured prophet as one with "dyed garments from Bozrah, traveling in the greatness of his strength, speaking righteousness, mighty to save"; taxing type and symbol to their utmost to have him apprehended and appropriated by every conceivable need of the race of man in every zone of the earth and for all periods of history until aflame with the honors and the glories of the Apocalypse, where we find him still "clothed with his vesture dipped in blood, and the armies which were in heaven following him upon white horses, clothed in fine linen, white and clean, and on his vesture, and on his thigh a name written, King of kings, and Lord of lords."

It will help us to fix in our minds the glowing center about which inspiration revolves to trace, with George Gilfillan, the following line of prophecy in regard to Christ, from Eden's garden to Bethlehem's manger:

> Four thousand years before, in Eden, after the fall, the promise was given that the "seed of the woman [not of the man] should bruise the serpent's head." One thousand years after that Enoch prophesied: "Be-

hold, the Lord cometh." Three hundred and fifty years later Abraham, a descendant of Shem, a single person, was chosen out of a world gone into idolatry to be the grand progenitor of the Messiah. Afterwards the promise was individualized to Isaac, then to Jacob, in the very words of the Eden oracle: "In thee and in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." On his deathbed in Egypt Jacob prophesied: "The scepter shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come." Observe two specifications: First, of the tribe from which he should come; second, of the time when he should appear. Two hundred and fifty years later Moses foretold the prophet whom God would raise up, and Balaam saw in the hazy future a "star that should arise out of Jacob." Then came the mute prophecies of institutions, such as the paschal lamb, the scapegoat, the day and blood of atonement. Four hundred years pass away; and David, of the tribe of Judah, forms the royal and prophetic succession, and Messianic predictions are woven like golden threads through the "rich brocade of the Psalms." Two hundred years later still Isaiah, the gospel prophet, foretold these particulars: that the Messiah should be born of a virgin, should bear the name of Immanuel, should be a man of sorrows, despised of men, be put to death, rise again, and by his resurrection swallow up death in victory. Micah, seven hundred years before the Advent, wrote: "But thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel; whose goings forth have been of old, from everlasting." Daniel prophesied the rise and fall of four empires and the perpetuity of a fifth. He foretold the time in prophetic weeks. Still later Haggai cried out: "Yet a little while, and I shall shake the heavens, earth, sea, and dry land: and the desire of all nations shall come." And Malachi, the last prophet, joyfully exclaimed to the pious Jews, four hundred years before the Advent: "The Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come into his temple, even the messenger of the covenant whom ye delight in."

In the events of Mary's life behold a literal fulfillment of this long line of prophecies, reaching from the garden to the cross. Just as Daniel's prophetic time has expired, the scepter departed from Judah, and the world is waiting for his appearance. Messiah appears, the seed of the woman, the offspring of a virgin, of the Jewish nation, of the tribe of Judah, of the family of David, born at Bethlehem, called out of Egypt, despised as a Nazarene, a man of sorrows, bearing our griefs, expiring on Calvary, arising on the third appointed day out of Joseph's new tomb, and ascending in triumph.

It is said that one of the disciples of Rousseau had invented a religion which he was quite anxious to see adopted in France as a substitute for the Christian religion; but, not making much progress with his substitute, he complained to Talleyrand of his want of success. Talleyrand suggested that it

would doubtless help his cause very much if he would allow himself to be crucified and to be buried and to rise from the dead on the third day and then to show the people the prints of the nails in his hands and feet.

We are far from a feeling of irreverence, and we think we are not mistaken when we say that there is visible a heavenly impatience on the part of the inspiring Spirit to get away from Genesis and trace the fate of this marvelous prophecy as it sweeps on bold and unimpeded pinion over forty centuries to its glorious fulfillment.

And be it observed that the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews alludes to the work of creation with significant brevity, closing with a single verse: "Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God, so that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear." He, too, like Moses, seems to be moved by a heavenly impulse to get away from the earth, sun, moon, stars, and seas, with their unnumbered inhabitants, herbs, and animals, into the experiences of men who walked with God and worked righteousness in a new spiritual creation overflowing with fertility, its fields in smiles, its woods rejoicing before the Lord, its very rocks dripping honey, its floods clapping their hands, and all led in musical concert by a mighty ocean chorus to celebrate the victories of the great King. After one verse, an allusion to creation, he begins to glow over Abel, the first martyr, and Enoch and Noah and Abraham and Isaac and Jacob and a crowded gallery of shining portraits of men and women of whom the world was not worthy and whom the history of the world has not eclipsed. How instructive and how quickening to the devotional life to follow the course of inspiration and study the notice taken of men who, in so many instances, had nothing to recommend them to such high consideration but their devoutness, but the fact that they maintained fellowship with God, believed his Word, trusted his promises, loved his service, and cultivated heavenly-mindedness!

With unusual force Henry Rogers has said:

> Of the great political changes that passed over the ancient world, the Bible is almost as silent and unconcerned as sun and stars when they look down upon the tumult and noise of man's battle fields. We hear the sound, but it is as the ocean on a distant shore. The intrigues of courts, the career and achievements of great conquerors, the thrilling events which marked the extinction or transfer of political power and civilization, the great battles which shook the world—in a word, all those things over which the imagination of the ordinary historian lingers with such intense emotion are touched only as they happen to traverse the religious history of the strange community whose destinies the Bible is tracing, or those ulterior designs of which this people were to be the unconscious instruments to the world. In brief, all is viewed in relation and subordination to the religious ideas which permeate the Book. The fortunes of the nations which surrounded Judea, as well as those of the Assyrian and Babylonian empires, are cursorily referred to just so far as this; otherwise the Bible does not deign to notice them at all. Though the world might be ringing with the achievements of their great captain and the ground shaking under the tread of their innumerable legions, the writers of this strange Book are deaf to it all—all passes before them as "silent as a picture"; or, if the Bible condescends to give a transient glance at such things (as it sometimes does, and often with touches of surpassing sublimity), it is still only within the limits above mentioned.

Writers, devout and scholarly, while accenting the fact that the sacred penmen lose nothing of the excellency of expression when compared with the highest reaches of uninspired literature, insist that the controlling point of difference between them is the sublimity and grandeur of sentiment which glow on every page of the inspired writings, thus furnishing us another point of view from which to catch an impression of the purposes of devotion contemplated by the Scriptures.

One hundred and thirty-five years ago Laurence Stern, A.M., "prebendary of York and vicar of Sutton on the Forrest and of Stillington near York," recorded the result of his examination into the advantages of the Scriptures over the most excellent profane authors in the matter of translation, a short extract from which will be sufficient, we trust, to open the view of this side of our subject:

> It is observable that the most excellent profane authors, whether Greek or Latin, lose most of their graces whenever we find them literally trans-

lated. Homer's famed representation of Jupiter in his first book, his cried-up description of a tempest, his relation of Neptune's shaking the earth and opening it to its center, his description of Pallas's horses, with numbers of other long-since-admired passages, flag and almost vanish away in the vulgar Latin translation. Let any one but take the pains to read the common Latin interpretation of Virgil, Theocritus, or even Pindar, and one may venture to affirm that he will be able to trace out but few remains of the graces which charmed him so much in the original. The natural conclusion from hence is that in the classical authors the expression and the sweetness of the numbers occasioned by a musical placing of the words constitute a great part of their beauties, whereas in the sacred writings they consist more in the greatness of the things themselves than in the words and expressions. The ideas and conceptions are so great and lofty in their own nature that they necessarily appear magnificent in the most artless dress.

Seventy-nine years ago another writer of England, not inferior in learning and more noted for his devotional life than the other, after a patient and rigid comparison of the Bible with the lyrical productions of cultivated and classical nations, wrote:

Take out of the lyrical poetry of Greece and Rome the praises of women and of wine, the flatteries of men, and the idle invocations of the muse and lyre, and what have we left? What dedication of song and music is there to the noble and exalted powers of the human spirit! What to the chaste and honorable relations of human society! What to the excitement of tender emotions toward the widow and the fatherless, the stranger and the oppressed! What to the awful sanctity of law and government and the practical forms of justice and equity! In the times which we call classical and with the compositions of which we imbue our youth we find little purity of sentiment, little elevation of soul, no spiritual representations of God, nothing pertaining to heavenly knowledge or holy feeling; but, on the other hand, we find impurity of life, low sensual ideas of God, and the pollution of religion so often as they touch it.

Before releasing ourselves from the spell of this gifted author, let us catch another glowing discrimination of his pen:

Were the distinction of natural from spiritual life the dream of mystical enthusiasts and the theology of the Jews a cunningly devised fable like the mythologies of Greece and Rome, these few odes [Psalms] should be dearer to the man of true feeling and natural taste than all which have been derived to us from classical times, though they could be sifted of their abominations and cleansed from the incrustation of impurity which defiles their most exquisite parts.

It must be placed to the credit of our age, fallen as it is and despoiled so sadly by sin of its capacity for appreciating the Bible as a religious book, the curriculum for the training of the spiritual life, that this feature of it has caught the eye of the greatest men of earth and, in instances past numbering here, quickened and employed their loftiest powers.

Of John Milton it is written: "Some books may survive the last burning and be preserved in celestial archives as specimens and memorials of extinguished worlds; and if such there be, surely one of them must be 'Paradise Lost.'" Another gauge of his altitude, reduced to poetic measure:

"Three poets in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn;
The first in loftiness of thought surpast;
The next in majesty, in both the last.
The force of nature could no farther go;
To make a third she joined the other two."

How fortunate for John Milton and for the world that while meditating on "Paradise Lost" he decided against the claims of a rival theme that sought to master his contemplations!

In his thirty-first year he bethought himself seriously of some great literary work on a scale commensurate with his powers and which posterity should not willingly let die. He had resolved that it should be an English poem; he had resolved that it should be an epic; nay, he had all but resolved that his subject should be taken from the legendary history of Britain and should include the romance of Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. His decision placed him in the shadow of the throne of universal empire and set him to grappling issues infinitely transcending the legends of earth. "As Noah into the ark of old the Lord shut Milton in," within the darkened tabernacle, being filled with light from heaven, "Paradise Lost" arose, the joint work of human genius and of divine illumination.

Pause and meditate a moment on the secret. John Milton's great eulogist, already quoted, distinctly and with fervor states that "Paradise Lost" was written to "vindicate the ways of God to men." Here are the great poet's own words preserved by another:

God having to this end ordained his gospel to be the revelation of his power and wisdom in Christ Jesus, this is one depth of his wisdom, that he could so plainly reveal so great a measure of it to the gross, distorted apprehension of decayed mankind.

Why wonder that a chaplet thus woven from the gardens of God's Book remains unrivaled and imperishable?

John Milton must forever stand alone; but God, of his infinite mercy and wisdom and love and power, has provided for the relief of our powers of spiritual apprehension so sadly enfeebled by sin. "But we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord"—not different in process from the spirit of Raphael in the painting of the Transfiguration, educating the eye of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was disappointed when he first saw it, up to the point of appreciation of its merits.

We cannot pass by the indebtedness of the living literatures of the world to the Bible without an apology. A great deal of this has already been pointed out; the whole will never be told. The illustrious example from the poets already adduced is sufficient to recommend the devotional use of the Holy Scriptures to the tastes and genius of all men to the end of time.

The devotional purpose of the Bible is the Joseph sheaf, to which the whole family of sheaves in the field do obeisance; and nothing can be more fatal to the soul than to have this feature obscured by anything discoverable in the Scriptures in their history or poetry, it matters not how entertaining, instructive, or enchanting they may be.

It is a polite way, we fear, in many instances, of atoning for disloyalty to this mind of God, that shines like a star on the brow of night, to study such departments and expatiate upon them as a college professor and his class in English would if a new history or an advanced treatise in *belles-lettres* were placed in their hands. We meet this in much of the infidel authorship of other times and of our own and in productions not called infidel, but

"With smooth dissimulation, skilled to grace,
A devil's purpose with an angel's face."

We would do well to keep awake to the ingenious, patronizing ways of the enemies of inspiration who would compliment out of the Bible the momentous statements which it contains by bowing to the charming vehicle by which they are conveyed, just as they would have their fancy kindled by drinking in all the elements of sublime and graceful scenery while remaining insensible to Him who has set his glory above the earth and the heavens.

There was a time when, without compromise, our enemies went in openly and avowedly and persistently for the extermination of everything that bore the Christian name. There was nothing connected with it that they could tolerate. But now almost every system, it matters not how visionary and destructive of its spirit, is a candidate for its approval and seeks, by becoming allied to it, to falsify it by diverting it from its sublime and sacred mission. The metaphysical subtleties, the ribald jests, and the downright nauseating vulgarity of a former period of the conflict have disappeared from the field, to be replaced by the supple bow, the favoring smile, and the white cravat. The devil's first interview with man represents him as a candidate for the tutorship of his religious life, and he has never ceased to urge his claims to fitness for this place of honor.

Cowper found for his soul the soul of the Bible:

"I was a stricken deer that left the herd
Long since. With many an arrow deep infixed
My panting side was charged when I withdrew
To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.
There was I found by One who had himself
Been hurt by the archers. In his side he bore,
And in his hands and feet, the cruel scars.
With gentle force soliciting the darts,
He drew them forth, and healed, and bade me live."

The more than seven lean years that have overtaken us have come to us through heated theological discussions. The Bible

has been turned into a field for intellectual gymnastics, a battle ground for debaters. In the face of the facts that most of the arguments against the Bible are at least fifteen hundred years old, and that no new argument for its overthrow has been framed in a hundred years, and that the acorns from which the forests, that are dropping poison into our papers, books, homes, schools, and Churches, were sown inside the first three centuries, we ought to have had more soul rest and greater spiritual enlargement. Our fortifications are secure; the implements of our arsenal are mighty, through God, to the pulling down of strongholds. "Feed my sheep! Feed my sheep! Feed my lambs!" We need granaries now more than guns. The Scriptures are still full of the bread of life. Of many a famishing Ishmael wandering in the wilderness it may be said that his bottle of water is spent, and may it never pass from our minds that the highest office of the angel of the pulpit is to show him a well of water in the Scriptures!

The great things of this world's history have come of its devotional moments. "God's tally of the ages is different from ours. He marks off the cycles of time by spiritual progress."

It remains for us to gather a few refreshing facts from the New Testament and from later times to show what has been done and what may be done by putting the Scriptures to the use for which they were inspired. After a prayer meeting, well attended, extending beyond a week, and no complaint of the length of the services, Peter unfolded a part of the prophecy of Joel and a part of the sixteenth Psalm, and three thousand were added to the Church. About eight or ten years thereafter Peter retired for prayer; and the gates of the Gentile world began to turn on their hinges, and by the time he was through with some other scriptures in a house where prayer and fasting had been observed, even while Peter was yet expounding the Word, "the Holy Ghost fell on all them which heard the word," and the gates of the Gentile world were thrown open.

At another time and place Paul was the speaker, and it was a place where "prayer was wont to be made" (it appears to have been a woman's prayer meeting), and then and there was laid the foundation of Christianity in Europe.

Martin Luther was devotionally engaged on a passage of Scripture when he was born again and the great Reformation with him.

John Wesley was listening devotionally to the reading of Luther's introduction to the Epistle to the Romans and "felt his heart strangely warmed," and then followed the greatest revival of religion in the history of the Christian Church.

In the midst of the constellation of saints of all ages and climes, which cannot be numbered, who have been made wise unto salvation through the Scriptures, arrayed in glory that none other can claim, shines One who honored and loved the Scriptures. The Psalms "appear to have been the manual of the Son of God in the days of his flesh; who, at the conclusion of the Last Supper, is generally supposed, and that upon good grounds, to have sung a hymn taken from them; who pronounced on the cross the beginning of the twenty-second Psalm, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?' and expired with a part of the thirty-first Psalm in his mouth, 'Into thy hands I commend my spirit.' Thus," continues the devout and learned Bishop Horne, "he who had not the Spirit by measure, in whom were hidden all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge, and who spake as never man spake, yet chose to conclude his life, to solace himself in his last moments of greatest agony, and at last to breathe out his soul in the psalmist's form of words rather than his own. No tongue of man or angel, as Dr. Hammond justly observes, can convey a higher idea of any book and of their felicity who use it aright."

May these lines of our childhood, taught us by our mothers, never lose their sweet perfume!

"Holy Bible! Book divine!
Precious treasure, thou art mine!
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine, to tell me what I am.

Mine, to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Saviour's love;
Mine art thou to guide my feet;
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit.

Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine, to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death.

Mine, to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom.
O thou precious Book divine!
Precious treasure, thou art mine!"

CHAPTER VII

Knowing Our Families after the Flesh and Not after Christ

(2 Corinthians v. 14-20)

TO every system belongs a central idea; and it matters not how complicated the system may be, every part feels the force of this central, controlling idea. Every ramification of Mohammedanism bears the loathsome impress of the purpose for which it was originated. Everything that enters into Roman Catholicism savors of political supremacy. This idea is interwoven with all the meshes that make up its mighty network. It would cease to be if universal dominion were to cease to be its object. The pope calls himself a prisoner when he cannot imprison. We are enlarging on this line of Christ's supremacy that its force may be felt in another application of the same principle.

We come to the family, the foundation of society. Whence the bitterness of our national life? The family is its fountain. If the stream is ever sweetened, the work must begin at the spring. Are we not knowing our children "after the flesh"—after the spirit of the world, its manners and maxims —rather than after Christ? All the evils that afflict us are traceable to unlawful action. That parent places himself farthest from God in this matter of family relationships who is most inclined to believe that any way to train a child is as good as God's way. This is the height of presumption, if not the very essence of treason itself against the divine government. Any interpretation that we may put upon the relationships of our children that does not harmonize with the divine interpretation is fraught with incalculable mischief. The law according to which our children are to be trained grows out of the relationships which they were originally intended to sustain. If they were originally intended for the Lord, then

"Bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord" is a just deduction.

Just here is our greatest danger. We love to call our children our own, forgetting that they were Christ's before they were ours, and that if we cannot be our own our children cannot be. They have been redeemed by the blood of Christ as really as you and I have been. Independently of the atonement of Christ they could never have existed. We are indebted to his blood for their being as much as for their pardon. "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound." They are born through grace as well as saved by grace. Our children, therefore, are ours only in a secondary and subordinate sense. They are ours to rear for Another, just as our time and our talents are to be employed for Another. True, they are "bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh"; but let us not calculate on overlooking the first and higher proprietorship except at our peril. "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself"—the world under every relationship—and we cannot claim to be thus reconciled so long as we refuse to recognize the priority of Christ's claim to our children. We must be weaned from all worldly standards by which the worth of our children is computed and apply Christ's measurements to them, accepting no attainment as worthy of parental admiration or affection that has not been reached through strict conformity to the Master's directions, accepting no combination of excellencies as a realization of the purpose for which they were created that leaves them without the mind that was in Christ Jesus and unemployed in his service.

A distinguished general, in a recent address in one of our cities, said: "I never left my mother in my life but that she said to me: 'I want to live long enough to see you come to your Lord and Saviour.' It was the conclusion of every separation; it was the burden of every letter she wrote to me." After witnessing one of his triumphs of popular eloquence, she only said: "O, if I could see you stand there and talk for your Saviour, I would ask nothing more on this earth!" Dur-

ing one of his terms in the legislature the liquor question was up. The general's constituency were opposed to prohibition, and he expected to vote accordingly. He had no scruples on the subject at that time; and he expected to hear that his mother was deeply interested in the passage of the measure, but still more that her son would vote on the right side. When the vote was called for, she was in the gallery in full view of him. His purpose, even as the roll narrowed down to his name, was to stand by his constituency and vote in the negative. Just as his name was to be sounded his eyes caught his mother's; and, to the surprise of all, and even of himself, his sonorous voice rang out, "Yea!" He could not look that mother in the eyes, though all the world were with him, and vote for what she regarded the unrighteous side; and she was the only one who was not surprised, but she said: "My son, I had prayed that God would not let you vote wrong, and I knew you would not." At last, during a great revival in 1876, he was converted. He says: "I went home to that mother. The stars in the sky scarcely could number the prayers she had given to her Father on my behalf; and I was going home, the last one of her band of children, resolved to tell her that her Saviour was my Saviour and that her God was my God. We were all there, an unbroken and redeemed family. She gathered me in her arms as tenderly as when I was a helpless child." There was a mother who could not get her consent to know her son, distinguished general and eloquent orator though he was and enjoying the promotion of his fellow citizens, "after the flesh." She measured her son by his relationship to Christ.

What a battle we parents have to wage in maintaining our independence of society's interpretation of character! "In the slavishness of society," says an able writer, "in the dominance of conventionality over all true wisdom lies one of our greatest hindrances in the religious training of our children." We must be circumspect and courageous and prove true to our children by first proving true to Christ. Let us see to it that

none of his claims upon them be exchanged for any that this world can present. He has loved them enough to die for them: the world knows nothing of such love as this. He arose from the dead for them: the world has never had and never can have hanging to its girdle the "keys of death and the grave." He proposes to restore them to the divine image: the world has been powerless, and will forever remain so, to effect such a transformation as this. He promises to walk with them through the dark valley: thousands have attested the bankruptcy of the world at the time when help is most needed. He intends that they shall, if faithful, share with him the glories of his heavenly kingdom: for the world there remains naught but "weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth." Can we afford to know our children after the flesh and not after Christ?

Who of us to-day are taking the full measure of our responsibility as parents? How readily and at what an early age our children detect our preferences as to their destiny! If we prefer the worldly to the religious for them, it will require but a hint to acquaint them, even in early childhood, with the fact. We may in our profession be on the side of Christ. If we belie that profession, they will be the first to detect it. Our boys, while playing about the family fireside, know full well whether we are aiming at worldly distinction (as the world interprets it) for them or are anxious to regulate all such attainments by the Spirit which is from above. Our little girls know whether we are preparing them for prominence in gay society or striving to make them "followers of that which is good." They are candidates for this world's smiles or for the approval of heaven while about our knees and at our dictation intimated or clearly expressed. The tiny, tilting craft points its prow to the port where the good angels will welcome it or to the shores black with eternal night ere it has glided out of the quiet inland waters of home while yet the parent's hand is on the helm.

Men and women are the net product of the educational

forces to which they were taught in childhood to be loyal. Have we no reason to fear that worldliness, unchecked, will make sad havoc of our households? What dikes are we throwing about our homes to resist the encroachments of iniquity in its almost numberless forms that, like mighty streams, threaten to sweep away our children from under our very eyes?

If we stand idly by and tamely submit to a Christless world while it trains our sons and daughters, under a curriculum of its own devising, to obey its corrupt behests—while it poisons their minds with its literature, corrupts their manners with its companionship, robs their conception of life of all its solemnity and reduces it to a pastime play and themselves to frivolous and irresponsible actors, every faculty of their higher being arrested by a fatal atrophy and thereby incapacitated forever for being inspired and burnished with the smile of our Lord and Saviour and for being fitted for his exalting service on earth and for awaking in his likeness and for rejoicing in his eternal companionship in heaven—then the preacher must pronounce, with all the solemnity of which utterance is capable, Woe to our children, and woe to us! Woe in this world, and woe throughout the world to come! Better, far better for parents and children that we had never been born! Amen.

CHAPTER VIII

The Night Interview in Jerusalem

TWO gentlemen met in that interview. How considerate and courteous the bearing of Jesus and Nicodemus! We cannot detect in either a sign of impatience, of disrespect, of undervaluation. The Sanhedrin representative did not seek to overawe the young Preacher, nor did the young Preacher tremble before age, experience, and learning. The mutual respect is bewitching. Let religious polemics learn a lesson here. Nothing is lost by being gentlemanly in a discussion.

Matter and spirit met in that interview—Nicodemus championing the former, Jesus the latter. Materialism strives in vain to impress us with its freshness. The dress may be more gaudy, but an old skeleton is beneath its folds. Nicodemus was a materialist, and, like all materialists in his day, he was seeking light. Jesus embraced the opportunity to impart life. Light and life struggled for preëminence in that interview. Nicodemus wanted to know; Jesus wanted him to live. Nicodemus sought knowledge first; Jesus sought to put life first and leave the way open for knowledge, always inseparable from life, to follow. So it has ever been. Give the soul the birth from above, and, from cellar to attic, it becomes flooded with light. Of course we speak of knowledge and light as they are limited to the spiritual kingdom. The "How can these things be?" of Nicodemus has never troubled a soul that has found the "Ye must be born again" of Jesus. When a blind man takes in the glorious landscape and a deaf man is thrilled by the wild music of the waterfall or softened by the deep-toned notes of the organ, then may the soul of a man who has never been born from above "see the kingdom of God" and be transported by its revelations. These arctic explorations after light among religious men are yielding frostbites, freezes, and death. They need life more than light.

How the individual grows on us as we study this interview! Jesus was not dependent upon a multitude for inspiration. He could preach to one man, and so could we if we would take our Master's measurements of a single human soul. We are struck with the space devoted by John to this interview. Less space is devoted in Genesis to the first four creative days. The interview embraced the whole plan of salvation, and Nicodemus was worth the amazing outlay. Any soul is worth the best sermon ever preached. The preacher who cannot preach except to a large, imposing, and thrilling audience has an undeveloped faculty—is seriously lacking in the mind of his Lord.

"The soul of man, Jehovah's breath,
That keeps two worlds at strife—
Hell moves beneath to work its death,
Heaven stoops to give it life."

If we had seen the rigid countenance of Nicodemus during that interview and watched his unimpassioned leave of the young Preacher, we would have marked down the hour as lost. Far from it. Three years afterwards, perhaps earlier, that night's sowing brought fruit. About that time an apologist for Jesus was found among the Sanhedrin; and when the earth was reeling like a drunken man and his disciples were fleeing like sheep before a wolf, this apologist was at the cross participating in the honors of sepulture. Jesus could wait on a sermon three years.

What Henry Reed says so impressively, in "Lectures on the British Poets," about "strains of the loftiest and best poetry" is applicable to the highest order of preaching:

The world never yet in any of its ages has been ready for the prompt and intelligent reception of a great poet of original powers. When poetry speaks in its mightiest tones—those which have an echo of eternity in them—the one living generation of mankind to whom they are addressed does not the first moment, the first year, open its heart to the sounds. Poetry, when addressed to the feelings, the fancy, and the imagination in some of its lighter moods, is listened to and admired in its earlier hour. But that poetry for which fame, as distinguished from popularity, is in store, as

surely as it comes from the depths of the soul, so surely it travels slowly, often toilsomely, sinking into the deep places of the souls of men, its resting place for ages.

Let us learn also from that interview how easily we may be mistaken in discerning the face of the religious sky in any given place and at any particular time. The season just then in Jerusalem was not propitious for Christianity. If one of the disciples had said anywhere in the city or at any hour of the morning, "This night a member of the Sanhedrin will visit the Master to have a religious talk with him," he would have been counted a madman. But so it was. And his address, "We know," seems to intimate that he was not the only one of the Sanhedrin concerned upon the subject.

Brother, you left your pulpit last Sunday morning under the impression that not a soul within your reach had been moved by the subject to which you had given your life. But you may have touched a soul that may stand by Christ some day too trying for his stanchest followers.

PART SEVEN

SERMONS AND OTHER ADDRESSES

CHAPTER I

The Law of Mutual Dependence in the Formation of Character*

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: After accepting the invitation to fill the place assigned me on this gala occasion of Young Harris College, I found myself more embarrassed than I had ever been in the selection of a theme. I was to appear before an audience of men, women, and children long accustomed, for the most part, to the tilling of the soil. In emphasizing the importance of mental culture I saw the danger of creating prejudice against my cause by appearing even to underrate the nobility of manual labor. To overcome this embarrassment I performed a marriage ceremony by essaying the task of making it appear that "what God hath joined together no man may put asunder."

You are invited, for the remainder of the time I shall occupy, to trace the operation of the law of mutual dependence in the formation of character. We find this law here because we find it everywhere, and because it is everywhere it is law.

Every atom of the material universe is dependent on every other atom. Displace one, and all the rest feel its loss. If the smallest were annihilated, the funeral grief would be universal.

If we could travel the orbit of the mightiest of the heavenly bodies and familiarize ourselves with all its movements and every period of its history, we would not be able to tell the time when it was independent of the other bodies, and we could not detect the slightest movement in its mighty play that was not born of association with the bright and unnumbered denizens of space.

Then go to the little flower, blushing in the hedgerow, and

*An address delivered at the commencement of Young Harris College, May 29, 1893.

you will find the same law at work. The colors in the little beauty are not essential and inherent qualities. They are only the rays of the common sunlight which that flower absorbs by its own peculiar texture.

Glorious as is the sun shining in his strength, he is as dependent on the little flower for achieving some of his most delicate and bewitching wonders as the little flower is upon him for its beauty and fragrance: sun and clouds, trees and soil, different countries of our globe, different sections of our own country, the social organization, rich and poor, labor and capital, sciences. The cobbler could not paint the picture, but he could tell Apelles that the shoe tie was not quite right. Bacon said: "Theology is the haven of all the sciences."

Coming now to the departments of practical industry and of the higher intellectualities which make up human life, we need not be surprised to find our law in full force. Manual labor and mental labor are not incompatible, were never intended to be, and cannot be without disaster to both. We are body and mind—not all body, not all mind, but body and mind. Both were given to us by God; both make demands on us too imperative to be trifled with. We must be fed, clothed, and sheltered. We must work with our hands. Yes, manual labor must have its place in every life that aims at the highest excellence and the most complete fulfillment of the purpose of our creation.

The soil must be cultivated, for the King is served from the field; houses must be built; bridges must be constructed over mountain chasms and rivers; ships must be launched. We must have railroads, factories, and machinery without end. Mines must be worked, coal fields opened, and treasures past our numbering, above the earth and under the earth and in the air, are to be appropriated.

Manual labor is honorable among all men. It was instituted in the time of man's innocency; but, with shame be it confessed, it is enterprised and taken in hand by too many of us with too much caution and misgiving.

Most of our definitions of education are limited to the intellectual side of man. Here is one of many. "Education," says one of great celebrity, "is the art of urging and guiding the growth of the human mind. It is measured not merely, nor even mainly, by the amount of knowledge it brings in, but rather by the amount of power it brings out. It educes the hidden energies of the soul, strengthens them, and multiplies and facilitates their application to the various tasks of life, as the air, the light, the water, and the earth educe the flower from the buried seed and evolve from the acorn the sturdy boughs and the massive foliage of the oak." Quite beautiful this and sufficiently comprehensive, if man were all mind.

The world has always suffered from extremes and extremists. An overstatement or an understatement of anything is a misstatement. One unmistakable and injurious tendency of the times is to stop at half views of things. We magnify certain aspects of truths so as to make them fill the whole field of vision and shut out all other aspects, thus making symmetrical character an impossibility A large and brilliant flower growing in one corner of an inclosure, the rest of which is crowded with weeds, does not make a beautiful garden; and no character can avoid the appearance of barrenness and deformity where this fractional view of life bears sway. The magnifying of no class of functions with which our Creator has so richly dowered us can be acceptable to him and fulfill the high mission for which we were created so long as the blood of other murdered functions cries into his ear from the ground.

The mind needs the support that comes to it from a body robust from the natural play of its functions. Horace Mann, who thought much and profoundly on these great questions, said: "Whoever invigorates his health has already obtained one of the great guarantees of mental superiority, of usefulness, and of virtue." Many of the great and good men of earth have killed themselves by thinking, and many great and good men are committing the same sort of suicide to-day.

Here is a man with a melancholy liver (that vital part of his organism), hanging around a drug store, when he is not worrying over some of the unsolved problems of the country and the times or working his way through the dark labyrinths of metaphysics, reading what a dozen old men and women have to say about a patent medicine, just out, that guarantees death to everything, from the smallest microbe to the most excruciating and obstinate spasm of bilious colic. How different from a grand man whom I once knew, my father, who was brought up on a farm, who was never without one as long as he lived, and who was not above devoting a part of every day to some form of outdoor manual labor! I can never forget his ruddy face, his bright eye, his merry laugh, and his transporting oratory, for he grew to be a great pulpit orator. While crossing a river on a long bridge with him one day I noticed that he was interested in the patent medicines profusely advertised on both sides of the bridge. "Well," said he, "I was a full-grown man before I knew I had a liver, and now they are trying to make me believe that I have nothing else."

The body has no forgiveness for the man who ignores it; and the transgressor may take a vacation and roam over America and Europe, but he will nowhere find pardon for disclaiming, as his mind's most helpful ally, the body given of God to befriend him in the development of his intellectual life.

Everywhere that we meet that noble class of men called students our hearts are pained as we trace the malign influence of intellectual labor upon their physiognomy. This grand law of interdependence, that was intended to associate the body and the mind in such vital relations, can receive no deeper insult, nor one that will be more promptly and seriously avenged, than when the head says to the hand: "I have no need of thee."

And then there comes a sense of self-respect and of comparative independence from many of the forms of remunerative manual industry which enters as no small factor into the formation of the highest type of character. What nobler sen-

timent will you find in Robert Burns's poems than this, which you will find in his preface, "I was bred at the plow and am independent"? I know that sentiments like this are regarded as suited to those whom necessity compels to breadwinning.

To many men breadwinning means more than winning bread. Some of the most affecting wailings that have melted the heart of man have been uttered by men of letters, the first geniuses of the world, who were pinched by poverty and burdened with cares and chilled by neglect until they courted death while prosecuting their lofty tasks, to whom a little revenue from some form of practical industry would have been the brace of a mountain.

Among God's ancient people an education was considered incomplete without a trade, and I hope to see the day in this country when every man and woman will be in possession of some form of handicraft with which they can dare the struggle of life with a fair chance of honorable success.

Manual toil need not hinder the higher reaches of intellectual aspiration. It is like Traveler, the little iron-gray horse, carrying Gen. Robert E. Lee through the battles of Northern Virginia without interfering with his growth into the first military man of modern times.

Hold the lower in subordination to the higher. Make the body the servant of the mind. Harness all forms of daily toil to the higher purposes of the spiritual life. Hold your farm if you can, but don't let your farm hold you. Run your daily business avocation if it be honorable, but see to it that it doesn't run you. It may be that you handle a yardstick and measuring tape. All creditable and well, unless you allow your soul a range of thought no longer than the stick and as narrow as the tape. Raise horses, mules, and cattle, but keep above their level. Build barns, new ones in the places where you tore down the old ones if need be, and fill them with corn and wheat and oats and rye (this latter as it comes from the field and not from the still) and fodder and peas; but never be caught out there saying to yourself: "Soul, thou hast much

goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry." It may all be gone before the rising of the next sun, and you will be left with nothing except your soul, and precious little of that.

But, after all we may say in favor of the practical side of life, after the largest concessions to the interests that fill the realm of everyday, commonplace industry, after dignifying manual toil for daily bread, raiment, and shelter, after elevating it to the position of a menial doing the behests of the higher nature, we are constrained to admit that these interests are deficient in grandeur and loftiness. Falling short of the intellectual, they fail to stir or engage the heights and depths of our being. They do not raise issues and contemplations fitting our highest powers. Our everyday, practical pursuits, however useful and beneficent, leave the higher aspirations unsatisfied. All our educational schemes fall short of their sublimest mission if they fail to bring within reach of the toiling masses an atmosphere calm and clear and untainted by earthly grossness. We are fulfilling only a small part of the mission for which we were intended unless we are fitted for climbing into the serene heights where contemplation delights to wander, where we are brought face to face with the grand and sublime, and, from infinite splendors above, return invigorated and inspired to the darker shadows enveloping the monotonous treadmill of daily toil. Thus the transfiguring glory of the mount was transferred to the more practical engagement at the base of the mountain, and the sublime vision that burst on Peter's housetop made the journey to the house of Cornelius a delight. Or, coming to something nearer us, the transition is as if one on a journey, after having been worn out with the monotonous level of the unvaried plain, comes suddenly within the ever-varying lights and shadows of the mighty mountains.

Refreshing and inspiring beyond the power of words to describe is the beauty which they spread out to his vision in their woods and waters, their crags and slopes, their clouds

and aërial hues. Quieting and soothing to his nerves is the tinkle of their gushing rills, and enrapturing is the joyous laugh of their cataracts; and as all this sublimity is poured into his soul from their majestic aspects, as the poetry that breathes from their streams and dells and airy heights and trembling and blushing flowers suffuses his spirit, he forgets the wearying tediousness of the common and regularly trodden way.

Why this boundless profusion of beauty scattered over this earth of ours? It is not an idle or untimely question. It is certainly not accidental. We can connect but a small part, comparatively, of what God has created with our absolute necessities. After all the inventiveness developed by man in all ages, by far the greater part of what God has created has defied all efforts of human ingenuity to turn it into food, raiment, or shelter. He has built great mountain ranges that cannot be blown or washed down by our machinery. He has planted great forests where transportation must forever be impossible. Niagara cannot be wholly utilized for manufacture; neither can the wild shouts of our own Tallulah be completely hushed; nor can her leaping waters be entirely harnessed for grist; nor can the vast regions of her enchantment be turned into fields of wheat and corn. And as to our beautiful Toccoa, the cascade maiden would blush from insult if any more profitable mission were suggested to her than that of playing with the sunbeams and weaving her spray into rainbows. Who will deny that the all-wise and all-powerful Creator could, if he thought best, perfect the processes of fructification without attending them by the glory with which the flower is crowned?

As it is, we find beauty and fragrance poured abroad over the earth in blossoms of endless varieties, even where our kind Father is contriving to supply our most pressing bodily wants. He delights in the exuberance of beauty solely to gladden our hearts, to impart a living inspiration of grace to our spirits, and for our perpetual admiration.

The spirit of beauty unfurls her light
And wheels her course in a joyous flight.
I know her track through the balmy air
By the blossoms that whiten and cluster there;
She leaves the tops of the mountains green
And gems the valley with crystal sheen.

At morn I know where she rested at night,
For the roses are gushing with dewy delight;
Then she mounts again and around her flings
A shower of light from her purple wings,
Till the spirit is drunk with the music on high
That silently fills it with ecstasy.

At noon she hies to a cool retreat,
Where bowering elms over waters meet;
She dimples the waves where the green leaves dip,
And smiles as it curls like a maiden's lip,
When her tremulous bosom would hide in vain
From her lover the hope that she loves again.

At eve she hangs o'er the western sky
Dark clouds for a glorious canopy;
And round the skirts of each sweeping fold
She paints a border of crimson and gold,
Where the lingering sunbeams love to stay
When their god in his glory has passed away.

She hovers around us at twilight hour,
Where her presence is felt with the deepest power;
She mellows the landscape and crowds the stream
With shadows that flit like a fairy dream:
Still wheeling her flight through the gladsome air,
The spirit of beauty is everywhere. —*Dawes.*

It should be borne in mind that the conflict between capital and labor now shaking the continents to their foundations is many-sided. On the side where the anarchists and communists have massed their forces the struggle is simply diabolical, and it justly deserves the condemnation of all good citizens and all good men. But there are thousands added to thousands of the laboring classes who are hungering and thirsting for more opportunity for the cultivation of the tastes and aspirations of their higher natures. They are not complaining of the hard work, nor even of the drudgery, that belongs to

their avocations, but of the fact that nothing but hard work and drudgery falls to their lot. They are not complaining that they have to wear a yoke, but that there is nothing for them but the yoke. Instead of clamoring for money for money's sake, they are ready to reply in the immortal language of the noble Agassiz, when offered a large sum of money for his services as a mining geologist: "I have no time to make money." They have discovered a glory in man, even in his ruins.

Here and there amid the desolation they have found a flower with enough fragrance lingering about it to tell what the garden has been, and they want to restore it to its loveliness. Stirring the rubbish of the wreck, they have stumbled upon the fragments of a pinnacle that suggest, though faintly, the stateliness of the original temple, and they want to rebuild it.

I found two young women in Middle Georgia who, when not at work in the field, devoted, for the most part, their time to gathering the wild flowers of the woods and extracting their juices (the nearest they could come to paint), that they might have wherewith to give something like permanency to the creation of their genius. This class must have our sympathy and our commendation and our help; and I thank God that, after all the efforts of avarice to hold our land in the grip of a polar freeze, there remain noble spirits, even among our capitalists, whose hearts and pockets are moved with sympathy with these efforts of humanity to get up and be something worthy of God's purpose in their creation and redemption.

This spirit is irrepressible. Look to the east some morning and bid the sun to put the brakes on his burning chariot wheels and keep out of the heavens for a day; and when he obeys you, then try to suppress this spirit. Stand on the ocean's beach and say to his proud waves, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther"; and when they crouch at your feet, then try to stay this impulse in man when God says to him: "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give

thee life." Imbed this spirit in the heart of yon massive mountain, and it will rend its granite-ribbed prison and come out!

I am reminded that, beyond most men whom I have known, Judge Young L. G. Harris, the founder of this institution of learning, developed this excellency of character which requires that all the principles and affections of our nature and the pursuits of life be kept in due subordinate proportion to each other. The triumph of his beautiful life, after all that has been said or may be said about him, consists in his having subdued to perfect harmony all the clamoring voices from his higher and lower natures, from the body and mind, from the wearing routine of business life and the high and broad table-land of spiritual contemplation. He was a hard worker from his youth to his death; but he took time from the exacting schedule of details that marked out his daily business to make excursions into higher regions where his mind could feast on the best that man could furnish and where his soul could for the time put on the garniture of heaven itself.

This institution of learning was founded that the boys and the girls, the young men and the young women gathered here from year to year may be permitted, while not lowering the estimate placed upon all honorable manual toil, to lay hold on

> "Riches above what earth can grant,
> And lasting as the mind."

And now, if God should ever fire another acacia near these consecrated grounds, turn aside and look at the burning bush; and if he should invite you into one of your mountains to receive from him revelations of his will concerning you, go up and talk with him and consider neither above the purpose of your noble benefactor in his generous gift.

CHAPTER II

Death before Life*

Text: "And when he had called the people unto him with his disciples also, he said unto them, Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me. For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's, the same shall save it. For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul? Whosoever therefore shall be ashamed of me and of my words in this adulterous and sinful generation; of him also shall the Son of man be ashamed, when he cometh in the glory of his Father with the holy angels." (Mark viii. 34-38.)

WE are now kneeling down to drink at the springhead of the stream of life. Jesus said: "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." The text is close to the spring, where the draughts are always the sweetest and most refreshing. These words flow directly from the mouth of him who "spake as never man spake." The term "life" is so prominent that we cannot be at a loss as to the subject that occupied the mind and moved the heart of our Lord at the time this paragraph was uttered.

Did Jesus allow any other subject to engage his attention? In John (first chapter and fourth verse) we have an analysis of this wonderful character which reduces it to one word: "In him was *life*." Thus St. Paul interprets him: "Howbeit for this cause I obtained mercy, that in me first Jesus Christ might show forth all long-suffering, for a pattern to them which should hereafter believe on him to life everlasting." (1 Tim. i. 16.)

John speaks for himself when he says: "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting

*A semicentennial sermon delivered before the North Georgia Annual Conference, by request of the Conference, Sunday evening, November 20, 1907, the session being held in Cartersville, Bishop Seth Ward presiding.

life." Life is the key word of this paragraph, as it was the purpose of Christ's mission to men. These ponderous verses are like so many links of a chain which, when welded together and dropped into nature's dismal pit, enables the soul to climb out into the sunlight of divine favor and live.

Heaven is joined to earth here, eternity to time. There is enough here to save the soul. There is fully enough here, if not believed, to condemn it. The words, "Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me," certainly contain the condition of life, because the words immediately following are: "For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's, the same shall save it." These words refer to soul life, spiritual life, as the words following clearly indicate: "For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

Our Lord clearly makes the salvation of the soul depend upon his teachings as they are recorded in the first verse of this text. A subject thus involving the soul's destiny, thus vitally related to the day when the "Son of man cometh in the glory of his Father with the holy angels," demands the most thoughtful attention.

Are there three conditions of salvation or but one set forth in the words, "Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me"? We can see but one, presented in different aspects. Self must die. The death is to be complete, and so complete that only the cross, crucifixion, can symbolize it; and Christ's life is a pattern to which the experience thus attained shall be made to conform. Thus self is denied, the cross is taken up, and Christ is followed.

We must keep before the mind the occasion on which these weighty words were uttered. The Master had been giving his disciples some new light as to his mission to men. He had just uttered this startling revelation: "The Son of man must

suffer many things, and be rejected of the elders, and of the chief priests, and scribes, and be killed, and after three days rise again."

Peter was not listening for that information. He had been interpreting the Master on quite a different line. As he walked, with body bent and visage knit, his mind was upon another destiny for his Lord. He could at times feel the earth tremble under the tread of a mighty conqueror, hear the shouts of his emancipated countrymen, and imagine himself associated with royalty about the throne. What a terrible interruption of a rapturous vision! Suffering, rejection, and *death!* The climax was calculated to produce a shock, and we must be patient with Peter. We must not feel too sure that, under all the circumstances, we ourselves would have been less surprised.

" 'And Peter took him and began to rebuke him'—perhaps took him aside from the other apostles for expostulation. Officiously affectionate, he would set our Lord right and banish this dismal conception of death instead of royalty." (Wheedon.) The language of the rebuke is recorded by Matthew (xvi. 22): "Be it far from thee, Lord: this shall not be unto thee." Surely you have forgotten! A little while ago we were talking of a kingdom, and you are now talking of a cross! Peter had not discovered how large a kingdom lurked within that cross. He did not see what his Lord, the "Son of man," then saw—what he himself would one day see and what the world now sees. Peter was getting ready to receive from the world; his Master was getting ready to give to the world. Peter was concerned for himself, his Master for others.

This same Peter will be found before long in an upper chamber in Jerusalem looking, in his old, strange way, upon a kneeling figure, girded with a towel, and a familiar face fastened upon a fisherman's wayworn feet that have just slipped from their dusty sandals; and as he studies that picture the words, "The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but

to minister," will glow with a meaning unknown to him at present.

Peter had a noble nature. There was a loftiness about him that commands our admiration. There was nothing small in his composition. His people were suffering, and he longed for their deliverance. His Master had satisfied him of his capacity for leadership; and he was ready to march with him through blood more than sandal-deep, if need be, to see him enthroned in place of the Roman.

What had Jesus ever done to justify such treatment as he was about to receive? Whom had he ever harmed? Shall this combination of excellences such as the world never saw before be trampled in the dust and our hopes as a nation be quenched forever?

All this was patriotic in Peter as it was related to his countrymen. It was devotion of a remarkably high order as it related to his Master. But it was, in all its nobility, "of the earth, earthy." It could not lift Peter above *men.* It could not lift him above a sinful and an adulterous generation. Rising no higher than that, Peter is unsafe, his soul is doomed. Human enthusiasm, intensified to the highest point, sublimated until the process is exhausted, "savors of men." It can savor of nothing higher "That which is born of the flesh is flesh," whatever else it may be, and there is no exemption. This it must ever remain until the earthly touches the divine, until Peter is lost in Christ.

It was to Peter, standing on a level with this world, imbibing its spirit, ruled by its maxims, and looking to its honors, that Christ said: "Get thee behind me, Satan: for thou savorest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men." Worldliness must go to the rear. It hinders where Christ works and imperils the purpose that brought him from heaven.

In the Greek the Saviour's address to Satan in person in the temptation is the same as his address to Peter on this occasion. In the sense of adversary, our Lord would have us

understand that Satan and Peter were on the same plane. "Get thee behind me, Satan," is the command of Christ to every man whose nature (and that is the "himself" of the text) has not been renewed by divine power, whose maxims, aspirations, and purposes have not been lifted so high above this world and so saturated by the atmosphere of heaven that they can no longer be said to "savor of men."

The spirit of this world at its best can be profitably studied in the light of this fearful rebuke. Matthew adds: "Thou art an offense unto me." "The word 'offense' is derived from a Greek term which originally signified the trapstick to which the bait was fixed, by touching which the animal sprung the trap and so was caught. Hence it signifies any moral enticement by which a person is entrapped into error, sin, or apostasy. Snare or entrapment is the true moral idea." (Wheedon.)

Peter had a noble nature, but there was a nobler. There was loftiness in the attitude he assumed toward the political degradation of his people, but there was a degradation deeper and darker than that. To be instrumental in putting them upon their old political footing would be glory enough for man, but to put them upon a safe footing involved the glory of God. Peter may "gain the whole world," and that, too, under the high impulse of patriotism, through statesmanship of the highest order, and by the putting forth of power against which nothing severer can be said than that it is the power of men; but Christ's purposes and spirit may be absent. If so, Peter's soul will be lost. By thus saving the life, by merging the worldly interpretation of life and all the philosophy that has sprung from men into Christ, one saves his life. The self in Peter must die, that Peter through Christ may live. Christ cannot live in us while we are alive in the sense of these wonderful words. Self-denial is self-death. There cannot be two masteries in the same man.

We cannot afford to have the chasm by which Christ separates himself and his words from "this adulterous and sinful

generation" bridged by any of the sickly sentimentalities of modern skepticism. "Such a powerfully influential fact has Christianity become that we need not be surprised to see other systems, bent on the regeneration of mankind, courting her sanction. Before this can be attained, Christianity must be misrepresented and falsified, and this is one of the adroit movements of the enemy in our midst to-day. In the first great French revolution there was no compromise. It was a war of open extermination against everything that bore the Christian name. The infidel leaders proclaimed the Christian system and the institutions connected with it the great hindrances in the progress of humanity, and they avowed their purpose to crush and extirpate the whole. But infidels of a certain school nowadays are covetous of the Christian name, and each one would have his respective system accounted the gospel which is to regenerate mankind." (Pearson's prize essay on "Infidelity.")

We must guard against these hybrid systems. Some of the most dangerous enemies to Christianity to-day are those that are crouching so close to its standard in the battle that its supporters have hardly the heart or room to strike them. O these enemies inside the citadel, with firebrands concealed,

> "With smooth dissimulation skilled to grace,
> A devil's purpose with an angel's face"!

Christianity has not an inch to yield in this struggle. It is Christ or death, and death to self before Christ. In comparison with him the highest encomium upon men, and what savors of men, allowable is, "This adulterous and sinful generation." "If we be dead with him, we shall also live with him."

Saul of Tarsus was a noble representative of men, of "this adulterous and sinful generation"; but hear him after Saul had died by self-crucifixion: "If any other man thinketh that he hath whereof he might trust in the flesh, I more: . Yea doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord: for whom I have

suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ, and be found in him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith." (Phil. iii. 4-9.)

The apostle's self-denial was not allowed to stop short of being made conformable unto Christ's death. It was of self-denial that the same apostle wrote to the Galatians: "I am crucified with Christ." In describing Christians in the same epistle he says: "And they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections [passions] and lusts." Paul preached the same self-denial to the Galatians that Christ taught to Peter. The self-denial in the last instance and the flesh crucifixion in the first are the same.

Our investigation thus far compels the conviction that there are depths about this subject of self-denial, cross-bearing, and Christ-following that the popular interpretation does not reach. Self-denial means more than the curtailing of the butcher's or tailor's or grocer's bills. It extends beyond the abandonment of the cup, the smoke, and the quid. Self may be pampered all along in this line. One passion may be curbed, that more blood may be thrown into another. Extravagance may be checked, that covetousness may tighten its grip. The monk may draw on his hair shirt and retire from the haunts of men to walk the lonely rounds marked out by his iron-bound asceticism in order that he may the more successfully plan the extermination of heretics.

What baits have been thrown to conscience, God's sentry in the soul, to divert its attention, while pride, covetousness, licentiousness, and other passions and lusts hold high and undisturbed carnival! Countless and almost endlessly diversified are the counterfeits of self-denial. When is it genuine saving? *When the lower nature gives place to the highest nature more than the higher nature,* when the earthly surrenders to the divine, when Peter sinks out of sight and Jesus Christ is allowed to take his place, when Peter's ways and thoughts

surrender to Christ's ways and thoughts. A man against whom nothing darker can be recorded than that he has his own way is simply getting ready to be damned. We cannot put it more softly without turning the point of our Saviour's words.

Who can expound aright the last verse of the Epistle of James without striking into the current of thought that has borne us along in this discussion? Hear him: "Brethren, if any of you do err from the truth, and one convert him, let him know that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins." "His way" is the key to that text, and there can be no certainty of eternal life until that way is abandoned. "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord." (Isa. lv. 7.) The fact that the "way" is not the Lord's, and that the thoughts are not his, entails a degree of offensiveness that makes them repulsive to God and ruinous to the soul.

Our exposition relieves us of many crude notions of cross-bearing. What did our Saviour mean when he enjoined taking up the cross? That question is answered in many forms. Here is one answer which is appropriated for present use because it is the last that passed under my eye and because it fairly represents the general conception of cross-bearing: "Take up the cross." How? (1) If you are a father or an elder son, by holding prayer in the family. (2) If you are a lay member of the Church, by participating in the exercises of its social meetings.

But I forbear. Is this cross-bearing as our Saviour taught it? How can that which supports my very life be a cross to me? Are reading the Scriptures and having prayer in the family or elsewhere a cross? As well may I call the air that keeps me alive by filling my lungs a cross. Are the rays from the sun that light my pathway to be termed a cross? If so, then the commissary of the army that feeds it along the march and strengthens it for the battle is a cross; then is the strong

right arm that fights poverty and its attendant evils from my door a cross. Are the "exercises of the social meetings of the Church" crosses to be taken up? Then let the eagle complain of the pinion that beats the wind and bears him up above the storm. No! Our Saviour does not authorize such an interpretation of his words. Any exposition of the Scriptures that represents religious exercises as so many tasks to be performed or so many burdens to be borne or sufferings to be endured has not learned the truth as it is "in Jesus." Such a one needs the prayer of one of our opening hymns:

> "O may not duty seem a load,
> Nor worship prove a task!"

The cross must be kept in its proper relationships. How persistently and vigorously the leaven of the old economy struggles to assert itself in the new! We object to associating an instrument of death with the means of grace, which are the means of life, in any unpleasant sense. How could Christ have associated in the minds of his disciples irksomeness and drudgery with a service which he called his "meat and drink"?

"The old man with his deeds" calls for the cross; the new "creature in Christ Jesus" suggests the "meat and drink." According to Solomon, the ways of religion are "ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her: and happy is every one that retaineth her." Hear our Saviour represent his service: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, that I am meek and lowly of heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." Rather let us consider the cross the measurement of the death of the "old man," the symbol of self-denial.

Our exposition will save us from a dangerous misconstruction of our Saviour's meaning when he added "and follow me." Even Christ may be known "after the flesh," and he

may be followed according to the flesh. One of the tendencies of the times is to lose the substance in the shadow, the spirit in the letter. The outreachings of the soul after life must find something that will sustain the clasp of its tendrils. All that belongs to the departments of the ceremonials in the gospel is to be held in abeyance by him who would follow Christ.

He is above his ordinances and sacraments, and the soul must mount far above these in order to follow him. He left us an example that we "should follow in his steps"; but see how far those steps are from what is merely circumstantial or ceremonial: "Who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth: who, when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not; but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously: who his own self bear our sins in his own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness." This fixes the spirituality by which the observance of this command is to be characterized.

The philosophy of formalism is worthy of our study. Here it is formulated by one of the masters:

> Formalism is the result of two opposing forces. The one of which will not let man live without a religion and, if undisturbed by hostile influences, would lead him spiritually to worship God, who is a Spirit. The other is "of the earth, earthy," and by its greater potency prevents the former in the natural man from rising above its rites and ceremonies, above the symbol and the lettered creed. An adjustment or compromise of the claims of the two rival parties takes place. The one pointing the thoughts and affections upward to God, and the other seeking to draw them away from him. Both are persuaded to meet and shake hands over a religious form, and thus the former is hoodwinked, while the latter triumphs.

Whose Church in this broad land is entirely free from the track of this loathsome reptile? Its sinuous form glistens along the logs of the mountain chapel, and it displays itself in the niches of the imposing cathedral. Straight-breasted Methodism may not be farther from it than surpliced Romanism. "Follow me." Christ's spirit must be the pattern after which

excellency of character in his disciples and efficiency for the conquest of the world must be developed. This is the extent to which self is to be denied, and this is the test of the attainment.

"Laid on thine altar, O my Lord divine,
Accept this gift to-day for Jesus' sake;
I have no jewels to adorn thy shrine,
Nor any world-famed sacrifice to make;
But here I bring within my trembling hand
This will of mine, a thing that seemeth small;
And thou alone, O Lord, canst understand
How, when I yield thee this, I yield mine all.

Hidden therein thy searching gaze canst see
Struggles of passion, visions of delight,
All that I have or am or fain would be—
Deep loves, fond hopes, and longings infinite.
It hath been wet with tears and dimmed with sighs,
Clenched in my grasp till beauty hath it none;
Now from thy footstool where it vanquished lies
The prayer ascendeth: 'May thy will be done!'

Take it, O Father, ere my courage fails,
And merge it so in thine own will that, e'en
If in some desperate hour my cries prevail
And thou give back my gift, it may have been
So changed, so purified, so fair have grown,
So one with thee, so filled with peace divine
I may not know or feel it as my own,
But, gaining back my will, may find it thine."

Once more, it must not be overlooked that this condition of life is of universal obligation. What Christ detected in Peter belongs to every nature. This was not a rigid religion enjoined upon the apostolate alone. To the race belongs a common malady, and there is but one remedy: death to the "old man," the unregenerate self, and life in Christ Jesus, or Christ Jesus living in us and reigning over us. If these words had been addressed to Peter only, or as the representative of the apostles, then this condition of life might have been restricted to the apostolate; but "He called the people unto him, with his disciples also." What he said to one on this occasion

he said to all: "He said unto them, Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me." All must wear the same badge in this army. The highest must have the religion of the lowest, and the lowest may have the religion of the highest. In this particular the officers must be on a footing with the rank and file.

The Duke of Wellington was communing in a small chapel in England on a certain occasion when one of the peasantry knelt by his side. The poor man was asked by an official of the Church to move. The great man touched him and told him to remain, adding very softly and humbly: "We are equals here."

Christianity has no individual immunities. There is no particular way of obtaining salvation by a prince or a philosopher. Rank cannot plead its distinctions; genius cannot plead its privileges. This characteristic attaches to no other religion that the world has known, and this may be one reason why so many of the wise men after this world have rejected it. Like the sun, it fires the loftiest mountain summit and is reflected by the humblest shrub in the valley. What a calamity that it was ever interpreted otherwise!

As early as the second century of the Christian era Ammonius Saccus, who taught in the school of Alexandria, propagated the opinion that the whole duties of religion were not equally incumbent upon all, but that a sublimer degree of virtue was to be pursued and attained by those who, in solitude and contemplation, aspired to an intimate communion with the Supreme Being, while inferior attainments were sufficient for men who were engaged in the active employments of life. In consequence of this absurd opinion the moral doctrines of Christianity were divided into precepts and counsels, the former of which distinguishes those laws which were of universal obligation, and the latter those which relate to the conduct of Christians of superior merit and sanctity.*

It is a matter for lamentation that the Church has not freed itself entirely from this baptized paganism. This terrible vi-

*Ruter's "Church History."

rus has eaten into Romanism until it has taken the form of gangrene, and Protestantism is deeply tainted with it.

Simply because a man officiates at venerated altars or blanches in a hermit's cell in quest of high and heavenly communings is no reason why this condition of life should be any more binding upon him than upon the mechanic who pushes the jack plane or the farmer who breaks the glebe. Christ's purpose, unless we misinterpret his words on this occasion, is that "love for the world shall burn in every heart, bounty for the world be dispensed by every hand, the glad news of salvation be poured from every tongue, self dethroned in every disciple; that every soldier in the army shall catch the Captain's eye and be thrilled to enthusiasm with his desire; that the salvation of a ruined race shall no longer linger. He intends that this spirit shall enwrap the Church "as the atmosphere bathes the earth in every zone."

In all this losing of life for Christ and his gospel there is a saving of life—life divine and "unmeasured by the flight of years." Christ's commandments are "not grievous." If they kill, it is that they may prepare the way for life, and that "more abundantly." There is a glory about man even in his ruins. Here and there amid the desolation is to be found a flower with just fragrance enough lingering about it to indicate what the garden has been. Stirring the rubbish of the wreck, we not infrequently stumble upon the fragments of a pinnacle that suggests, though faintly, the stateliness of the original temple.

The ambition of Peter and his fellow disciples that soared to seats about an earthly throne was but the prostitution of a purer impulse originally designed to make them "partakers of the divine nature."

The gospel recognizes the distinction between our nature itself and our moral condition. In the latter its purpose is to lay us in the dust by bringing down every high imagination;

but the former it never abases. The sacred record testifies to man's headship in the system to which he belongs and to his having been created in "the image of God." Christ humbles man that he may exalt him, that he may give him his true place. He would have self denied only that he may reach the divine, "For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord." "For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts."

The condition of life under discussion is not an arbitrary enactment. In the very nature of things it could not be otherwise. It is free from all unkindness and error. It is "holy, just, and good." There is nothing better for men conceivable. O that men would see it! May the world yet see that the gospel of the Son of man in its most rigid enactment is the very best friend to which our fallen race can look!

How unreasonable are man's complaints against the plan for his recovery laid down in the gospel! When the released prisoner sighs for the loathsomeness of the dungeon he has left and the rough manacles that have eaten into his flesh, then may man learn to measure the loss sustained in the surrender of himself to Christ.

After the occasion on which these words were uttered by our Lord, the conduct of Peter was not uniformly commendable, but he kept on "finding his life." He slept on the Mount of Transfiguration; but he was enveloped in the halo of a heavenly vision when he awoke, and he told a glorious experience when he said: "Jesus, Master, it is good for us to be here." His courage failed him at the trial of his Master, but he was found running to the sepulcher on the morning of the resurrection. He took on fresh supplies of life at Pentecost and dispensed them to thousands who heard him preach. He hesitated at the vision of the sheet let down from heaven; but the divine exposition stimulated his soul to a broader growth, and he was willing to help the Gentiles to become partakers of life. Hark! Whence cometh this burst of rapture? "Blessed

be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you." (1 Pet. i. 3, 4, margin.)

The glimmering starlight from the firmament of Peter's moral night has faded into the ravishing effulgence of the Sun of Righteousness that has risen upon him with "healing in his wings." "If ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye; for the spirit of glory and of God rested upon you." (1 Pet. iv. 14.)

What a leap into life from the dismal pit where the foreshadowing of his Master's treatment at Jerusalem found him and whence emanated the rebuke, "Be it far from thee, Lord"!

Once more: "Wherefore the rather, brethren, give diligence to make your calling and election sure: for so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." (2 Pet. i. 10, 11.)

Given a cross to find a kingdom was the perplexing problem presented to Peter as "Jesus went out, and his disciples, into the towns of Cæsarea Philippi." That problem has been solved to the joy of the apostle's soul. He has demonstrated in his experience how a kingdom can be the outgrowth of a cross—yea, how it must be.

Behold! "The Son of man cometh in the glory of his Father, with the holy angels." A description so brief of an occasion so grand suggests familiarity with scenes sublime beyond the experience of a mere man. The outlines are radiant with heavenly glory. An angel's paraphrase would not improve it. Let not uninspired man attempt to adorn it. "I saw," said Daniel, "in the night visions, and behold, one like the Son of man came with the clouds of heaven." Now shall be realized in all the glory of its fulfillment the promise recorded in Malachi: "And they shall be mine, saith the Lord

of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels." It is the occasion foretold in the evangelists and epistles, Jude reminding us that "Enoch also, the seventh from Adam, prophesied, saying, Behold, the Lord cometh with ten thousand of his saints." "Who shall be able to stand?"

If, as the dust from the sepulcher is brushed from our glorified bodies, our souls can appear in the likeness of Christ, our meetness to become "partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light" will be complete. This is the court dress for the royal occasion, and no substitute will be accepted. Character that has been made to conform to the mind which was in Christ Jesus, and this only, will endure the fires of that day. Without it the king from his throne will be rejected; with it the humblest peasant from his sweat-stained furrows will be accepted. It will be a time when all earthly tinsel will appear in its true light and be counted at its true value; a time when all finish that savors of men shall fade away; a time, in short, for discerning between the righteous and the wicked.

"That awful day will surely come,
The appointed hour makes haste."

Let none stagger at this fact. The first coming of Christ was not more distinctly foretold than the second, and the prophecies relating to the first have not been more faithfully fulfilled than those relating to the second will be. Both spring from divine inspiration, the Lord Jesus Christ numbering himself with those who have foretold the second coming. We cannot believe that he has come without believing that he will come again.

Passing by the ranks of unfallen spirits; partaking of the rapture of deliverance with those who have soared beyond the "fiery darts of the wicked"; basking in the effulgence of a morn that shall know no night or noon; every heart a pellucid fountain without any sediment to adulterate its purity; every mind brought into sweet, complete, and abiding captivity to Christ; all in blessed union with his will; love to Christ the

absorbing passion; his whole being open to the eternal unfolding of the character and purpose of his Lord; the wearing strain of the stadium from the cross to the throne well run and lost in the glories of the goal; "Inherit the kingdom prepared for you" wafted from all the choirs of heaven—Peter has found his life!

CHAPTER III

First Half of Our First Century*

MR. PRESIDENT AND BRETHREN: When our Conference, eight years ago, took off the bridle, reins, collar, and traces, and turned me loose, I thought I was getting ready to have a good time, with nothing to do but to roll in the cool sand bottoms when warm and weary, and heal the scars that the gears had made, and slake my thirst at the streams in the way, and graze the tender herbage by the roadside, and move along in my own gait in sight of the team. But I found that I was mistaken in this plan that lay out so invitingly before me.

Out of your kindness there has come one call after another, reminding me of the happy times when I was harnessed to the regular activities of our beloved itinerancy.

I assure you that I rate it as no small honor to have a place on this program that initiates the organization of the Historical Society of the North Georgia Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

The date of such an organization would not have been set too soon if it had started with our new name fifty years ago. Since then we have traveled with our planet fifty times around the sun, so that by this time observant chroniclers would have collected a half-century story of fascinating and thrilling interest

I may not be with you to take part in the celebration of your first centennial, unless that high privilege be found within the limitations of Him who carries in His girdle the keys of death and the unseen world; but as you have already entered and will pass through the most sacred and awakening

*A semicentennial address delivered by invitation of the Historical Society of the North Georgia Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at Griffin, Georgia, November 21, 1916.

stages of this world's history, you will allow me while yet with you to insist most earnestly on your pitching the purpose contemplated in your organization on a high and comprehensive plane. Catch the inspiration of Oliver Wendell Holmes's clarion song, which is but an echo of heaven's many calls to the people to *go forward:*

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!"

Up to 1866 our Conferences had been seasons of unbroken harmony, refreshing fellowship, and spiritual elevation. They mended any limping gait, brightened any flickering hope, increased any wavering faith, and cemented us in bonds of apostolic love. Who of the few survivors can forget those annual assemblages? Autumn spreading over our hearts a mellow and ecstatic joy as we journeyed on horseback, in buggies, on railroads to our meeting place, talking over our great revivals and the happy times with our people during the year, and our full consent and burning desire to try it another year, never tiring of

"The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment"!

But a savage black hand struck us across our fair face a little short of meridian, and our place in the heavenly constellation had gone into eclipse, and we were feeling the chilling twilight that preceded the darkness of night. Every telescope in our nation and in the civilized world was leveled on us to catch the last inspiring ray of light or to discover the faintest possibility of our restoration to our former place of splendor in the heavens.

That was an agony of glory. "Every sacrifice shall be salted with fire." This is heaven's order, and it awards the brightest crowns to the greatest sufferers. The Refiner and

Purifier of silver never withdrew for a moment his watchful eye from the furnace through which we were passing, wisely and lovingly taming the fury of the flame, so that the precious metal should lose nothing but the dross that hindered the reflection of his own image.

Those were days of unprecedented anguish in the history of Methodism, no description of which can draw such a picture for those of this semicentennial as saddened the hearts of those on the ground, a few of whom are with us this evening.

The thirty-six years of comradeship under the endeared name of Georgia Conference had carved on the faces of those noble men scars which spoke of struggle, contest, and grief, and which served now as channels for carrying off their tears as they faced the separation—the saddest fact that confronted them at this last session of their dear old Conference—a step that could not have been contemplated without serious doubts earnestly, honestly, and warmly expressed as to the wisdom of this action.

Everything seemed to contain a clear, strong, and convincing reason for remaining an unbroken bulwark against dangers increasingly threatening, but those men were strangers to fear. The Lord of hosts was with them, and the God of Jacob was their refuge; and they would not fear, though the earth be removed and the mountains be cast into the midst of the sea, though the waves thereof roar and be troubled.

The discussion of the division into two Conferences resulted in the birth of the twin sisters, the North and South Georgia.

The religion of that eventful period of our history was pervaded by an exultant sense of energy, the people everywhere being moved by an unearthly power to undertake the harnessing of impossibility itself to their purpose of rebuilding the waste places of Zion.

Our soldiers returning from the fields of war, with their religion sublimated by their suffering, taught by enduring hardness as good soldiers how to accept poverty and toil and af-

flictions amid the desolations of home, reported for duty with a resignation and a consecration and unconquered will that put heart into our preachers as they would meet at their appointments and cheerfully and manfully assume any tasks assigned. How the faithful work of those scarred and maimed, crippled accessions to the ranks of the toilers in our vineyard, should be forever embalmed in our memories! What singing when the congregations would strike their old camp fire songs! What talks of love feasts! O how those boys could pray, work in the revivals, and in every way fan the heavenly flame!

Grandfather and grandmother, father and mother, brothers and sisters went to the field, the baby on his pallet in the shade of a bush, to wring a scant support from the soil stained with the blood of their dead.

Col. George N. Lester, who left an arm at the battle of Perryville, Kentucky, returned to a little home near Marietta to put the other arm at the service of his family on the little farm. At a fourth Quarterly Conference of his Church in Marietta the presiding elder was reported fifteen dollars behind on his salary at that Church. Taking three five-dollar bills to the front, Lester passed them to the secretary and asked him to mark that deficit paid. All over Georgia men, one-armed men like George N. Lester, were standing by the Church.

Employing still another figure, our part of the tabernacle of David that had fallen down called forth the lamentation of Jeremiah: "My tabernacle is spoiled, and all my cords are broken: my children are gone forth of me, and they are not: there is none to stretch forth my tent any more, and to set up my curtains." (Jer x. 20.) Our ark appeared to have fallen into alien hands. An army gloated with conquest had poured its fiery, withering lava of lead and iron over our homes, fields, and valleys; and, as if this were not enough to complete the savage luxury, another vulture-eyed invasion followed to pick the bones that had been left. The symbolic raven was everywhere seen finding rest for the soles of its feet on carcasses of

the slain that the dove disdained to touch, reviving in our memories most vividly a strain of Longfellow's "Song of Hiawatha":

"Never stoops the soaring vulture
On his quarry in the desert,
On the sick or wounded bison,
But another vulture, watching
From his high aërial lookout,
Sees the downward plunge, and follows,
And a third pursues the second,
Coming from the invisible ether,
First a speck, and then a vulture,
Till the air is dark with pinions.

So disasters come not singly,
But, as if they watched and waited,
Scanning one another's motions,
When the first descends, the others
Follow, follow, gathering flock-wise
Round their victim sick and wounded,
First a shadow, then a sorrow,
Till the air is dark with anguish!"

A writer of celebrity has quoted Emerson as saying: "An institution is the lengthened shadow of one man." In the unprecedented struggles of Methodism in Georgia in the sixties Bishop George F Pierce was such a man. He was most happily and opulently endowed for strengthening the things that remained that were ready to die and seemed to have been divinely appointed for the exigencies upon which we had fallen. This was true of him throughout our connection; but, residing in Georgia, we reaped the richest fruits of his labors.

He saw nothing in the changes wrought by the war to change our religion. He rallied our people around personal religion and family religion. Secret prayer and family prayer were great topics with him. Some of the most powerful preaching he ever did was upon those subjects. I could now repeat his texts on those subjects and much that he said. The closet was the spring that revived every Christian grace; and the family was the divinely appointed institute for the reli-

gious education of the children, finding nothing in the curricula of wise men after the flesh to take its place. He was at his best in pleading with sinners to turn and live. Here, again, his texts are sounding in our ears; and the wonderful moves following the appeals are before our eyes, filling the aisles, from the entrance doors of the church to the pulpit, with sinners pleading for pardon. His whole being seemed to be wrapped up in seeing our Zion put on her beautiful garments again. On this he spent his dying breath in pleadings with those who were to come after him. What an example of self-sacrifice! He would take a mule from the plow and sell him to get his fare on the trips to his Conferences, and he would have sold the house from over his head to meet those engagements if it had been necessary.

Great as he had been from his youth up, commanding in person, overpowering in his oratory, wearing the imperial graces of the Spirit in full fruition as his crown jewels, honored by his colleagues in the College of Bishops, he was never more needed by his Church and never responded more mightily to her needs than when she trembled on the brink of such perils as confronted him at this period of his history. Like one of old, he trembled for the ark; and when in the pulpit the time came for him to catch the ledge of gold on the mountains and to portray in seraphic strains how the valley would soon be overflowing with their former joy and gladness, some of us remember how the preachers would leave their seats in the congregation and rush to the pulpit and embrace him from his feet to his head, shouting and praising God for the hope of their coming deliverance from bondage, the congregation meanwhile repeating the sounding joy.

Next to Bishop George F Pierce stood the stalwart Holland N. McTyeire in the vigor of his noble manhood, stretching out like a promontory in the midst of the encroaching waters, curbing their fury with an indomitable purpose to yield no ground, and feeding the strength of every saint to imitate his unflinching example. Writing of those times as he only

could write, he says on page 666 in his "History of Methodism":

> Homes had been laid waste, cattle and mills and implements of industry destroyed; streams were without bridges and fields without fences. Large districts were on the verge of famine for two or three years after armies had been disbanded. But the most discouraging feature of all was the methods employed in reorganizing the civil governments under cormorant exactors and demagogues and in the presence of four millions of emancipated slaves with the ballot in their hands. Under these circumstances, with these surroundings, Southern Methodism began its rehabilitation; perplexed, but not in despair; cast down, but not destroyed.
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> In the summer of 1865 the bishops met in Columbus, Georgia, and, consulting on the situation, issued an address. It was like the blast of a trumpet and gave no uncertain sound. The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, yet lived and in all its polity and principles was unchanged. Neither disintegration nor absorption was for a moment to be thought of, all rumors to the contrary notwithstanding. Whatever banner had fallen or been folded up, that of Southern Methodism was still unfurled. Whatever cause had been lost, that of Southern Methodism survived. And the delegates to the General Conference were summoned to meet in New Orleans in April, 1866, according to adjournment eight years before. The peeled and scattered hosts, discouraged and confused by adversities and adverse rumors, rallied; the Annual Conferences were well attended; and never did delegates meet in General Conference from center and remotest posts more enthusiastically. Of one hundred and fifty-three elect, one hundred and forty-nine were present.

Surely this was grace to help in time of need. The weeping, shouting, electrifying evangelist, with nothing on his heart but the spiritual restoration of his people and the cool, clear, well-poised, well-equipped, and wide-awake mind to guide, although in the grip of two invasions of what was dearer to him than life, felt no fear.

Other massive men—the venerable Bishop James O. Andrew, Bishop Robert Paine, Bishop Joshua Soule, Judge A. B. Longstreet, Dr. A. L. P Green, Dr. John B. McFerrin, Dr. John C. Keener, and from Georgia Dr. Lovick Pierce, Dr. Alexander Means, John W Glenn, William J. Parks, Atticus G. Haygood, James E. Evans, Edward H. Myers, Joseph S. Key, J. O. A. Clark, J. B. McGehee, J. W Hinton, with a mighty host throughout the land not confined to the ministry—

"Stood for our Zion's glory fast,
And nailed her colors to the mast."

The great revival of religion of 1858 sweeping over the country had led men capable of making such observations to prophesy a great catastrophe in the near future and that God intended this wonderful season of refreshing from his presence to prepare our people for it. Many were converted in that revival, carried their religion with them into the war, and were loyal to it all the more by having it tested by the comfort and support it afforded. And those who survived were well girded and braced for encouraging and helping the home people to hold fast to the faith once delivered to the saints.

Maj. Gen. Clement A. Evans took the Manassas Circuit, in Bartow County, which lay in the path of totality of the eclipse, on the horse he rode in the war. Col. Robert Jones, of the same county, working in a shop for a living and taking another circuit, was his true yokefellow. Marion H. Eakes, with a furrow plowed under his left eye by a Minie ball, took work in the mountains. Merritt J. Cofer, with his left wrist shattered by another Minie ball, gave his life in many ways to his Conference. George G. Smith, also paralyzed for life by a Minie ball, clung to the pastorate, writing catechisms for the instruction of children and holding revivals for them, writing the biographies of Bishops Asbury, Andrew, and Pierce, and the histories of the Georgia people and of Methodism in Georgia and Florida, and other books. R. R. Johnson, with one hand, rode his circuit on his faithful horse, Andy. James T Lowe made his impress on a long list of pastoral charges. Thomas Holmes Timmons took the appointments of our bishops gladly, counting not his life dear unto him even in age and feebleness. Of Britton Sanders, a heroic spirit of granite mold, Gen. Goode Bryan said to me at my camp fire in Virginia: "If I were to give Britton Sanders an order to build a fence, he would believe it to be his duty to God to build the best fence he could."

Our local preachers were a strong arm of our service in

holding our scattered and disheartened flocks together. In coöperative sympathy with the itinerancy, guided by the same spirit, serving the same Saviour, loving the same people, obedient to the appointment of those in authority, they held together districts of our Conference that without them would have been compelled to do without the gospel, unable, as they were, to support the regular ministry.

But our women were our nobility. They were behind all about which I have been speaking. They were to be found at work on the farms behind the hoe and the plow; in the cook room; bending over the tailoring boards for their husbands and children and themselves and our soldiers; in the laundry; with the spindle and the loom; finding time in the midst of all these demands upon them to go to preaching, to the prayer meeting, and to the Sunday school as teachers and superintendents when men could not be found; helping to collect the support of the preachers and of the benevolences of the Conference and to bury the dead.

Hospitality in these days is so common and abounding that it is commonplace to eulogize it; but in those days it amounted to something, except in rare instances of the more highly favored, to entertain. Those noble women always made room for the weary Methodist itinerant preachers, however crowded they might be, and shared with them the contents of the pantry.

One Sunday afternoon one of them, hungry and tired, drove up to the home of Samuel Charles Candler and Martha Beall Candler (his wife), in Carroll County. Two bright, small boy brothers met him at the gate and invited him to alight and come in and turn the horses and buggy over to them. (It required a pair of strong horses then and a strong buggy to travel the Marietta District.) The boys galloped the horses to water and back, put them up and fed them, and we were all soon getting acquainted.

Those boys were living in hearing distance of the battle thunder of Maj. Gen. Pat Cleburne's division holding the

road to Atlanta at New Hope Church. God laid his hands on the lads and put them in training for future needs. The younger brother was received on trial in the North Georgia Annual Conference held in Griffin in 1875 and will preside over this Conference, much to our joy. The elder brother is presiding over many things, but he finds his most sacred and important work as an associate of this brother in guiding the destiny of Emory University. Obed-edom is not the only man in history who received a blessing from the Lord for entertaining the ark.

And what more shall I say? For the time would fail me to tell of those who "wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens."

The present times are prolific of suggestions, one of which is (and it is quite persistent) to bury the past. When the mountains sink into the dark chasm of nothingness and the oceans go dry and the flaming constellations of the heavens burn out, it will be soon enough to talk about such an elaborate and imposing funeral. Our God is not a God of the dead, but of the living. "The world passeth away, and the lust thereof: but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever."

On December 5, 1866, at Americus, Georgia, Bishop McTyeire read two lists of appointments to the Georgia preachers, seven districts to the South Georgia and nine to the North Georgia—the Savannah, Macon, Columbus, Lumpkins, Americus, Bainbridge, and Brunswick Districts to compose the South Georgia Conference, and the Augusta, Athens, Elberton, Dahlonega, Rome, LaGrange, Atlanta, Griffin, and Milledgeville Districts to compose the North Georgia Conference. The Bainbridge and Brunswick Districts were transferred from the Florida Conference to the South Georgia Conference by a provision of the General Conference.

In 1886 there were 36,055 white and 8,842 colored mem-

bers, making a total of 44,897 members, and 373 local preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in Georgia. In 1915 there were 122,532 members and 284 local preachers. This made an increase of 77,262 members, while there was a decrease of 89 in local preachers. The smallest district in 1916 is nearly a third larger than the largest district in 1866. Our largest district in 1916 has more than one-half as many members as the entire Conference had in white membership in 1866. Our colored membership, in a Conference of their own, have made proportionate gains.

The picture of that Conference fifty years ago, the last session they would hold together, was a touching and melting one, worthy of the highest and most delicate touches of the artist's brush: Dr. Lovick Pierce, a contemporary of Bishop Asbury, sitting by the side of Bishop Holland N. McTyeire, an imposing representative of the incoming dispensation, soldierlike in his bearing, but as tender and courteous as a woman; the brotherly, soft-hearted J. Blakely Smith, the loving John of the Conference, for many years its Secretary, his face moistened with tears; Allen Turner's place made vacant by death after a service running back to 1812; John W Glenn and William J. Parks, the jurists of the body, and Samuel Anthony passing to the superannuate list. Then there were the younger men, their faces carrying the inquiry: "How are we to get along without these dear old leaders upon whose guidance we have depended so long?"

Then our memory recalls the young, timid applicants for admission, listening to every word and scanning every motion, taking on impressions never to be effaced.

The Bishop softly and affectionately told us to go to the places assigned to us and make our permanent election of the Georgia Conference at the close of the year, which we did as obedient sons of the gospel. We must meet in heaven before we will ever be together again. The members of the South Georgia Conference of 1866 now living (1916) are as follows: Bishop J. S. Key, J. B. McGehee, E. A. H. McGehee,

J. O. A. Cook, and George T. Embry. Members of the North Georgia Conference of 1866 now living (1916): W J. Cotter, J. V M. Morris, Britton Sanders, Sanford Leake, J. T Lowe, J. A. Reynolds, E. K. Aiken, W. T. Caldwell, A. W Williams, and G. W Yarbrough.

The venerable Bishop James O. Andrew was with us, mellowed with age, laden with honors, his memory recalling an eventful life as a Methodist traveling preacher since 1813. He was monumental in Methodism, a reminder of the past and a guide for the future. Lay delegation was not meeting unanimous favor at first; but his importune advocacy of it, grounded upon a conviction, deeply anchored, that it would make more secure the perpetuity of our autonomy as a Church, gained the passage of the measure.

I must here recommend to your society "The Life and Papers of Dr. A. L. P Green" (Methodist Publishing House, Nashville, Tennessee). You will find in that book information that you ought to have and that you will get nowhere else.

You are becoming more and more the heirs of a priceless heritage. Your traditions are interwoven with the rich brocade of American history. You will seek in vain on the pages of fictitious romance a more entrancing, elevating story. Phenomenal in your growth, nothing needed but more religion in your principles of doctrine or polity, out on a wisely charted sea, your colors unfurled, your portholes all open, and your bands playing, you will have wonders yet to record. It is recorded in the most ancient story, "God hath made his wonderful works to be remembered," and he requires that they "be sought of all them that have pleasure therein." He visited upon his ancient people fearful punishment because they "forgot his works and his wonders that he had showed them." It is more than a mere oversight or a simple act of forgetfulness that we keep no records of God's wonderful dealings with us; it is a provoking sin against him. We should tremble as we read the history of his dealings with his people, how "he was wroth, and kindled a fire against Jacob, and made his anger

come against Israel, because they forgot his works and his wonders that he had showed them."

"Friends of the great, the high, the perilous years,
Still upon the brink of mighty things we stand."

"Hold fast that which thou hast, that no man take thy crown." It may become imperiled by disasters surpassing in fury those which we have passed and which have been under hasty review this semicentennial evening; but remember, the Hand that wove the tapestry of the clouds, that drowned the earth, that caused the rainbow to span the empire of destruction, has not lost its power to make "the wrath of man to praise him, and the remainder of wrath to restrain."